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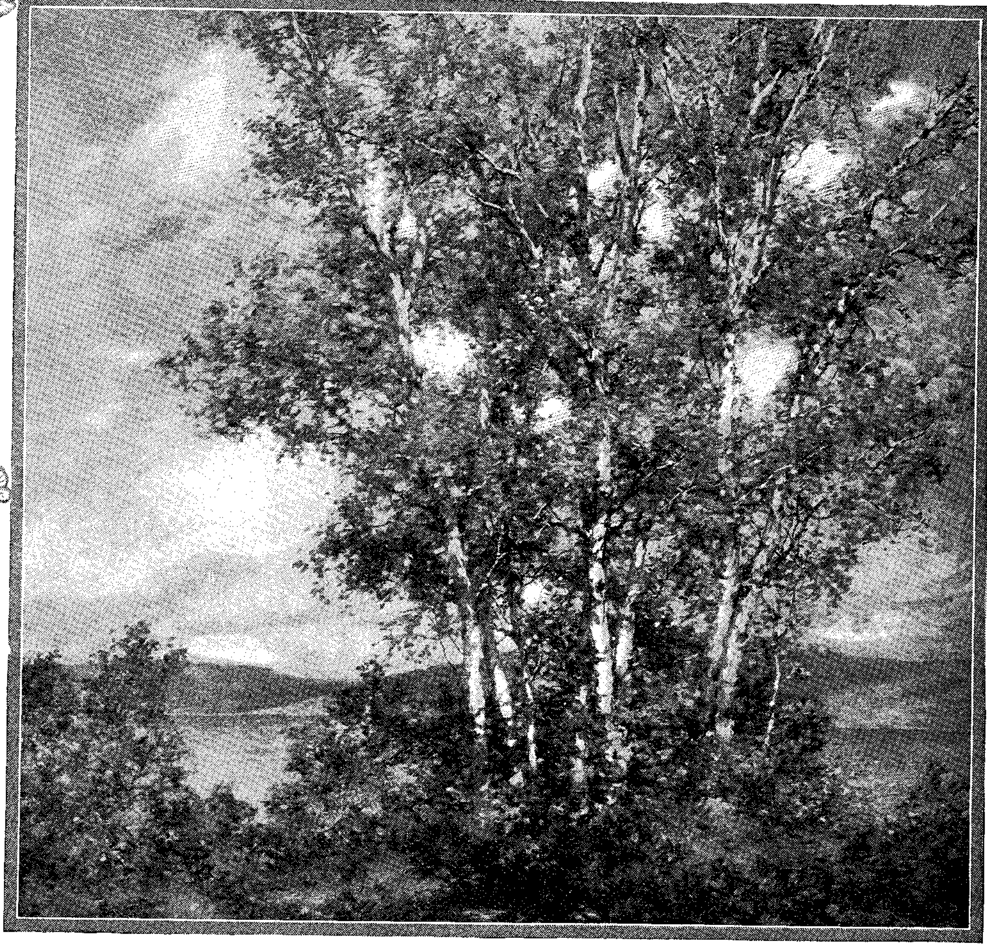

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The Outlook

APRIL 27, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief **HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor**
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE TITANIC: THE DISASTER What was the cause of the terrible and unexampled disaster the story of which last week filled men and women the world over with sympathy and horror? The answer may be put in a few words: Steaming at high speed in an ice zone after repeated warning. Why, after the disaster, was it inevitable that a large proportion of passengers and crew should perish? Again, in a few words: Because the Titanic, like most ships of her class, carried not merely inadequate but pitifully insignificant means for preserving life, and was permitted so to do by the negligent laws of Great Britain and the United States. These and other aspects and lessons of the calamity are discussed elsewhere in this issue. Here we state the facts as they appear from the stories of the survivors. The Titanic, of the White Star Line, the largest, newest, and finest of ocean steamships, sailed from Southampton on her maiden voyage on Wednesday, April 10. Among the encomiums which were published far and wide on this marvel of ship-building none was more prominent than that she was "absolutely unsinkable;" and the day after she sank the Line's representative in New York scoffed at the reports because he "knew" that, whatever happened, the Titanic would float! The one great recognized danger to a modern ship is collision, whether with another ship, a derelict, the rocks of a coast, or ice. At this time of year the danger from ice is serious, especially for west-bound vessels, which, under the lane system first proposed by Lieutenant Maury, U. S. N., in 1855, take a more northerly route than those east bound. When ice is reported by other ships or by the Hydrographic Bureau, the west-bound vessels should, for safety, keep near the southern limit of the northern lane; moderate speed, the utmost care in navigating, and the closest outlook are obvious requirements. Yet the Titanic, to save time, to make a maiden record, under owners' orders, and in the teeth of warnings, drove, at a speed variously put at from eighteen to twenty-three miles an hour, into the ice region, and took the risk. On a clear, starlight night, so fine that the Milky Way was noticeably bright, and when there appears to have been no other ice near by than the one berg, at a little after half-past eleven on Sunday night of last week, the vessel struck nearly, but not quite, bows on. The iceberg was not submerged and invisible, but is described as from fifty to a hundred feet high. Probably the ship hit a shelf-like projection under water, was lifted up for a moment, and then, as it forced itself forward, its plates beneath the water line were ripped open ("like a great can-opener," Colonel Gracie says elsewhere in this issue, and so many forward compartments were filled that she began to sink by the head. The force of the blow was such that the deck was deeply covered with broken ice. An interview with the quartermaster, who was at the wheel, reports him as saying that the lookout telephoned twice that ice was ahead, the last time just before the ship struck, but that it was impossible to change the course in time to avoid the crash. On board were 2,340 persons; of these 940 made up the force of officers, crew, and servants, 330 were first-class passengers, 320 second-class, 750 steerage or third-class. All accounts agree in stating that the shock of the impact was comparatively slight; there was no panic; a passenger tells us that at least one party of card-players resumed their game after the collision; probably some of the women passengers were lost because they did not realize the danger and go on deck until it was too late. The commander of the vessel, Captain E. J. Smith, a veteran in the service, went down with his ship. Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, the head of the White Star Line, testified before the Senate's investigating committee that he came away on the last boat, and that he entered it only after a call for more women to go in it met with no response.

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AFTER THE COLLISION It is easy to criticise what is done by men under the instant stress of impending death and in confusion and night. That there were mistakes made in handling the situation is certain; the lifeboats, which at best could hold but a third of those in peril, were not in all cases full; they were not properly manned, officered, or provisioned, and in some cases even women had to help row; some women who might have been taken off were left behind; some men who were not entitled to precedence were saved; one man is alleged to have forced his way into a boat after flourishing and firing a pistol; there are indications of hurriedness and "happy-go-lucky methods," to quote a passenger's phrase. Yet in the main the conduct of officers and men seems to have been praiseworthy; they enforced the law of the sea, "Women and children first;" they suppressed some attempts on the part of steerage passengers to rush for the boats; as a rule they enforced the basic law that in the presence of death all men are on a level of humanity. Accounts of the seven hundred survivors differ strangely as to individual incident, but there is abundant evidence of courage, calmness, and unselfishness on the part of passengers; many women refused to leave their husbands, as in the touching case of Mrs. Isidor Straus; husbands bore calmly the parting from wives, as in the pathetic incident of Mr. George A. Harder returning with his bride from their honeymoon trip; Colonel Astor, of New York, says a fellow-passenger, helped children, bade his wife farewell calmly, and "no one could have been braver." Of many a man there, notable and unknown, it may be said that he died like a gentleman. Most of those left on board went down with the ship; a few threw themselves overboard, and of these one or two were almost miraculously saved by the boats; there may have been one or more cases of suicide; the rumor that Captain Smith, or the first officer, or both, committed suicide proved baseless, and the report that the ship's band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," just before the Titanic sank is not confirmed. It is believed that when the water reached the ship's boilers an explosion took place, and sketches drawn from memory on the Carpathia by a passenger of the Titanic represent her as having broken in two before she sank. The time of sinking is placed at 2:20—less than three hours after the vessel struck. The survivors in the boats underwent the most distressing horror of the night when they saw the Titanic with their fellow-passengers and those they loved go down before their eyes.

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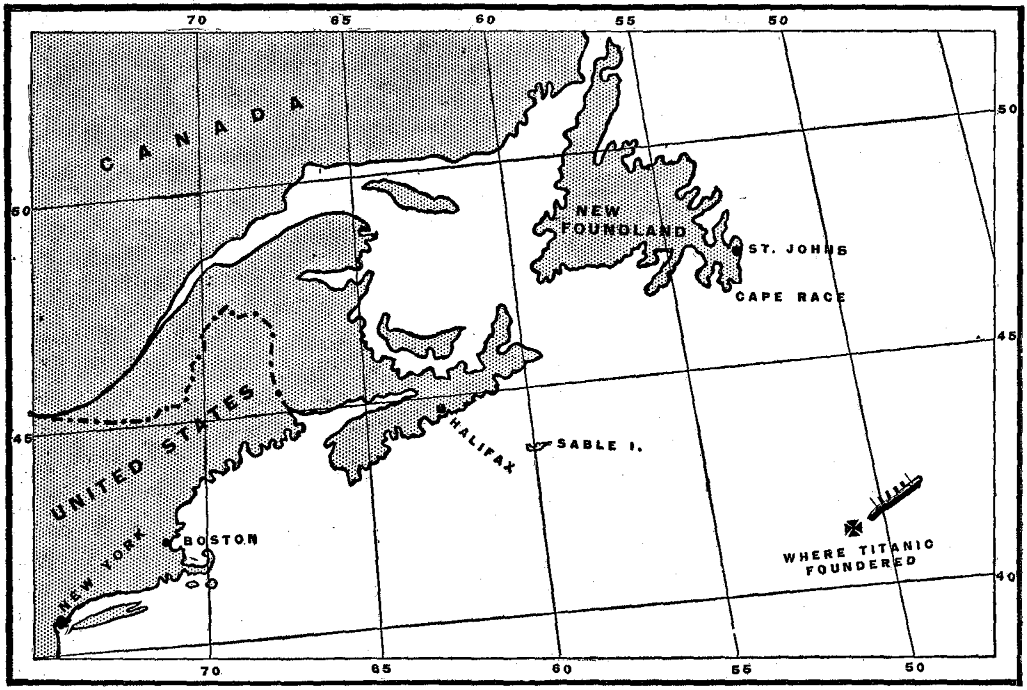
RESCUE AND SUSPENSE Again wireless telegraphy has saved many hundred lives, as it did in the Republic disaster. Out into the air in widening circles for hundreds of miles the Titanic's wireless flung its message of appeal (the S. O. S., three dots, two dashes, and three dots), and within a few hours the Virginian, from Montreal, the Olympic, the Titanic's twin White Star boat, the Cunarder Carpathia, and other ships were put at full speed to the rescue. The Carpathia was the first to arrive, too late to save the doomed people on the Titanic, but in time, thanks to the moderate sea running, to rescue the seven hundred and five persons in boats. They were suffering from cold, exposure, shock, and grief; several died on the homeward voyage. The country, and indeed the world, was almost sick with suspense and dread. The lists of survivors trickled through the wireless, and now and then there was a pathetic personal message, but not until the survivors reached New York Thursday night were many of the important facts made known. Two things should be noted: first, wireless telegraphy should be under stricter control by the Government, and amateurs should be restrained from interference; second, the very existence of wireless makes rescue of survivors in boats possible where it was not possible before, and therefore doubles the emphasis on the need of lifeboats enough to hold every passenger. These points should be considered by the committee of Congress which is investigating the disaster, and so also should the abuses connected with the dissemination of rumors or fabrications under the guise of wireless despatches. One such alleged despatch the day after the disaster caused false hope throughout the country by asserting positively that the Titanic was being towed stern-first to Halifax by the Virginian. The man who was responsible for such a thing ought to be behind prison bars.



The Titanic sank in 41.46 degrees N. latitude; 50.14 degrees W. longitude. The distance from that point to Boston is 956 miles; to Sandy Hook, New Jersey, the distance is 1,083 miles. From Halifax the distance to the spot is 610 miles, and to St. John's, Newfoundland, it is 362 miles

NOTABLE MEN LOST

Among the fourteen hundred men who died on the Titanic many deserve commemoration; but there were three or four whose personal achievements or public services entitle them to special remembrance at this moment. Frank Davis Millet was what may be called an executive artist; he was not only an accomplished and widely known painter, but he was greatly interested in the fostering and developing of the art. His career was an adventure of the spirit. He enlisted as a drummer-boy, and for more than a year saw real service in the Civil War. Then he came home and entered Harvard College. His first work after his graduation was as a reporter on the Boston "Advertiser," and later he became city editor of the Boston "Courier." But art was drawing him, and in 1871 he went to Antwerp to study at the Royal Academy, where he won a prize in his first year. This brought him to the attention of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who was commissioner to the Vienna Exposition of 1873, and he became Mr. Adams's secretary. He reported the Exhibition for several New York journals, traveled extensively in Hungary, Turkey, Greece, and Italy, spent a winter at Rome and a summer at Capri and at Venice, and painted his first pictures. In 1877 journalism again called him from the palette and the brush and he became the special correspondent of the New York "Herald" in the Turkish War, doing such admirable work that the London "Daily News" appointed him in place of its veteran correspondent, Mr. Archibald Forbes. His work was not only effective, but his gallantry was such that he received decorations from the Rumanian and Russian authorities. He was a member of the Fine Arts Jury of the Paris Exposition in 1878, and director of the decorations for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, one of the most notable and influential ventures in art yet made in this country. During the Spanish War he represented the London "Times" and the New York "Sun" in the Philippines, and later published in book form "The Expedition to the Philippines." Meanwhile his hand was not only on the pen, but on the brush. He is represented in the Court-House of Newark, New Jersey, in the Baltimore Custom-House, and in other public buildings by large mural work; and his pictures are found in almost every museum of art in the country. He belonged to many societies; and at the time of his death was an officer of the American Academy at Rome and deeply interested in its welfare. A man of equal distinction, though in another field, was Mr. Isidor Straus, one of three brothers who have made for themselves positions of great influence, not only as merchants, but as philanthropists and workers for civic betterment and as generous-hearted citizens. He began his career in the South, enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, served as a clerk in Savannah and afterwards in Liverpool, joined his father's firm in New York in 1865, and, with his brother Nathan, became a member of the well-known firm of R. H. Macy & Co., of New York. Mr. Straus was a man of wide reading and of tireless public spirit. He was a member of many committees and commissions for various public purposes; he was President of the Educational Alliance, which built and manages the People's Palace, one of the best known and most useful of the various institutions in the East Side tenement district of New York; he was a director in various charitable organizations. He was a man who will be sorely missed in the larger life of Greater New York. One of the most affecting incidents of the calamity was the refusal of Mrs. Straus to leave her husband. They had always been lovers and they were standing together when the ship went down. There are many people in all parts of the country who will always remember Major Archibald Butt, the President's Military Secretary, as a man of great courtesy and natural kindness; one who made what might have been a merely ornamental position of serious value by reason of his fidelity; and whose tact, judgment, and knowledge of men made him the honored aide and companion of two Presidents.

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WILLIAM T. STEAD For earnestness of purpose, broadness of view, clearness and vigor of style, and wide acquaintance with public men in many countries, William T. Stead, who has gone down in the wreck of the Titanic, was a noteworthy personality. He was on his way to this country to deliver an address on "Social and Religious Needs of the Age" at the Union Square meeting of the Men and Religion Congress in New York, and also to represent the British Committee on the celebration of the Hundred Years of Peace, of which Earl Grey is the President, in conference with the American Committee, of which Mr. Roosevelt is the Honorary Chairman. Mr. Stead has often been called the most brilliant journalist in England. While editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," in 1885, he was imprisoned for three months for the "Maiden Tribute to Modern Babylon"—an exposure of conditions so revolting and startling as to stir England to its depths. In 1890 he founded the "Review of Reviews" in London, which was followed in 1891 by the establishment of the "Review of Reviews" in New York, and in 1894 by the Australasian "Review of Reviews." He has been one of the most ardent and tireless advocates of peace from the time of the Peace Crusade following his visit to the Czar in 1898, until his visits to various European capitals last summer in the endeavor to procure the submission of the differences between Italy and Turkey to the Hague Tribunal. One of Mr. Stead's most useful characteristics was an extraordinary faculty for getting into personal touch with people in every country which he visited, from Emperors, prime ministers, legislators, and officials down to the man in the street, and using the information and suggestions thus acquired to exert a widespread and continued influence which, though often in advance of the times, was uniformly based on high motives and devotion to the public welfare.

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POORER AND RICHER We find the following paragraph in an editorial in the Wall Street "Journal" of Friday, April 19:

> At a rough computation the world is fifteen millions poorer to-day than when the Titanic was afloat. Even this loss is trivial compared with the valuable lives, the sagacity, experience, the intellectual wealth, that sank with the ill-fated ship. What can compensate for this irreparable misfortune? Nothing in this world; perhaps not even a lesson for the future; for ships went down in the same place and under similar circumstances more than half a century ago, while the lessons they taught have gone unheeded.

This is all true, and yet the world has been made incomparably richer by the tragedy of the Titanic—richer in its knowledge of the heroism, the courage, the sympathy, the sense of brotherhood, the desire to serve others, the passion to protect the weak, which exist in the human heart.

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AFFAIRS IN EUROPE The great catastrophe has so completely overshadowed England as to throw political affairs into the background. There, as here, the tragedy has so deeply impressed the imagination of the people that Parliament is certain to take legislative measures looking to the protection of the patrons of the great steamship lines. The Home Rule Bill has passed its first reading. It will be stubbornly fought, and is almost certain to be thrown out by the House of Lords. In this case, as The Outlook pointed out last week, it will be at least two years before it can become a law, even if the Liberal Government remains in power. The announcement that an Italian fleet has bombarded the forts at the entrance of the Dardanelles may mark a crisis in the war between Italy and Turkey; it is believed that it is the beginning of a new policy on the part of the Italian Government—the first step in an aggressive policy which aims to transfer the seat of war from the northern shore of Africa to Turkey itself. For many years the jealousies of the Great Powers have made Constantinople the center of a neutral region; and the Dardanelles has been guarded as closely as if great chains had been drawn across the entrance. The entrance of the straits by an Italian fleet destroys in an hour the diplomatic traditions of decades, and raises an issue which will compel Powers either to take concerted action to preserve the integrity of Turkey in Europe or to abandon a long-established policy. It is quite possible that Constantinople would fall an easy prey to an Italian fleet; but it is impossible to conceive that Russia would allow that city to pass into Italian hands. What is more likely to occur is a concerted effort on the part of the Great Powers to secure a conclusion of the war.

A WARNING TO MEXICO

It may be an open question whether the future relations between the United States and Mexico will be improved or endangered by the note of warning sent last week by the United States State Department to President Madero. In it attention is called to the great property losses suffered by Americans in Mexico, and to the personal violence which in some cases has been endured by American citizens in Mexico, and it is alleged that American life has been taken contrary to the principles governing many civilized nations. In view of these facts our Government gives notice that "it expects and must demand that American life and property within the Republic of Mexico be justly and adequately protected, and that this Government must hold Mexico and the Mexican people responsible for all wanton or illegal acts sacrificing or endangering American life, or damaging American property or interests there situated." Specifically, our Government demands just treatment of American citizens who may be taken prisoners as participants on one side or the other of the present disturbance, and insists that they be dealt with in accordance with humanity as well as international law. A similar note of warning was sent to General Orozco, the most prominent of the insurrectionary leaders. This is beyond question a right and proper ground for our Government to take, but as to its tactfulness opinions differ. The immediate result has been a reply from President Madero which is far from conciliatory in tone. The Mexican President somewhat resentfully affirms Mexico's adherence to humane principles and the rules of international conduct, and in comment uses phrases which are hardly diplomatic, such as, "The Mexican Government is perfectly acquainted with its duty;" "Neither word nor deed warrants doubt of our sincerity or of our adhesion to international privileges;" "The Mexican Government certainly cannot recognize the right of your Government to give us instruction as to the method by which we should perform our duty;" "Our Government certainly cannot undertake the responsibility for acts committed in those sections beyond our control." The last statement should at least be so modified as to recognize the general responsibility of any Government for continued and intolerable ill-treatment of foreign citizens in any part of its dominion. Until a state of recognized warfare exists between the insurgents and the Mexican Government, that Government is morally bound to preserve order; for instance, if a large section of the country is occupied by insurgent troops, the Mexican Government may not be responsible for individual acts of wrong-doing toward foreigners by the insurrectionary leaders, but it is bound, in sections of the country where it claims control, to protect foreigners from pillage and murder. There has been little of importance in the last two weeks in the military movements of the two opposing forces in Mexico, and it is difficult to judge of the immediate probabilities.

THE VOTERS' VERDICT IN PENNSYLVANIA

To the astonishment and consternation of the political machine in Pennsylvania, the primaries in that State on Saturday, April 13, for the election of delegates to the Republican National Convention, resulted in an overwhelming victory for those supporting Mr. Roosevelt. In advance of the primaries various estimates were made by Mr. Roosevelt's opponents of the number of delegates that might be elected on behalf of Mr. Roosevelt, ranging from 10 to 30 out of a total of 76. When the ballots were counted, it was found that the total number of Mr. Roosevelt's delegates out of the total of 76 (including the twelve delegates at large) would be 67. Of the remaining nine delegates there appeared to be two or three who would probably vote for Mr. Roosevelt in the National Convention. Thus from Pennsylvania Mr. Taft will receive at most only six or seven votes. These primaries provided no means for a direct expression by the voters of preference for Presidential candidates, but, as the Philadelphia "Press," which is a pro-Taft paper, states, the Pennsylvania method of electing delegates "substantially offers an opportunity for the expression of such a preference." It was in Pennsylvania that the first experiment in direct nominations was tried years ago, and it was not long ago that the State primary law was greatly improved. As a consequence, this vote in Pennsylvania is accepted by both factions in the party as an expression of the will of the voters. Even in Philadelphia, which has long suffered from ring rule, the Penrose organization was thoroughly beaten in five out of the twelve districts, and secured real control of only four. In the anthracite region of the State, where the miners remembered Mr. Roosevelt's action in the great strike, there were large Roosevelt majorities. Similar results were seen in the region of which Pittsburgh is the metropolis. The Republican voters of the State took advantage of these primaries to register their repudiation of the old corrupt party machine, and at the same time to express their belief in the principles which Mr. Roosevelt and Progressives represent. Coming so soon after the Illinois primaries, the result in Pennsylvania has had a sobering effect upon the conservative element in the party, and has proportionately encouraged the Progressives. Wherever the voters of the Republican party chose to express themselves, they have recorded by large majorities their sympathy with the Progressive movement in the party. In North Dakota and Wisconsin, which are predominantly agricultural, in Illinois, which is largely industrial as well as agricultural, and in Pennsylvania, where the miners contribute a large element to the population, the majorities for the Progressive movement have been unmistakable. The Democratic voters in Pennsylvania showed their progressive faith by indorsing Governor Wilson.

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POLITICAL HAPPENINGS IN OTHER STATES

In the selection of delegates to the Republican National Convention, a striking contrast in almost every particular to Pennsylvania is afforded by the State of Connecticut. There the delegates chosen are overwhelmingly for Mr. Taft. It is not impossible, or even improbable, that the majority of delegates represent the views of the party voters, but that is largely a matter of surmise, not a matter of clear record. The special correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," which is a violent anti-Roosevelt paper, in writing of the result of the victory of the Taft forces in Connecticut, says: "Probably no State in the Union, as a State organism, has been so easy a field as Connecticut for control by party and political machines. The powerful railway and other corporation influences in the State have naturally strengthened party mechanism by the use of it for legislative ends." Whatever Progressive sentiment there was in the State, therefore, had little or no chance for expression. It is becoming increasingly clear that the issues are not merely between the Progressive and Conservative doctrines, but also between the control of the party by the voters and the control of the party by the organization. Last week we reported the disorder that accompanied the Convention in Michigan. In that Convention there were contesting delegates from the county in which Detroit is situated. Mr. Knox, Chairman of the State Committee, insisted that both sets of delegates be barred or both admitted until the contest was settled by the Convention in the regular manner, but this was refused by the manager of the Taft forces, who insisted upon seating the Taft delegation. It is claimed that the Roosevelt forces, apart from these contesting delegates from one county, had a distinct majority, and that the seating of this delegation was the only way by which the Convention could be committed to President Taft. There is thus a close parallel between the action in Michigan and that in Indiana. In Illinois, in spite of the overwhelming victory at the Presidential primary, there has been an apparent attempt on the part of the party machine to secure as delegates supporters of Mr. Taft. This action is possible because the delegates to State and county conventions were selected not by direct primary, but by precinct committeemen. The Republican voters registered their will at the primary, but by means of the convention system the party machine has been attempting to thwart it. In all this contest between the party voters and the party machine it is significant that the party machines are all directing their energies toward the selection of delegates for President Taft.

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MR. ROOSEVELT IN THE WEST

Last week Mr. Roosevelt made a number of speeches in Nebraska. In the course of his address at Omaha he spoke of two issues in the campaign, which might be briefly termed the issue between the boss and the people, and the issue between the man and the dollar. In the course of discussing the former issue, he pointed out that in the case of such States as Illinois and Pennsylvania, where there were popular primaries, and the bosses were repudiated by the party voters, Mr. Taft's managers "virtuously denounce the bosses who have proved useless to them;" while there has not been a word of protest by the Taft managers against the successful bosses. With regard to the other issue, involving the question of social justice, Mr. Roosevelt spoke, in part, as follows:

> Some time ago I stated that the creed of the Progressives was, that we stood for both the man and the dollar, but that if we had to choose between them we stood for the man rather than the dollar; in other words, that we were for both human rights and property rights, but that in the rare cases where they conflicted we were for human rights. Referring to this statement, President Taft said: "The next time a demagogue mounts the platform and says he is for the man rather than the dollar, ask him what he means by it." The humorous side of this comes in the fact that Mr. Taft was evidently ignorant of the fact that I was merely quoting Lincoln's letter which he wrote to some Boston correspondent in 1859. "The demagogue on the platform," of whom he spoke, was Abraham Lincoln! As for what Lincoln meant by it, he simply meant that he was for the human right of the slave as against the property right of the master, when the two could not be reconciled. In the same way, I am for the human right of the overworked girl, or of the crippled workingman or workingwoman, against the so-called property right of the employer; I am for the right of the workmen against the factory-owner or mine-owner who runs company stores; I am for the right of the Legislature to prohibit men, women, and children being huddled like pigs in a tenement-house room as against the property right of the owner of the tenement-house, which the Illinois Supreme Court held to override all other considerations in such a case.

Mr. Roosevelt's addresses in the West were followed on Friday by an overwhelming primary vote in his favor in Nebraska and Oregon.

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THE NEW SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

The School of Journalism established in connection with Columbia University, New York, by the generosity of the late Joseph Pulitzer, will open on September 25, and, as the building now in course of construction will not be ready at that time, the classes will be distributed among the other buildings of the University. To regularly matriculated students passing satisfactorily through a four years' course the School offers the degree of Bachelor of Literature in the Course of Journalism. Entrance examinations in English, history, and French or German, similar to those for Columbia College, will be held at the same time as the college examinations; but Dr. Talcott Williams, the Director, is to be intrusted with discretionary power to admit on evidence fit persons. The course of study aims to place a good general education, especially adapted for newspaper men, behind specialized technical training planned to fit students for journalism. Under certain conditions students will be allowed to draw up their own curricula, and will have the advice of the instructors to that end. The instruction covers, in the first year, courses in English, in French or German, in natural science, in history, and in American politics and government. The second year will include a practice course in writing, a course in economics, surveys of English and American literature, and a study of modern European history based upon current European newspapers, with a general survey of American history. The third year covers the technique of news-gathering and the preparation of copy, a study of governmental reports in the social, industrial, and political fields, and the history of American political parties and platforms; and in the fourth year the history of journalism will fill a large place, with laboratory work in the preparation of newspaper matter, with instruction in the elements of law and in the labor and trust problems. Advanced and specialized courses in municipal government, finance, banking, music, magazine work, and various special forms of journalism are outlined for future years. All students are expected to write their exercises on the typewriter, and facilities will be afforded for this purpose. Every student must be able to read a French and a German newspaper before receiving his degree.

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NEW PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Sir John Hare, the veteran English actor, who is now on this side of the ocean to act as judge in a competition between amateur societies in Canada, declares that, in his judgment, the average of acting in London is now higher than at any previous time in his recollection, and that there are a large number of very clever actors, but a great dearth of accomplished actresses of the highest class. So far as the production of plays is concerned, Sir John Hare regards as the most remarkable feature in connection with the drama of to-day the great increase in the number of men of the highest literary attainments who are writing for the stage. A few years ago novelists of the first class rarely wrote plays; to-day nearly every novelist of distinction tries his hand at play-writing, and this has brought a distinctly literary element into the drama which was not formerly found there. In Sir John's judgment, the new school of dramatists has an extraordinary command of the technique of the stage, and the plays which they produce have far more quality from the standpoint of human interest and art than the plays of a generation ago. The new race of actors includes many more men of education and culture, and, as a consequence, the actor has palpably gained in the respect of the community and holds a far better social position than formerly. When one realizes the enormous number of theaters in the country and the widespread interest in acting and in plays, any evidence that the drama is beginning to be recognized as an art, and held to the standards and traditions of an art by audiences, is most encouraging. The potentialities of the theater for good are as great as the potentialities for evil, and the latter are obvious on every hand.

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GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT

Major-General Frederick Dent Grant, Commander of the Eastern Division of the United States Army, died suddenly in New York on April 12, at the age of sixty-two years. His reputation as a man and an officer was both enhanced and overshadowed by the fact that he was the favorite son of one of the greatest generals of modern times, General U. S. Grant. Ulysses S. Grant grows larger as a historical figure as time goes on. His personality and his memory have not aroused the romantic interest which is attached to the name of General Robert E. Lee, but the simplicity, honesty, and directness of his character, combined with his successful performance of great military tasks in which other and supposedly more brilliant men had failed, have, in spite of some of the misfortunes of his political career, left a very fine and indelible stamp upon our Civil War period. One of President Grant's great, although apparently simple, achievements was the writing of his "Memoirs," which were published in 1885. These two volumes, which at the time of their appearance a quarter of a century ago surprised the country by their clarity and ability of English style, have been recently classed in these pages by Professor Hart, of Harvard University, with Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln" in their value as original historical documents of the Civil War period. In the preface to these "Memoirs" General Grant refers to the aid which his son Frederick Dent Grant gave him in their preparation. The attachment between father and son was peculiarly intimate and touching. What this relationship was is indicated by the following passage in the "Memoirs:"

> When I left Galena for the last time to take command of the 21st Regiment, I took with me my oldest son, Frederick D. Grant, then a lad of eleven years of age. On receiving the order to take rail for Quincy I wrote Mrs. Grant, to relieve what I supposed would be her great anxiety for one so young going into danger, that I would send Fred home from Quincy by river. I received a prompt letter in reply decidedly disapproving my proposition, and urging that the lad should be allowed to accompany me. It came too late. Fred was already on his way up the Mississippi bound for Dubuque, Iowa, from which place there was a railroad to Galena.

Later in the Civil War Frederick Grant became his father's personal aid. He was graduated from West Point in 1871, and had a highly creditable record in the various grades and commands through which he passed until he reached the high military office which he held at the time of his death. He was a man of upright character, actively interested in various movements, such as the Prohibition cause, for the betterment of social conditions. He deserves to be remembered perhaps quite as much for his filial devotion to the person and memory of his great father as for his own achievements in his profession.

ITALIAN IMMIGRATION

"Birds of passage" is the phrase used by Professor William R. Thayer, of Cambridge, at the annual meeting of the Society for Italian Immigrants, held last week in New York, in describing those immigrants who come to this conntry to earn a temporary livelihood and then return to their native land. More stringent laws were urged, to the end that the aliens admitted should, as far as possible, be those who come to make permanent homes for themselves. The annual report of the Society shows that the number of Italian laborers coming to this country in 1910 was 222,235, and the number going back to Italy 92,947. During 1911 the immigrants were 155,835, and the outgoing Italians 139,694. The net immigration in 1911 was therefore only 16,190, against 129,288 in 1910. The economic conditions here and abroad influence very largely, as these figures show, the flow of immigration. It is, however, an encouraging fact that these "birds of passage" have exerted a very distinct influence in Italy on their return in raising the scale of wages and by their own example improving the homes of the peasants. The Society for Italian Immigrants has for eight years looked after the welfare of Italians arriving at Ellis Island and of those going back to their native country. It provides a house where lodgings and meals may be had at moderate rates, and conducts a labor bureau for the convenience of those seeking employment. It also carries on camp schools at various labor camps, where workmen are taught English and the essentials of good citizenship. The Italian Government provides a part of the funds, and a part is provided by voluntary contributions in New York. During the year the Society has provided lodgings for 17,756 persons, furnished 78,625 meals, assisted 107 sick or disabled immigrants, furnished escort service to 23,819, and placed 528 at work. The Hon. William Williams, Commissioner of Immigration, was present at the meeting, and spoke very cordially of the work of the Society. While it is true that many thousands of the Italian immigrants to this country are "birds of passage," to use Mr. Thayer's picturesque phrase, many thousands and their children become permanent American citizens. The protection of these immigrants is therefore not merely an altruistic duty to be performed in behalf of the foreigner temporarily on our shores, but a civic duty to be fulfilled for a very large body of increasingly valuable and patriotic American citizens.

ITALIAN OPINION OF AMERICAN ART

The Outlook published recently a brief editorial résumé of the comments of the Italian newspapers on American art, as shown at the exposition held in Rome last year. Mr. Harrison S. Morris, United States Commissioner-General to the exhibition, has now collected these opinions in pamphlet form, acknowledging at the same time his gratitude for the liberal support of the exhibition by American artists, collectors, institutes, and private owners of American pictures. For many years European opinion was rooted and grounded on the conviction that there was no art in America, and that a country politically and commercially constituted like the United States could under no circumstances produce an art. From that opinion Europe has been slowly emerging for the last twenty years; and the comments of the Italian press mark the extraordinary opening of the critical mind of Europe to American artistic achievement, and register another step forward in the establishment of true international relations. The criticism of the American pictures in detail is not as interesting as the disclosure of the mind of the critics. It is especially significant that one of the elements in the American pictures "which will astonish us Latin peoples—and amongst the Latin peoples us Italians most particularly," is that American artists seem to be agreed that in order to be a painter "it is necessary to learn to paint." This is precisely the attainment which our critics abroad have denied us. They have been willing to credit us with force, ambition, a certain kind of rough imagination; but workmanship, or, in a broader sense, art, they have denied us. Of course they think our artists have no passion. If they were talking about English poetry, this is precisely what they would say of Wordsworth, and it would mean simply this, they have only one conception of passion; intellectual passion, spiritual passion, passion of imagination, the passion of life for utterance, so to speak, they fail to recognize. To say, for instance, that Mr. Winslow Homer's pictures are without passion is like saying that Rembrandt's portraits lack vitality. Now that the Latin critics have begun to see what is in Whistler, Sargent, Birge Harrison, John Alexander, William M. Chase, Mr. Brush, Miss Oakley, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Henri, and Mr. Foster, the way is open for an adequate recognition of the extraordinary progress of American art, both in painting and sculpture.

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THE INCIDENT OF DEATH

On Good Friday the churches throughout the country held a three-hour service commemorative of the last sufferings and the death of Christ. There was another three hours on the Titanic, in the darkness of midnight, when the women and children were sent out in small boats, and many hundred men, with a little group of women who would not be separated from them, waited on the steamer for the moment of death. It was an appalling tragedy; but it was not ended when, with a terrible plunge, the great liner sank two miles in the ocean. It is impossible to think of the farewells that were spoken during those three hours, nor of the common bravery of the women who went and the men who stayed, without deep emotion.

The story adds another chapter to the heroic annals of the race, never so evidently and impressively the children of God as in the great crises when men and women come face to face with death. In that tragedy the whole English-speaking world has a share. More than sixteen hundred people perished; but the waves of sorrow, like the waves which swept in every direction when the steamer went down, have touched perhaps five thousand homes, and have carried personal bereavement to twenty thousand people. When death comes in this dramatic form, the whole world stops for a moment and thinks and wonders what it all means.

So the world stopped when the earthquake in Lisbon destroyed a fair city and killed forty thousand men, women, and children; and the boy Goethe, when he heard the news, declared that there was no God. So the world stopped again three years ago when the same terrible disaster destroyed Messina And yet, every day in the year, an army of men and women are dying, without dramatic accessories, in the regular course of life. Schiller said that death must be good, since it is universal.

The sea already shows no trace of the burial of the Titanic. The places of the men who have vanished will not be filled, but the ranks will close up and the march will go on. The broken circles will never be what they were; but courage will come out of danger, the hand of time will soften grief, and out of the great calamity will finally come peace, as after the devastating storm the clouds break, the sun shines, and the earth blooms again. But this transformation will not be due to heartlessness or indifference. It is not the spreading of the veil of forgetfulness over the agonies of the past; it is an instinctive and deep-seated conviction that death is only an incident in life; and that the agony of an hour, no matter how bitter, finds its place and is gathered up into the vastness of life and the poison taken from it. The roots of sorrow finally bear the flowers of joy in an upper world of peace and faith; for the final word about death was spoken by Christ when he said, "I am the resurrection and the life." "They may kill us," said a Christian bishop on his way to martyrdom, "but they cannot harm us."

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THE LESSON OF THE LIFEBOATS

If there had been boats enough, all left alive on the Titanic after the collision with the iceberg would have been saved. That is the universal testimony. The sea was calm; the night was clear. There was ample time to provide for the launching of the boats from the davits. But, simply because there were not boats enough, those sixteen hundred people left on the decks as the ship settled into the sea were lost.

No one can estimate how greatly the world has been enriched by this addition to the roll of heroes of the race; no one can estimate how much of courage and honor has been instilled into the hearts of boys who have been taught by this tragedy that there come times when it becomes a man's supreme duty to die. On the other hand, no one can estimate how greatly the world has been impoverished by the loss of those lives. The heroism of those who are sacrificed cannot compensate for the sacrifice that is needless.

That this sacrifice was needless is plain. In "The Navy" for November, 1910—a year and a half ago—Captain E. K. Roden wrote an article entitled "Luxury—or Safety?" He called attention to the equipment of the two great steamers then planned. One of these was the vessel that has gone to the bottom on its first voyage. He pointed out that these vessels were to be equipped with every conceivable comfort—private shower baths, a swimming-pool, a ball-room and skating-rink, a gymnasium, a café to represent a seaside resort, a grill-room to represent a chop-house, a deck representing a tropical flower garden; but he raised the question whether there would be lifeboats enough.

Said Captain Roden:

> But how, in these days of water-tight compartments, can a ship of modern construction sink? Such a calamity would seem improbable, but it is far from being so. Notwithstanding the many water-tight compartments, with their equipment of "long-arm" and other systems for closing the water-tight doors, experience teaches us that up to date no one can guarantee to build an unsinkable ship, even when such superior construction and design as is adopted in modern war vessels is considered. This is corroborated by the fact that no one would deem it advisable to send a ship to sea without lifeboats, life-rafts, and life-preservers, even though the various Governments might sanction such a course. Unsinkable ships, like fireproof buildings, are dreams we hope some time to realize.

All that Captain Roden has written has been proved true, at a cost of life that has horrified the world.

That it is possible to provide life-saving devices on the greatest of passenger vessels is shown in an article on another page. It remains with public opinion to see that such life-saving devices are required by law.

What can we do?

In the first place, travelers by sea can make it clear that they do not demand sun parlors and swimming-pools at the expense of lifeboats, and that with them the first consideration is safety.

In the second place, the Nation can insist that vessels not adequately provided with lifeboats shall not use American harbors. If necessary, the Nation should be willing to abrogate treaties in order to meet its responsibility.

In the third place, the Nation can take the initiative in calling for an international conference to supervise and control oceanic commerce in the interest of preserving human life.

This disaster may indeed help to bring the nations of the world together. It may help to show that there is a really practical need for something resembling a world government. It gives dark emphasis to the words of Léon Bourgeois, former Prime Minister of France, who, in the course of his speech at the first Hague Conference thirteen years ago, said: "Gentlemen, the object of civilization seems to us to be to abolish more and more the struggle for life between men, and to put in its stead an accord between them for the struggle against the unrelenting forces of matter."

There are other questions besides merely this one of lifeboats which the sinking of the Titanic forces upon the civilized nations of the world. One of these was discussed by a steamship officer in an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" some months ago, entitled "The Man on the Bridge." He told of the strain to which the captain of a great passenger steamer is subjected needlessly and without relief from national or international law. Another and related question is that of a regulation of the course of steamships in their voyages across the Atlantic. The presence of ice in any position is usually known by all vessels equipped with the radio-telegraph in advance of reaching the position. This being true, it would seem easy to avoid it, and it could be avoided if commanding officers were allowed to use their own judgment. But this use of judgment, if we are rightly informed, is not permitted. An American naval officer whose name we are not at liberty to give writes to The Outlook: "The steamship tracks are defined by rules of the owning companies, and these rules are enforced with an iron hand. The Titanic was exactly on the prescribed track when she received her death-blow. *Laws should be passed giving steamship masters a tenure of office which will give these officers real authority.* No responsibility can be placed on any officer who has not absolute authority to use his own judgment. Under present conditions a captain would be in danger of discharge should he change his course to avoid ice."

The questions as to the bigness of vessels, the speed at which they should be run, the "lanes" to be followed in the course across the Atlantic, the regulation of wireless telegraphy, and last, but not least, the hours of labor and discipline of officers and men, cannot be ignored; but, however much room for debate there is upon these questions, there is no room for doubt that the transatlantic companies must be made to furnish lifeboats (including, if need be, power launches) sufficient to make possible the rescue of every person on board.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL ISSUE

The Presidential issue is not whether Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Taft, or Mr. Clark, or Mr. Harmon, or Mr. Underwood, or Mr. Wilson shall be the next President. It is not between persons.

It is not whether there shall be a high tariff or a low tariff, administrative regulation or judicial disruption of great corporations, a recall of judges or of judicial decisions. It is not between specific policies.

The issue involves specific policies; it involves persons; but it is broader than either, and broader than both combined.

It is an issue between two great political tendencies. The question addressed to the American people in this campaign is this: The country has been moving in a certain direction for a hundred and twenty-five years. Is it time to call a halt? or shall we go on further in the same direction?

Our fathers established on this continent a new form of government—government of the people, by the people, for the people. But they were men of caution as well as of courage. And, because this was a new form of government, they provided a variety of checks to protect the Nation against irresponsible actions by the people's representatives, and against party prejudice, class hatred, popular passion. They made a government of "checks and balances."

In nearly all the States there were limitations on the right of suffrage.

Those who had the suffrage were not authorized to elect their President. The people of the various States were directed to elect electors; and the electors were to meet and select a President.

Nor were they authorized to elect their Senators. They were to elect a Legislature, and the Legislature was to elect the Senators.

They were to elect their Representative, but for only two years; that, if he did not serve them well, they might recall him.

Their States and their Nation were provided with Constitutions which took the place of the colonial charters and defined the authority of the people's representatives. The powers of their National Congress were in terms defined by the National Constitution, and all other powers were reserved to the people and the States.

That Constitution provided three departments, independent of each other, each to serve as a check upon the other.

And the fathers allowed, by a consent which has had all the effect of a Constitutional provision, the courts to interpret the Constitution, and so to determine the limits and bounds of the power possessed by the executive and legislative departments.

Finally, by constituting the Nation out of individual States, each possessing certain attributes of sovereignty, they guarded against the danger of a National action unjust and injurious to any portion of the Union. "In the Federal Republic of the United States," said Alexander Hamilton, "while all authority will be derived from and dependent on the society, the society itself will be broken into so many parts, interests, and classes of citizens that the rights of individuals or of the minority will be in little danger from interested combinations of the majority."

During the hundred and twenty-five years of our history the faith of the American people in popular government has greatly increased. Many of the checks devised by the fathers have been either abandoned or modified.

The conditions of suffrage have either been greatly lessened or totally abolished.

The Electoral College continues formally to elect the President; but he is really elected by popular vote.

The State Legislatures continue to elect the United States Senators. But in a large and increasing number of States a previous popular vote determines the legislative choice.

United States Representatives continue to be elected for two years. But the habit of rotation in office is decreasing; the habit of continuous re-election of the same Representative for successive terms, if he proves trustworthy, is increasing.

The provisions in the Constitution limiting the power of Congress remain unchanged; but the decisions of the courts, and still more the practice of the people, have enormously increased both the functions and the power of the National Government. That Government now promotes agriculture, commerce, manufactures, education, public improvements, and has both promoted and regulated transportation. It is no longer a mere protective association. Its supreme sovereignty is no longer questioned.

The right of a State to nullify its laws, vigorously affirmed in 1832, or to withdraw from the Union, claimed at the point of the bayonet in 1861, is no longer maintained.

These political changes have been accompanied with two others equally significant.

Our educational system has been greatly developed. The public school has been extended to cover the whole country and opened to welcome all races and all classes. Industrial education has been initiated and is being rapidly developed. High schools, both academic and vocational, have been created. Secondary schools have grown into colleges, and colleges into universities. The daily, weekly, and monthly publications have so decreased in price and so increased in circulation that there are very few homes without both the ability and the opportunity to read current political history. Thus, in spite of the addition to our voting population by the lately emancipated Negroes in the South and the continual flow of immigration to the North, the voters have a far better political education than they had a century ago.

Voluntary congresses unknown to our fathers have sprung up. There is scarcely a single public interest—financial, legal, commercial, industrial, educational, religious, or political—that has not its congress. In these congresses, bankers, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, workingmen, educators, religious teachers, civic reformers, meet, discuss with expert knowledge these interests, and present the results of their discussions, sometimes through the press to the people, sometimes by committees to a State Legislature or to the National Congress for its guidance. In addition, Congress habitually, and the State Legislature not infrequently, invites men of expert knowledge to give to the appropriate committee their views on current questions. In these ways, as well as through the press and special public meetings, the people take an active and an increasing part in the deliberations of their government. The debates are no longer confined to Congress; they go on throughout the entire country among the people.

Simultaneously with this political development has gone on an industrial development. While politically the country has been growing more democratic, industrially it has been growing more autocratic. Industry, which a hundred years ago was individualistic, has become organized. The factory has taken the place of the hand loom and the spinning-wheel; the railway has taken the place of the stage-coach. Not a few of these industries have become monopolies—some by a natural process, some by skillfully devised combinations. They are all under the direction of "captains of industry." And the workers, who meet their employers on equal terms at the ballot-box, resent the idea that they can have nothing to say respecting the terms and conditions of their employment in the mill, the mine, the factory, and the railway. Hence the labor unions, which demand not merely better wages and better conditions, but also a share in the control and in the profits of their industry. This is what they mean by a "recognition of the union."

There is a large and influential body of American citizens who think this progress of democracy has gone far enough, if not too far. They are alarmed at present conditions and future prospects. They wish to return to the counsels of the fathers; to restore the checks and balances of the olden time; or at least to allow no further relaxation of those checks.

There are a few who do not believe in self-government. They agree with Sir Henry Maine that it is a predestined failure. They agree with a recent French writer, Gustave Le Bon, that the crowd "is only impressed by excessive sentiments;" that it is necessarily dictatorial and intolerant; that it is "too impulsive and too mobile to be moral;" that no great idea can come within the intellectual range of the crowd; that the judgments of the crowd are "merely judgments forced upon them, never judgments adopted after discussion;" that the crowd is controlled by its imagination and its passions. And this class of conservatives are quite sure that the crowd can no more be permitted to have any share in the direction of an industry than the private soldiers could be permitted to share in planning a campaign or directing a battle.

But these temperamental autocrats are the exception. The majority of conservatives believe in government by the people—with limitations. They think that the people should have a share in the government; but that the share may easily be made too great and their participation in it too active. It would not be unjust to say that they believe in government by the best men in the community—that is, an aristocracy; but they believe that it is better to trust the people to select those best men than to trust to a process of natural breeding. They believe in aristocracy, but not in hereditary aristocracy. If the present restraints on the power of the people were relaxed, if the participation of the people in the government were more active and more direct, particularly if it were so extended as to include the industries of the community, they believe that mobocracy would be the inevitable result; that history would repeat itself; that, as Tiberius Gracchus was followed by Julius Cæsar, and Oliver Cromwell by Charles II, and Mirabeau by Napoleon I, so the untrammeled rule of the people in America would be followed first by anarchy and then by a dictator.

These fears are often perfectly honest. And honest opinions should always be treated with respect in a democracy.

The Progressives may respect these fears, but cannot share them. They desire to see the progress of the past century of American history continued in the century to come.

The people who elect their officials should also nominate them: the Direct Primary.

They should elect a few strong men and give them power; divided responsibility is no safeguard: the Short Ballot.

They should have power not merely to *ask* the Legislature through the lobby, but to *direct* the Legislature by a vote, to take action on a specified topic: the Initiative.

They should be able to direct the Legislature to refer an important topic to them for final determination: the Referendum.

If their servants prove unworthy, the people who appointed them should have power to remove them: the Recall.

The people who have created their constitutions should have power, when authorities disagree in interpreting those constitutions, to give their own interpretation: Review of Judicial Decisions.

They should have power to control all business that tends to become monopolistic: Government Regulation.

They should have power to exercise over all industries whatever control they think necessary for the protection of the health and general welfare of the community: Welfare Legislation.

They have a right to demand that the courts shall make the enforcement of law never an end, but always a means for the prompt and equal administration of justice: Reform of the Courts.

The natural resources of the country belong to the people. They should be utilized for the benefit of the people. And the people should determine how that can best be done: Conservation.

The people have a right to do for themselves whatever in their judgment they can do better than private enterprise can do for them: Government Administration of Public Utilities.

Not all Progressives believe in all these planks; and some Progressives believe in additional planks. But all Progressives believe in the right and the ability of the people to manage their own affairs. And they wish, step by step, to carry out that principle to its logical and ultimate conclusion. They believe in representative government. But they believe that the legislative body is to the people in mass merely what a committee of the House of Representatives is to the House: always a servant, never a master.

In the present campaign Mr. Taft represents those who believe that America has progressed in the direction of popular government as far as is safe, that the danger to the Republic lies in the passions and prejudices of the people, that safety lies in preserving, and perhaps increasing, the checks and restraints upon their power.

Mr. Roosevelt represents those who believe that the danger to the Republic is from too great power in the hands of the few; that safety lies in developing, if not increasing, the power of the people; that the remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy.

This is the belief of The Outlook. And this belief is confirmed by the conclusion drawn by so careful and dispassionate an observer as James Bryce from his study of American conditions. Writing in 1888, Mr. Bryce closed his chapter on "The Tyranny of the Majority" in the following words:

"If the above account be correct, the tyranny of the majority is no longer a blemish on the American system, and the charges brought against democracy from the supposed example of America are groundless. As tyranny is one of those evils which tends to perpetuate itself, those who had been oppressed revenging themselves by becoming oppressors in their turn, the fact that a danger once dreaded has now disappeared is no small evidence of the recuperative forces of the American Government, and the healthy tone of the American people."

THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION AND THE WELFARE OF ITS WORKMEN

A stockholder of the United States Steel Corporation—a woman, by the way—has handed to us a remarkable circular letter which she has just received from Judge Elbert H. Gary, the head of the Corporation. A similar letter has been sent to every stockholder. Accompanying it in the same envelope is a letter from Mr. Charles M. Cabot, of Boston, calling the attention of each stockholder to a third inclosure. This third inclosure is a pamphlet of twenty pages describing in a human and dramatic fashion the conditions of work in the steel industry which compel many of the workmen to work under terrific physical strain for twelve hours each working day, and telling the story of some workmen who have been compelled to work for thirty-six and forty-eight hours continuously without rest or sleep. This pamphlet story is written at the request of Mr. Cabot by Mr. John A. Fitch, author of Volume IV of the "Pittsburgh Survey." Mr. Cabot has been leading a movement to interest the fifteen thousand stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation in labor conditions in the steel industry, with the hope that this great body of employers—for the stockholders of a manufacturing corporation are employers—would take some concerted action looking towards the reform of labor conditions in the steel mills of the Company.

It is not remarkable that an individual stockholder like Mr. Cabot should feel his responsibility towards the workingmen to whose labor and efficiency the stockholders' dividends are largely due, and should try to arouse his fellow-stockholders to a similar sense of responsibility. But it is remarkable that Judge Gary should send Mr. Cabot's letter and Mr. Fitch's story to each of the fifteen thousand stockholders of the Steel Corporation. It is the most striking instance that has yet come to our attention of the new spirit which is steadily permeating the employing class in this country, and humanizing the relations not merely between capital and labor, but also between corporation managers and corporation stockholders. The specific instances which Mr. Fitch reports in his story, of overstrain which not even the most splendid physical specimens among mill workers can endure for many years without succumbing, are fairly heartbreaking; but, on the other hand, it is heart-consoling to find that the managers themselves realize these conditions and are making a systematic effort to remedy them.

Two years ago Mr. William B. Dickson, then first Vice-President of the United States Steel Corporation, in a speech at the first annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, made the following statement: "The present conditions which necessitate the employment of the same individual workman twelve hours a day for seven days a week are a reproach to our great industry, and should not in our enlightened age be longer tolerated." Judge Gary, the head of the United States Steel Corporation, was active in the formation of a committee of investigating and planning, whose work has resulted in the practical abolition of seven-day labor in the leading steel mills of the United States.

As to the plea by Mr. Cabot and Mr. Fish that the next step should be the substitution of an eight-hour day for the prevailing twelve-hour day in the steel industry, Judge Gary speaks as follows in the letter which he has sent to stockholders:

> Our reply to Mr. Fitch's criticism is that we are not indifferent or self-satisfied as to conditions among our workmen. We are trying to improve their conditions as fast as practicable. Hours of labor in the steel mills of this country grew up with this industry; they were not established by us, and we cannot change them all at once. Year by year conditions have been improved until we believe that our employees are on the whole as well treated as those in any other industry, and much better treated than ever before in the steel and iron industry. The heaviest work has been done away with and all work has been lightened by the introduction of machinery. Seven-day labor no longer exists in our mills, except under special circumstances, and with it the twenty-four-hour term has been practically abolished. While perhaps half of the men employed in blast-furnaces and rolling-mills have a twelve-hour day, more or less modified by periods of rest, only twenty-five per cent of all the employees of the steel corporation work twelve hours a day, and the twelve-hour day is confined almost entirely to those departments where operations are continuous. In most of those departments it does not seem practicable *as yet* to substitute eight hours of labor for twelve.

We have italicized the words "as yet" in the foregoing quotation from Judge Gary because they indicate that we may hope for the time when no man will be compelled to work systematically day in and day out at hard labor for twelve hours out of every twenty-four in any industry. This hope is confirmed by the broad-minded spirit in which Judge Gary and his fellow-directors have frankly laid before the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation all the facts as obtained in an independent and critical investigation of labor conditions in the Steel Corporation.

We repeat that the joint communications which have been made by Judge Gary, Mr. Cabot, and Mr. Fitch to the stockholders of one of the greatest industrial corporations in the world form a significant and encouraging sign of the times.

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WHAT THE WHITE DOOR MEANS

Some fifteen or twenty years ago—we are not accurate as to the date—Mrs. Thomas W. Bird left her delightful home in Montclair, New Jersey, and made a new home for herself in a rented house on the East Side in New York City. She had learned from the parable of the Good Samaritan that whoever was in need whom she could help was her neighbor, and she went to the East Side to give to her neighbors there the life of hope and love which her faith in the Great Companion had given to her. She called her new home "The Gospel Settlement." Other settlement workers assured her that the name Gospel would be a serious obstacle to the accomplishment of her beneficent purpose in a community largely Jewish. She proved them mistaken. There is an attendance of 1,100 a week; members belong to forty clubs and classes. The only limitation on her service has been the limitation in her personal strength and her equipment. How little an obstacle her frank expression of her Christian faith has proved to be is illustrated by the fact that one athletic club of boys adopted, wholly of their own motion, as their name "The Gospel Athletic Club." The cleanliness of her home in the midst of sordid surroundings, indicated by a front door shiningly white in a neighborhood grimy with smoke and dirt, has led the children to dub it "The White Door Settlement," a title which she adopts also as her own.

The White Door Settlement is a home, not a "mission," nor a school, nor a church. Mrs. Bird has not endeavored to induce Jews to accept a Christian creed; nor has she desired to do so. Her object is not to teach theology, but to impart life. But her home is open from early morning to late at night; and in it are classes and clubs to which boys and girls and men and women of every faith or none at all receive equal welcome. It is not even a charity, except as every educational institution is a charity, including the greatest universities in the land. For in the White Door Settlement the members pay what they can toward the clubs and classes, and in the great universities every student is indebted to the benefactors who have endowed it for a large proportion of the cost of his education. It must be counted as one not insignificant benefit which this Settlement has conferred, that it has taught, and is teaching, Russian Jews that the spirit which has massacred their families in Russia and driven them from their native land is not the spirit of Christianity. It is redeeming the name of Christ from reproach, not by words, but by deeds.

Now the house which has been the home of this Christian Settlement is for sale. Unless Mrs. Bird can obtain $30,000 with which to buy it, the home must be abandoned and this fountain of faith and hope and love must cease to flow. And, curiously, the title "Gospel Settlement," which has not turned Jews away from her door, operates to discourage Christians from endowing her work, because it suggests to them dogmatic teaching and emotional revivalism. We tell this story here in the hope that there may be some reader of The Outlook who will want to know more about this unpretentious illustration of a Christian beneficence that is willing to be known as Christian and yet is without a creed or a ritual. Any reader who does want to know more can learn by writing to Miss Harriet Irwin, 211 Clinton Street, New York City.

The Outlook sees in the success of The Gospel Settlement in a Jewish quarter of New York City an evidence that the name of Christ is a help, not a hindrance, to those who are trying to do in this age the work which Christ did in his age. If in any community the unchristian spirit of proselytism has made Christ's name a hindrance, not a help, the remedy is not in dropping the name of Christ but in dropping the unchristian spirit of proselytism.

MEN AND RELIGION: A REVIEW

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

A PERTURBED Philadelphian, at the beginning of the Men and Religion campaign in his city, so the story goes, telegraphed to Mr. Fred B. Smith, the leader of the movement: "If this is your evangelist, for Heaven's sake do not send us a social service man." It had chanced that the bearer of the evangelistic message, himself a pastor, had so searchingly applied the Gospel to social conditions that the "discreet" layman considered his preaching "unsafe." The little incident recalls one of the mottoes in the exhibit room of the Men and Religion Christian Conservation Congress, which is in session in New York city at this writing: "To place the religious emphasis upon social service and the social emphasis upon religious work."

That phrase well hits off the chief characteristic of the Men and Religion campaigns of the past winter, which have been the chief general interest of the churches of North America during this time. The uniqueness of the Movement seems to have been its ability to blend notes that have hitherto been regarded as discordant. One New York merchant expressed a popular notion when he said, as he made a generous contribution: "I think it is worth this much money to see the attempt made to put evangelism and social service on the same platform. I do not think that it will work, but it is worth trying."

Notwithstanding that, and many similar doleful prophecies, the plan has worked. The "team" leaders say that there has been no dissonance or discordance among them. It has come to be almost impossible to tell where one message merges its distinctive characteristics into the other message.

Into the records of the winter's work have been wrought scores of incidents such as have hitherto been found only on the pages of fiction. Professed religion has, in the case of conspicuous representatives, been discovered to bear no relation whatsoever to practical social righteousness. In a certain prosperous Southern city, the Men and Religion social survey revealed the hideous fact that one of the city's leading churchmen owned a full half of the properties of the "red light" district. When the inconsistency of this was called to his attention, he characterized the Men and Religion representatives as impertinent meddlers, and refused to recognize their right to interfere with his personal "business affairs." That particular layman was given the alternative of reforming his business or leaving the church. One local congregation and the allied churches of the city are now cleaner by his expulsion.

In the same classification is the instance of a prominent man in one of the greatest cities of the continent, a man with a city-wide reputation for benevolence and Christian activity, whose name was on the Young Men's Christian Association building project list for a subscription of $20,000. The Men and Religion survey developed that he was the owner of an alleged hotel which was rated as the most immoral resort in the city. Taxed with it, he said: "I do not run that place; true, I own the property, but I rent it. I am not supposed to know what my tenant does; that is none of my business, and none of your business." The man had no social conscience, showed no sign of penitence, and was straightway expelled from membership in the local church which had regarded him as one of its leading lights.

Such stories as these have not got into the newspapers as indicative of what the Men and Religion campaigns have done. The quiet, out-of-sight effectiveness of much of the Movement is perhaps its greatest achievement. In a Middle West city the investigators found that the trail of the social evil and its allied graft led straight to the chief of police, who is one of the responsible heads of the city, which enjoys the commission form of government. The Men and Religion workers put the facts before the man, and he instantly tendered his resignation. The city as a whole does not know that it owes a fundamental renovation to the Men and Religion campaign.

Of appalling significance is the uniformity with which the social service investigations have led the churches straight up to the social evil as the most hideous disease of the civil body. There is abundant evidence in the unwritten experiences of the Men and Religion experts that the times are ripe for a Nation-wide crusade against this evil. The social service men have started agitations in many places for the name of the owners to be put upon the door of every property used for any sort of anti-social purpose. The sheer ignorance of good people concerning the glaring ills of their own communities has been pitiable. Thus, one department store owner in a Southern city learned that immediately in the rear of his establishment, near the employees' entrance, was a pitfall for the girls who worked for him. The man was overcome when he learned the dreadful facts. "I always go out the front door, and I have been so busy making money I have never thought about these people who are working for me. God helping me, I'll do different from now on."

Much has been done under cover to reform untoward conditions. For example, in Charleston, West Virginia, a secret service organization of Christian women has been formed to deal with the social evil. This has, all unknown to the world at large, accomplished definite results. At the same time, beginning with the street meetings conducted by the Men and Religion Committee on Evangelism, there has been a "revival" which developed into a union effort of all the churches, and at last reports was proceeding in the Senate Chamber.

The staid old city of Hartford is a conspicuous illustration of this point. This is not the place to state in detail how at the outset of the local social service survey of the Movement it was discovered that the white slave activities of the city were a dreadful reality, and that they were carried on in the very best section of Hartford. The arrest of a United States marshal on the charge of complicity was an early incident in the work. Immediately following the campaign in Hartford report was made to headquarters that two hundred men and boys had been taken into the churches—fifty in one congregation alone. A score of Bible classes, containing seven hundred men, were formed where no such classes had before existed. By all standards, old or new, these results would be counted tangible evidence of the Men and Religion Movement's success.

At the basis of the programme of the Movement lies the idea of a survey. This has been so generally demonstrated as practicable that it may now be accepted as firmly intrenched in the modern methods of religious work. The principle of finding out all the ascertainable facts in a case before taking action seems so obviously wise and so thoroughly scientific that it should be beyond the realm of argument. Nevertheless, it is practically a new contribution to organized religious work.

The experts who have covered the country report that everywhere ministers seem to have been surprised by the questions asked and by the local situations developed. Apparently, if a generalization may be permitted on the subject, most of the churches have been totally unable to answer accurately the bulk of the questions asked. It never seems to have occurred to them to find out the number of places of amusement in their neighborhood and the average attendance upon these, nor yet to discover the affiliations of the people of the neighborhood. Yet these are social facts which should be taken into account in any dealing with a community. The lack of system and science in the business of the churches is laid over against the door of American Christianity by this new Movement. The charts which the experts have prepared for each city, graphically representing local conditions, have startled both the churches and the public. To have the Men and Religion social service leaders come along and tell the city for the first time facts about itself which it never before had known—what, for instance, the average wage of its working people is, and then to tell them what is rated as "a living wage"—is a bit bewildering. The frequent experience of the workers has been to have their charts and their statements challenged.

Now the task of continuing the survey principle has been thrown back upon the churches, for the Men and Religion Movement is passing out of existence. This makes inevitable a co-operation and a system which previously had been speculatively desirable, but had seemed practically unattainable. The Men and Religion Movement places Christianity under unquestioned obligation to deal with her problems by city units. The parochial conception of Christianity has been proved an anachronism.

Difficult as it is to grasp the magnitude of this Movement, and the masses of men who have heard its sixfold message, it yet is possible to look at the thing in the large. The Rev. Charles Stelzle, who with Raymond Robins and Fred B. Smith has been in the forefront of the Movement, has summarized the surveys which have been made during the past winter in seventy-five North American cities, having a combined population of twenty millions. Approximately one thousand questions were addressed to the local committees having charge of the surveys in each of the cities. These questions covered, with other subjects, the population, municipal administration, industrial life, saloons, dance halls, crimes and arrests, housing, public health, social service agencies, public schools, libraries, recreational life, juvenile delinquency, and the general state of the churches. The same sort of survey, on a more or less thorough scale, has been prosecuted in more than a thousand auxiliary cities by the volunteer "teams" with workers who have gone out from the centers visited by the official representatives of the Movement.

As the result of a survey in Martinsburg, West Virginia, the following recommendations were made to the Social Service Committee of this Forward Movement:

1. A systematic study of conditions that are injurious to the health and morals of the people of Martinsburg.
2. Immediate plans for the installation of a modern underground sewerage system.
3. Compulsory registration of contagious diseases; quarantine of diphtheria, typhoid fever, smallpox, and other dangerous contagious diseases; a health department with financial appropriation to make it effective.
4. Proper instruction in sex hygiene.
5. Protection of the milk supply.
6. Elimination of the common drinking cup.
7. Campaign against flies and mosquitoes.
8. Use of school buildings as recreation centers at night and during vacation months.
9. A system of parks and playgrounds.
10. Provision for industrial and vocational training in the public school system.
11. Organization of a Social Service Institute to meet Sunday afternoons at 3 P.M. in the Young Men's Christian Association Building immediately.

Similar recommendations, differing in detail because referring to a different community, were made, for example, in Staunton, Virginia.

A few random quotations from Mr. Stelzle's summary show that seventy-seven and seven-tenths per cent of the churches in these seventy-five cities are Protestant, eleven and three-tenths per cent are Roman Catholic, four per cent are Jewish, and seven per cent do not fall within these three classifications. The membership in all Protestant churches consists of thirty and seven-tenths per cent men, fifty-four per cent women, six and two-tenths per cent boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen, and nine and one-tenth per cent of girls between the same ages.

There are more than three times as many saloons as there are churches in these cities, but since the survey includes many Southern cities under prohibition rule, the actual proportion of saloons in most cities is very much greater. Fifteen per cent of the labor unions in these cities meet in halls connected with saloons, and nine and eight-tenths per cent of the unions hold their meetings on Sunday. Socialism has increased nearly fivefold in the last ten years in the cities surveyed. Of the amusement centers twelve and seven-tenths per cent are theaters, twenty-three and two-tenths per cent are motion picture shows, four-tenths of one per cent are penny arcades, and sixty-two and two-tenths per cent are poolrooms. Thus varies the range of facts developed by the surveys.

To snatch a morsel here and there from the stacks of reports received by the Men and Religion Movement shows the diversity of activity that has been stimulated by these campaigns. In Dallas active steps were taken to institute garbage collection, inspection of water and milk, and other civic duties. In Minneapolis one church reported that the number of men attending its service had doubled after the campaign. One denomination in that city employed a secretary following the campaign to direct evangelistic work and to organize neighborhood meetings. In Des Moines two contrasted items come side by side—the organization of a training institute for Sunday-school teachers and workers, with a faculty of fourteen instructors, and a delegate sent from Des Moines to Chicago to study municipal lodging-houses, upon whose report the City Council appropriated $2,500 for this purpose. Twenty shop meetings a week are also reported from Des Moines. In Detroit the churches organized a joint publicity bureau. In Louisville two hundred and sixty men pledged themselves to establish family worship, to maintain cottage prayer-meetings, etc. In Boston fifty-two hundred older boys were present at thirty Men and Religion meetings, five hundred and fifty of them at one banquet. Seventy-five district messenger boys were gathered together by the Men and Religion workers in Philadelphia. Two hundred and fifty churches in that city straightway organized themselves after the campaign into a civic righteousness movement. In Baltimore a flying automobile squadron was formed to conduct Bible study classes in outlying centers.

Clearly a new method and a modern expression for the old force of religion have been developed by the Men and Religion Forward Movement. It has no new doctrines, no new theological message; but in the terms of modern life it is expressing the eternal principle of Christianity. It has proved that both the men who insist on individual salvation and the other men who stand for social service are right. "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone." A practicable programme has been imparted to every congregation that desires to use it. Some of the denominational brotherhoods have already reorganized along the lines of the Men and Religion programme. "Conservation Day," April 28, is expected to bring the method of Men and Religion home to all the churches of the land.

A consequence which appears inevitable is that there shall be some central National clearing-house for the Protestant churches of North America. The Federal Council of Churches is indicated, but it can enter into this inheritance only by proving its fitness. The doing of the work, rather than the bearing of official title, has been the qualification that has counted in Men and Religion. The message that has been left by the Movement in the form of its Commission Reports remains for subsequent discussion.

THE RESCUED

BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON THE CARPATHIA

The Cunard steamship Carpathia was on its way from New York to Europe when it was arrested in its course by the wireless calls for help from the Titanic. The story of how it abandoned its trip and returned at full speed to rescue the survivors from the Titanic is now known to the world. One of the passengers on the Carpathia bound for London was Dr. Stanton Coit. A graduate of Amherst College in the class of 1879, he pursued his studies in philosophy at Columbia University in New York, and at the University of Berlin in Germany. He was one of the first head workers in the New York University Settlement, but has for many years lived in England, engaged in ethical and settlement work. He is now President of the West London Ethical Society, and is the author of several well-known books on ethical and humanitarian subjects. Before he resailed for Europe on the Carpathia at four o'clock on last Friday afternoon Dr. Coit wrote for The Outlook the following statement of the profound impression which he had received from a personal association of four days with the survivors of the tragedy. It is, as he says, an impression, but those who read it will, we are sure, agree with us that it conveys the most important lesson which this tragedy has for the world, the lesson that the divine element in human nature is capable of rising, and does rise, superior to the most fearful shock of material things.—THE EDITORS.

AT 5:30 Monday morning last our bedroom steward reported that the ship had stopped to rescue the passengers from the Titanic, which had sunk the night before. I hurried on deck, saw great icebergs about, and, looking over the railing, saw some fifteen rowboats approaching us, full chiefly of women. These were drawn up on board and passed us by, most of them so stiff with cold and wet that they could not walk without being supported. Soon the tragic news spread among us that some fifteen hundred people had been drowned, and for the most part only women had been saved. My first and lasting impression was the inward calm and self-poise—not self-control, for there was no effort or self-consciousness—on the part of those who had been saved. I said to one woman, whose dress, but not her face, betrayed that she was one of those who had undergone tragic experiences:

"You were on the Titanic?"

She answered, "Yes, and I saw my husband go down."

The only hysteria displayed was after the physicians had administered brandy to the half-frozen sufferers. The people struck me not as being stunned and crushed, but as lifted into an atmosphere of vision where self-centered suffering merges into some mystic meaning. Every one reported a magnificent self-possession of the husbands when they parted from their wives. Many related the cases of the women who had to be forced from their husbands. Touching beyond words was the gratitude toward those of us who gave clothes and our staterooms.

More magnificent than the calm of the clear dawn was the unconsciousness of any personal horror, or need of pity, on the part of those who related how they had met their fate. One youth of seventeen told, as if it had been an incident of every-day life, that he was hurled from the deck and that as he found himself sinking he took a deep breath. When he came up and found that he was again to be drawn under, he thought it would be well again to breathe deep. Upon rising the second time, he said, he saw the upturned bottom of a canvas boat. To this he clung until he was rescued.

One woman in one boat insisted that they should row back and rescue eight men clinging to wreckage, although the oarsmen feared the suction of the great steamer might endanger their lives, and the eight were thus rescued. My feeling is that in the midst of all this horror human nature never manifested itself as greater or tenderer. We were all one, not only with one another, but with the cosmic being that for the time had seemed so cruel.

On board the Carpathia there was much discussion as to the possible culpability of, the captain of the Titanic, but there was no judgment offered, and the feeling, I believe, grew upon us that the only wrongs were the insufficient number of lifeboats and the full speed of the Titanic, and that even this great sacrifice of innocent life and happiness would have been counted by each sufferer worth making if it would help to put an end in the future to the sacrifice to commercial interests of the infinitely precious life of those we love.

But I return again to what I say was my first and abiding impression—the self-poise that is so because the human soul is not self-centered.

One young woman with whom I talked was so calm and full of stories of the heroism and the suffering of others that I said:

"How fortunate that you lost no friend!"

Then for the first time her face changed, and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she said: "My brother, who was my only living relative, went down before my eyes. He scorned to disobey the discipline, so now I am alone."

My faith in the deeper meaning of things has been greatly strengthened by this wonderful experience.

OUT OF THE WRECK

BY COLONEL ARCHIBALD GRACIE, U. S. A.

Colonel Archibald Gracie, U. S. A., who jumped from the bow of the Titanic as she took her fatal plunge, came to the surface just as a collapsible canvas raft was floating by, and with a companion in the water rescued a score of seamen, has written for The Outlook the following brief story of his personal experience. Colonel Gracie had just completed in England a diplomatic history of the events in connection with the War of 1812, and mourns the loss of the manuscript, of which there was no duplicate. It will interest Outlook readers to know that a long letter from Mr. Roosevelt, written on Outlook paper, was in his pocket at the time, and now bears the marks of his experience in the water.—THE EDITORS.

I AM requested to give for The Outlook's readers my personal account of what I saw and did in this horrible catastrophe of the Titanic on the night of April 14 when she was in collision with an iceberg off the banks of Newfoundland, latitude 41 degrees 46 minutes north, and longitude 50 degrees 14 minutes west.

I believe she was struck almost amidships by the iceberg and ripped her keel forward like a can-opener. The night was clear and the water smooth, and for this very reason, as I was told by old sailors of the Carpathia, it was the more difficult to distinguish the iceberg with no background on the horizon. The ship was proceeding, so far as I know, at the same pace she had been going on the day previous, and she was by no means rushing to make her best time, 24¾ knots an hour.

At the time of the collision I was asleep in my cabin and was awakened by the noise as of a collision with some object which I supposed to be a small boat! The jar amounted to nothing, certainly insufficient to shake me from my berth.

Jumping up, in accordance with habit, I glanced at the watch on my dresser, which showed twelve o'clock midnight exactly, though I had not set it by the ship's time in less than twenty-four hours. When I next looked at this watch, it was after I had been rescued aboard the Carpathia, when the works, filled with salt water, indicated twenty-two minutes past two o'clock. This I take to be the time when I went down with the ship, registering about two hours and twenty minutes as the interval of time between the collision and the sinking of the ship, and shows the reason why the ship sunk with so little suction after she had filled up to the bridge deck.

Hurriedly putting on underclothing, trousers, and an overcoat, I rushed up to the outer deck and soon learned that we had struck an iceberg, but, looking over the side, saw no indication of damage nor of any list to the ship. Some jocose friend there showed me some ice obtained on the deck and presented it to me as a memento to carry home. Presently, however, in the saloon deck I observed a slight list to the port side, to which I called the attention of my friend Mr. James Clinch Smith, of Smithtown, Long Island, but we thought best not to create any possible excitement by calling it to the attention of the others. I returned to the cabin again and packed up all my belongings in three bags, so that if we had to leave the ship, or the baggage had to be removed the next day, I might not have to return to the cabin for that purpose.

Going on deck again, I met Mr. Ismay with the ship's officer. Mr. Ismay was smiling serenely and not in the slightest degree perturbed. Presently, however, I noticed people with life-preservers adjusted, which was said to be a mere provision of safety ordered by the captain. On deck at this time I observed the three ladies I had undertaken to look after at the outset of the voyage, never supposing that I would be called upon to do anything as serious as this; they had just returned from Paris by way of Southampton, having been with their sister, Lady Drummond, at the time of her death and funeral—Mrs. E. D. Appleton, Mrs. Cornell, and Mrs. J. J. Brown, the latter from Boston, and the others from New York. They were accompanied by a young lady, Miss Evans. In years gone by this young lady had been warned by some fortune-teller to beware of water. This was the tale she told me now.

Looking out in the direction toward which the bow was pointing, we seemed to see a light, and concluded it was a steamship coming to our rescue summoned by the wireless. Colonel Astor also had come out on deck, and saw the light referred to. We can only suppose that this light was on a passing sailing ship which never came to our rescue.

Now followed the firing of sky-rockets and the assembling of the passengers together to be loaded on the boats on the boat deck. Moving towards the bow of the boat, the men were stopped from accompanying the ladies. About this time I went into the smoking-room, and, as usual, I saw there seated around the table four good friends, Major Archibald Butt, military aide to President Taft and President Roosevelt, Mr. Francis D. Millet, Clarence Moore of Washington, and Mr. Ryerson of Philadelphia. They appeared oblivious of danger and were the only ones I saw in the room. It was at this time that I also heard the band play with the evident purpose of instilling courage and stopping confusion.

With Mr. Clinch Smith I now took my station in the bow of the boat on the port side and helped in loading the boats at this side with the helpless women and children. I assisted a mother and babe to safety. I also helped Mrs. Astor over the rail into the boat, and heard her husband request of the second officer that he be allowed to accompany her for protection.

"No, sir," said the officer; "no man must go on this boat."

Colonel Astor bravely held his peace and gracefully accepted the painful situation, asking only for the boat's number in order that he might find his wife later.

And now so palpable was the list to starboard that the second officer ordered all passengers to the port side, but not before one had called for all the women on that side.

With Mr. Smith I now made my way to the starboard side of the bow, and to my surprise found among other ladies there Mrs. Brown and Miss Evans. "Why have you not gone with your sisters?" I asked, but before her explanation was forthcoming I found that there was room for more women in the last boat going down on the port side of the bow. I rushed them back, and, seizing the two ladies by an arm, hurried them to a point where I was stopped by the crew from proceeding farther, the ladies alone being allowed to pass. Had I been able to accompany them, I would have assisted in lifting them over the rail. Little Miss Evans had made up her mind that she had to die because of the soothsayer's warning, and refused to leave the ship.

I went back to the starboard side again, and here I saw in close conversation Mr. John B. Thayer, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. George B. Widener, of Philadelphia. I never saw them again.

Now I helped the crew in adjusting the davits for lowering a boat which had been slid down from the bridge deck, but I had to make way for the crew, and here I heard two of them discussing conditions; and one said that we could not sink because of the compartments, which must keep us afloat. In five minutes the water from the deck below reached the boat deck on which we stood, and the sailors seemed not to have time to launch the boat; so Mr. Smith and I decided to hurry toward the stern; but we had only gone a few paces when, to our amazement, we saw men and women in a solid mass come up from the decks below, steerage or second-class perhaps, facing towards us. But even here there was no panic, though appalling death was evident in the near future.

At this point I may be permitted to make the statement that, from my personal viewpoint, at the bow of the ship as well as elsewhere I saw nothing but unexampled self-sacrifice and self-control and the greatest courage under the most harrowing circumstances.

Now it seemed our end had come, for we could not meet this mass in front of us. Mr. Smith and I tried to jump to the bridge deck, but found it impossible. The waves at our heels now reached us, and just as the water was above my knees I jumped with the rising swell as I so often had done at the seashore, rose with the crest, and grasped the railings about the bridge deck; but, alas! poor Smith was separated from me and I never saw him again. Holding on as long as I could to the railing, I was at last compelled to let go, and was hurled around and around on my stomach on the deck where the funnels were. Then down I went into the waters below, drawn beneath by the suction.

Up to this time there certainly was no explosion, or else I would have heard it. And when the explosion occurred I must have been under the water, and it was through this cause (the explosion) that I was driven to the surface again. When I got to the surface, I struck out with all my might and struggled to keep my breath and not allow myself to be suffocated by the water.

How great was the depth to which I went I cannot say. Had it been of greater extent than twenty-five feet, undoubtedly the blood would have rushed from my nose and ears. My chief concern was to escape from being boiled, as I at this time expected the water to boil from the engines below.

When I reached the surface finally, there was nothing to be seen about me but a great field of wreckage of every sort and description. I learned later that one of the funnels had fallen from the ship before I reached the surface, and splashed its waves over young Mr. Thayer and the second officer, who thought that the funnel would fall upon him.

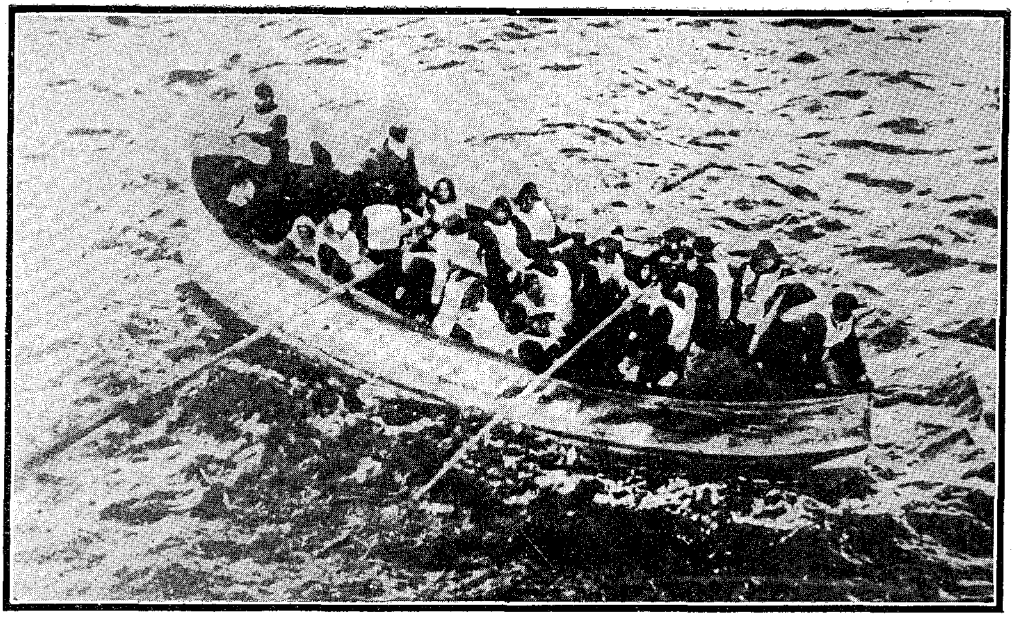
My first efforts were devoted to getting towards a mass of wreckage consisting principally of a crate-shaped mass of wood, but when I saw a short distance beyond a boat upside down with men struggling on it, I struck out in that direction, took hold of one man's hand and lifted my legs over and secured a position thereon with members of the Titanic's crew.

A man in front had a sort of an oar with which he propelled our craft, while another in the stern seemed to have a plank for a similar purpose. At any rate, we pushed our way through the wreckage, and when the complement of men was about thirty we could not take a single one more on the boat. If we had, it would have collapsed. The men struggling in the water appealed for help, but we had to explain to them that to assist one would be to destroy us all. An unknown hero to whom we so explained said, "All right, boys; good-by, and God bless you!"

All night long we lay upon this boat, the water frequently up to our waists. The Lord's Prayer was repeated over and over again in unison by us all. Towards dawn, in order to be seen better, we all stood up in column fashion two deep, and frequently shouted for help. But for any one to have turned about to look back at that time would have meant almost certain destruction.

At dawn four of the Titanic's boats appeared on our starboard side, and the second officer's whistle soon commanded to our relief two of the boats. It was a glad sight, and soon we were transferred to two larger boats. The one to which I was transferred was filled with upwards of sixty-five. If we had had to wait more than an hour in the water before entering the boat we would certainly have sunk. The second officer was the last to leave the capsized boat, and I helped to transfer a dead man into the large boat.

After long hours of suffering in the cold I at last was rowed with the rest to the sheltering arms of the hospitable Carpathia. Up the sides the women were lifted, and I clambered up a rope.



TITANIC SURVIVORS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE CARPATHIA

Sixteen Boats and a Quiet Sea

By Henry Farrand Griffin

TWO *thousand fathoms deep, where* the banks of Newfoundland drop sheer into the Atlantic abyss, lies the Titanic with her 1,600 dead. For days the tale of the most tragic ocean disaster in history gripped the imagination of the civilized world, while out of the sea mist the story came in fragments over the wireless.

Now that the pitifully few survivors have been brought to port and have told the whole tale, the world realizes the cruel needlessness of it all. For it is a simple statement of fact that not one life need have been lost from the Titanic had she carried enough lifeboats.

Widely heralded as the last word in steamship construction, this magnificently appointed liner, the wonder of the seven seas, whose very name betokened the pride of her owners, had every luxury and convenience that science and the shipbuilder's art could contrive—but she did not have enough lifeboats.

Nearly a thousand feet long, 45,000 tons in burthen, towering 175 feet keel to funnel, with double bottom and 15 water-tight bulkheads, the Titanic was supposed to be "unsinkable." But even while a representative *of the owners insisted that their ship* could not sink she was lying ten thousand feet and more beneath the ocean, and had carried 1,600 men and women to death with her.

Float the Titanic did for two hours and forty minutes with half her bottom torn away by the collision with an iceberg, and that was ample time to have saved every soul aboard—had there been enough lifeboats.

How could such a thing be? Are there no laws for the protection of the traveling public's lives at sea? These are questions that every one is asking, brought face to face with this stunning disaster.

It may surprise many to know that the Titanic's owners had complied with every legal requirement, that she carried even more boats than the law made necessary. Nor is the White Star Line to be held more culpable than any other, for there is practically not a transatlantic liner running out of New York Harbor which carries enough small boats to hold all of its passengers and crew. Many liners have not lifeboat equipment for half of the ship's company legally allowed. Few have equipment sufficient to carry half of the passengers and crew.

The Titanic carried on her davits sixteen lifeboats with a capacity of 990 persons, and had four collapsible boats providing accommodation for 188 more, making a total of 1,178. In the emergency the collapsible boats proved very unreliable and difficult to get into the water, and at least one of this type of small craft was swamped in the effort to escape. All the Titanic's boats were new and had been tested and passed upon as adequate under the law by the inspectors of the British Board of Trade. In the event they proved adequate to rescue less than a third of the ship's company.

Alexander Carlisle, who designed both the Olympic and the Titanic, admitted in a recent interview that the great loss of life on the Titanic was due to the fact that she did not have enough lifeboats. He declared that the Titanic should have carried fifty boats instead of the sixteen lifeboats and the four collapsibles.

On the diagram on the next two pages is shown where those fifty lifeboats could have been carried on the Titanic. Lewis Nixon, one of the foremost of American ship-building experts, is the authority on which the statement is made that there could be no practical or mechanical difficulty to prevent these boats being carried on davits as indicated in the diagram.

Why, then, were the 1,600 of the Titanic's dead needlessly sacrificed? That is a question which the officers of the White Star Line must answer, and explanations will have to be made, with legislative investigations already under way on two sides of the ocean.

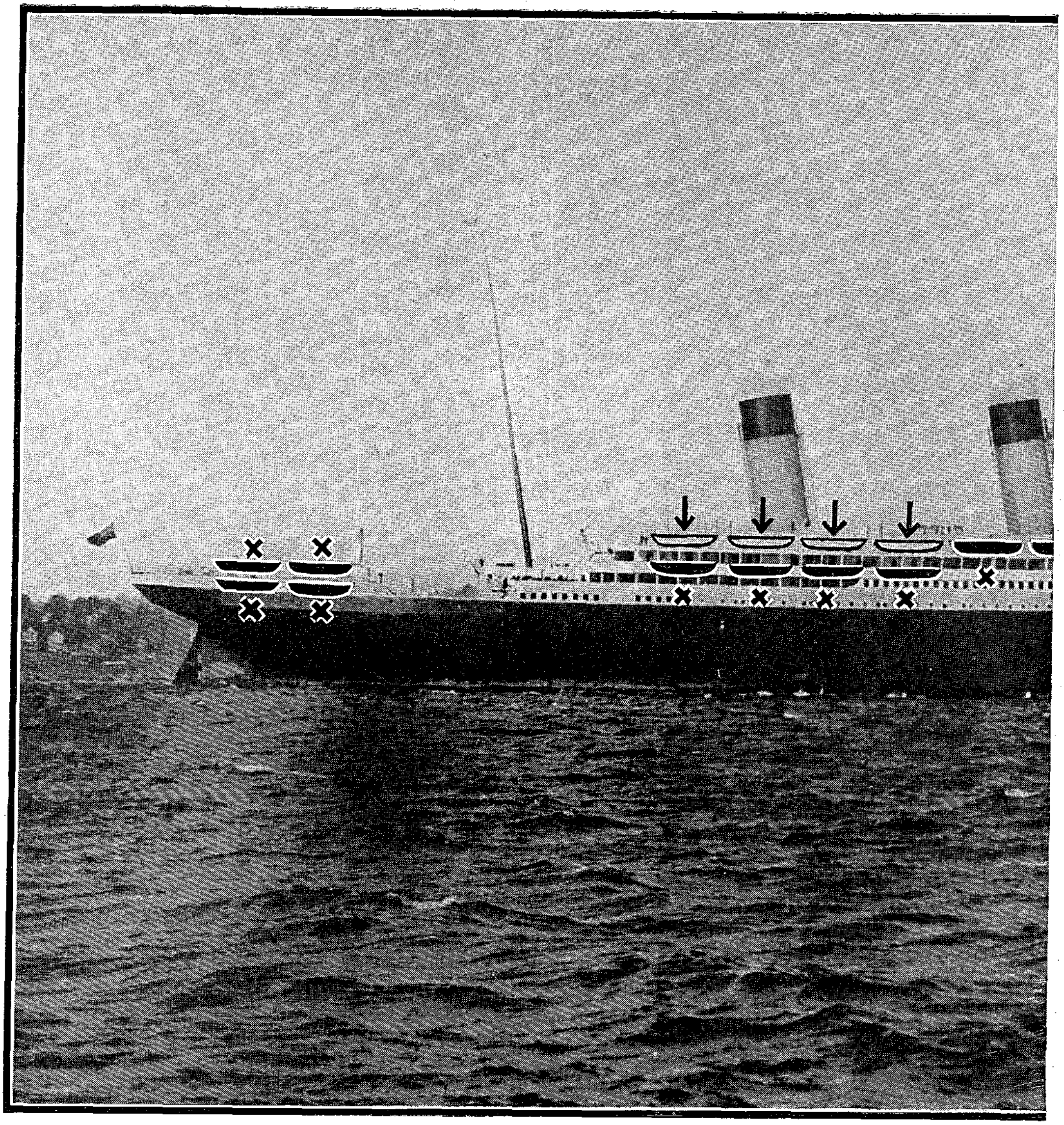
It is a poor excuse that others are equally blameworthy, but, in fairness to the White Star Line, it must be said its competitors are quite as negligent in the protection of their passengers' lives. The table on this page, compiled from statistics on file at the office of the Inspector of Steam Vessels at New York, gives an idea of the amount of lifeboat protection afforded by typical steamships of some of the leading transatlantic lines.

That this is a condition of affairs imperatively calling for immediate governmental action, a mere glance at the figures will plainly indicate. Even the officers of the transatlantic lines admit that the recent enormous increase in the size and passenger capacity of steamships has created a need for thorough revision of the laws regulating steamship lifeboat equipment. For a few days after the Titanic disaster there was an effort in some quarters to lead the public to believe that more efficient protection was not practicable. No responsible officer of a transatlantic line is likely to take that position to-day, and it would not be surprising to find, in the future, a brief statement of lifeboat equipment added to the glowing eulogies of glass-inclosed swimming-pools, sun parlors, and electric elevators.

While public interest is still aroused it may be well for those who criticise the condition which has caught them unaware to give some brief study to the present governmental regulations in regard to lifeboat equipment, regulations which have been proved so woefully inadequate in the test. The plain truth of the matter is that what was everybody's business, as usual, proved nobody's. The regulations of nearly every nation are completely out of date, failing to keep up with the recent wonderful advance in the shipbuilder's art.

In the first place, it may be said that the United States regulations apply practically only to transatlantic liners flying the American flag—a very small proportion of the fleet which plies the North Atlantic steamship lanes. With every important maritime nation the United States has reciprocal agreements by which steamships are subject only to the regulations of their home countries. These

Steamship.	Line.	Gross Tonnage.	Passengers.	Crew.	Boats.	Rafts.	Number of Persons Boats & Rafts Will Carry.	**Number of Persons Unprovided For.**
Olympic	White Star	48,323	2,524	923	20	0	1,178	**2,269**
Oceanic	"	17,273	1,748	373	16	1	1,175	**946**
Celtic	"	20,904	1,209	337	18	8	1,012	**534**
Kaiser Wilhelm II	No. Ger. Lloyd	19,361	1,727	652	20	8	1,178	**910**
George Washington	"	25,570	2,887	591	22	14	1,695	**1,783**
Auguste Victoria	Hamburg-Am.	24,581	2,782	596	20	15	2,026	**1,352**
Lusitania	Cunard	31,550	2,133	756	16	0	986	**1,903**
La Provence	French	19,189	1,059	469	20	7	1,252	**276**
Caledonia	Anchor	9,222	1,373	230	19	0	930	**673**
St. Louis	American	11,629	1,284	341	15	8	962	**663**

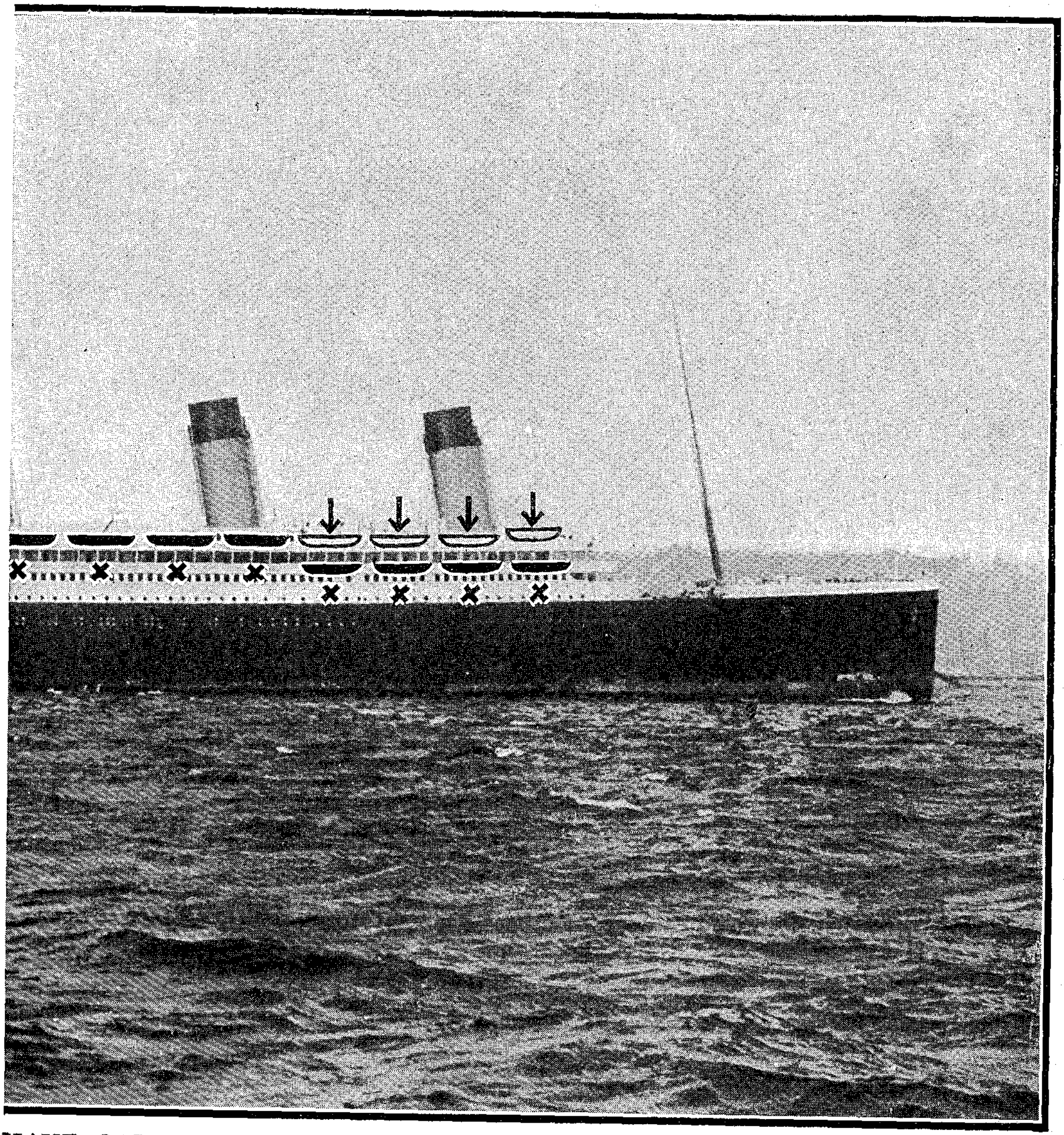


WHERE THE TITANIC COULD EASILY

The arrows indicate the lifeboats of the Titanic, eight on a side, sixteen in all, exclusive of four collapsible canvas boats.

agreements may be terminated, of course, and regulations as rigid as necessary enforced on any vessel entering or clearing a port in the jurisdiction of the United States. Had the Titanic, for instance, been subject to the rules applied to American ocean-going steamships, she would have been compelled to carry 48 lifeboats, with a capacity of approximately 2,300 persons—just about the number on board her when she met disaster. That even these United States requirements are not adequate, however, may be judged from the fact that the Titanic and Olympic may legally carry in the neighborhood of 3,400 passengers and crew.

George Uhler, Supervising Inspector of the United States Steamboat Inspection Service, in a recent statement was quoted as saying: "The stringency of the American regulations is so far-reaching that no vessel can possibly carry an insufficient number of lifeboats or other life-saving apparatus. In



HAVE CARRIED FIFTY LIFEBOATS

The crosses show where extra lifeboats could have been placed, making fifty boats in all, twenty-five on a side.

an ocean-going passenger ship of American register the first thing that attracts the eye of the critical observer is the ample supply of life-saving apparatus." Let Mr. Uhler critically observe the steamship St. Louis, and he will find that she carries lifeboats with a capacity of 962 persons, although she may legally carry 1,625 persons in passengers and crew. Moreover, under the United States regulations, vessels of from 11,500 to 12,000 tons, in which class the St. Louis comes, are required to carry boats with a capacity of only 882 persons, so that the liner exceeds the legal requirement in her equipment.

The American regulations provide for lifeboats of a certain cubic capacity increasing proportionately to the tonnage of the steamship. As applied to transatlantic liners, the boat capacity required is insufficient to save all of the ship's company, and should be immediately increased to a capacity sufficient for that purpose.

Inadequate as are our own regulations, the British legal requirements are even more absurdly insufficient. The British regulations were apparently last revised in 1898, when 45,000 and 50,000 ton ships were creatures of the imagination, and no one dreamed that they would be so soon actual facts. In a table setting forth the lifeboats to be carried by ships of various tonnages the figures end with a provision for vessels of "10,000 tons and upward." Ships of this or greater tonnage are required to carry sixteen lifeboats under davits, with an aggregate cubic capacity of 5,500 feet. If these boats do not furnish sufficient accommodations for all persons on board, collapsible boats or rafts, etc., are to be added. This type of craft was proved to be of little value in such an emergency as that which confronted those on the Titanic. As a matter of fact, under a strict interpretation of the British law the Titanic need not have carried as many boats as she did. With her fifteen water-tight bulkheads, the liner's owners could have reduced the lifeboat equipment by claiming exemption under the following clause:

"When ships of any class are divided into efficient water-tight compartments, to the satisfaction of the Board of Trade, they shall only be required to carry additional boats, rafts, and buoyant apparatus of one-half of the capacity required by these rules. . . . "

From this brief synopsis of the regulations of Great Britain and the United States it will be seen that there is an immediate need of thorough revision of these laws. It may be said that the rules of most other maritime nations are little better than an average between those of the two English-speaking countries. It has been proposed to lay the whole matter before the Hague Tribunal; and, while there seems to be some doubt as to the exact procedure which would have to be followed, the plan appears feasible and gives a promise of excellent results.

The whole question of transatlantic steamship regulation is international enough in scope to make it a fit subject for the Hague Tribunal's consideration. Another question which might be appropriately considered at the same time and place is the curbing of competitive racing for records on the dangerous northern routes during the season for icebergs.

Certain it is that public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic demands that something be done to make impossible a repetition of the recent disaster. Despite the cruel needlessness of the sacrifice, the Titanic's dead will not have given their lives altogether in vain if that is accomplished. Lifeboats in sufficient number to carry every passenger and sailor on every transatlantic liner we must and doubtless will have as soon as it is practicable to make the mechanical changes. But a lifeboat is a poor refuge in a stormy sea, and a clumsy thing to get into the water from a towering liner's sides in stress of peril and panic.

In an effort to obtain an authoritative opinion upon the subject, Lewis Nixon was asked to express his view on the lessons to be learned from the Titanic disaster.

"There is absolutely no doubt," Mr. Nixon said, "that every transatlantic liner should carry lifeboats under davits sufficient in number to carry all of her passengers and crew in the event of such an accident as befell the Titanic."

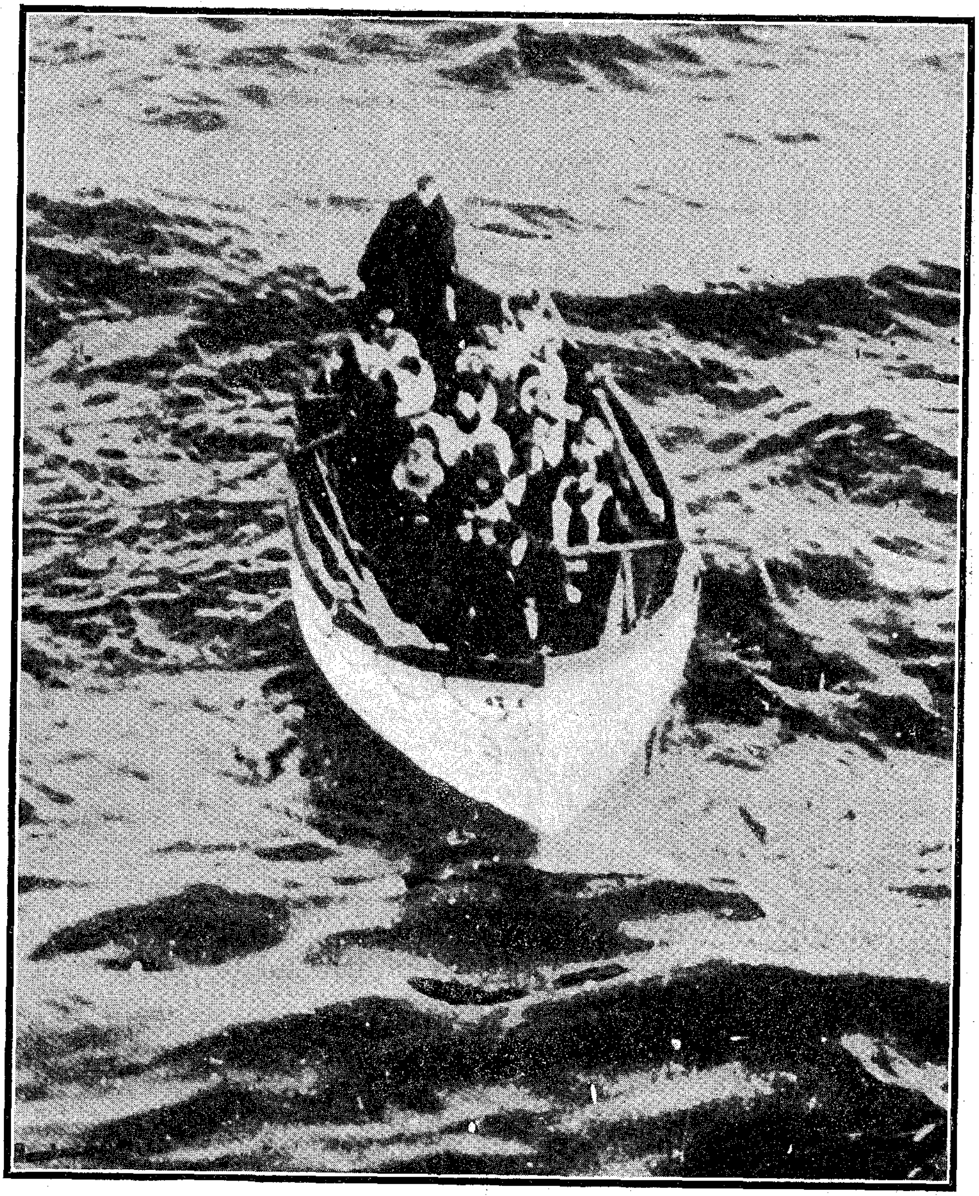
Mr. Nixon was not impressed by the statements credited to officers of certain steamship companies that enough lifeboats could not be efficiently carried to take away all the ship's company. He took up a pencil and rapidly indicated on a photograph of the Titanic just where sufficient lifeboats could have been placed in that particular instance.

"It is merely a matter of mechanical ingenuity," he said. "It is true that the hardest thing we have to figure out when we design a ship is where to stow our boats; but if it should be necessary to carry enough lifeboats to take away twice the passenger capacity of the Titanic, it would not be mechanically impossible for a vessel of her size to carry that many lifeboats in a position where they could be safely put into the water.

"You must not believe, however, that because a steamship carries lifeboats enough to take away all her passengers, there can be no disasters as bad as that which befell the Titanic. The chances against such an accident as the Titanic's are ten thousand to one, but the public has a right to demand the protection against that ten thousandth chance.

"No, there would be no difficulty about putting the boats there," he repeated, running his pencil over the photograph. "There is certainly room for six more on each side of the ship between the boats shown here on the boat deck."

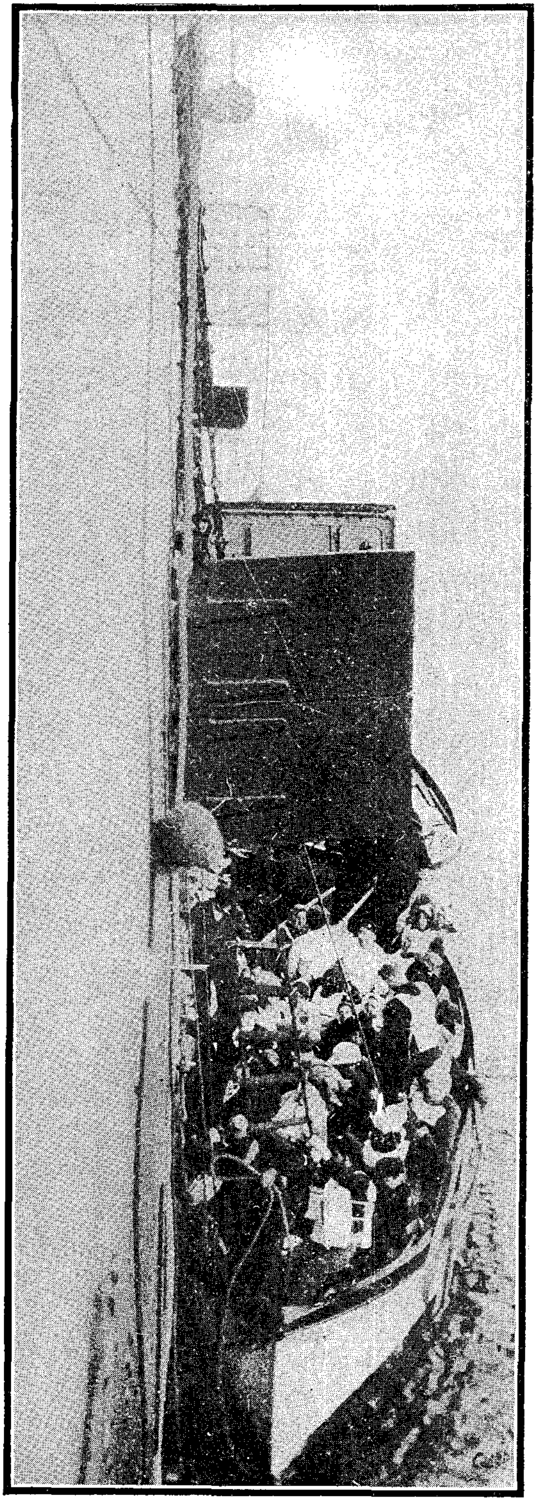
He added that it would be more difficult



ONE OF THE SIXTEEN BOATS

mechanically, but quite possible to have another row all the way along the deck below the boat deck, and he indicated other positions where boats might be stowed.

"But that is not the real question," he said, tossing the pencil aside and sinking back in his chair. "The real lesson to be learned from the Titanic is that the present northerly routes followed by the transatlantic steamships are not safe. It is all very well to blame the steamship companies in their efforts for speed and records, but it is by no means all their fault, and I think that after this terrible affair the public will have a little more patience. I see that some of the steamship companies have already agreed to have their vessels follow more southerly routes. That is the usual thing when a liner hits an iceberg; and then after a few months they are back again up north racing for records. No, the steamship companies are not all to blame. You know how it is when a ship is delayed. You have missed the train you expected to take, you are late for an engagement, and the



AT THE CARPATHIA'S SIDE

next time you cross you take a ship that has a record for speed and regularity. Isn't it the same thing with our fast trains and the wrecks that result from excessive speed?

"But to return to our lifeboats."

The hand of the designer and inventor again instinctively sought a pencil.

"In the first place," he said, "I would put as many lifeboats as could be efficiently arranged along the ship's sides, so that they could be lowered with a certain measure of safety, and the people put safely into them. That is the first and most obvious step which must be taken.

"But it seems to me that, in the event of disaster, there is need for some more efficient means of escape than the clumsy lifeboats which take so long to get into the water under present conditions. Long ago I figured on a contrivance which is mechanically practicable in the shape of a pontoon, or huge air-tight raft, completely covered over, and to be practically a part of the after deck of the ship.

"This pontoon must rest upon its bottom, its weight keeping it down, whatever clamps holding it in place to be of the simplest possible design, with tablets near them explaining how they are to be operated.

"If thrown off astern or sideways, the pontoon should be lifted up on rollers by a simple cam lever to be workable by hand. The tracks are to be slightly inclined in the direction towards which the pontoon will go in launching; all braces, clamps, and other fastenings are to be so designed that even if not launched the pontoon would float off if the ship sinks.

"My idea would be to have certain men of the crew assigned and drilled in the operation and launching of this pontoon. In case of accident, when it was desired to take off the passengers, they would be all assembled and marched into the pontoon. When it went overboard it might happen that the shock of striking the water would be great enough to toss the passengers about and even more or less seriously injure some of them. It seems to me, however, that this could be provided against by padding the interior walls and by having rings or lines to which the passengers could hold. But even if you did break a few passengers' arms or legs in launching, surely this would be better than to count your dead by the hundreds, as they did on the Titanic.

"I would have this pontoon provided with food and a wireless outfit and power plant, so that aid could be summoned in case the previous accident had put the wrecked vessel's wireless out of commission.

"You must remember that saving passengers from a steamship disaster on the transatlantic lanes is a very different proposition from what it used to be in the old days, or at the present day in less traveled seas. It is practically impossible for a steamship, equipped with wireless, to be more than a few hours distant from another vessel similarly equipped, so long as she follows the regulation steamship lanes.

"It is simply a matter of keeping your passengers afloat for a very few hours. Even in the case of the Titanic, had the thousand and more who were drowned been able to reach any sort of a raft or anything to keep them out of the freezing water for a few hours, every one of them would have been saved by the Carpathia. Very few men can live long in the cold of winter water in the North Atlantic. But if you can keep them above the water in safety for a few hours their rescue is always certain."

That was the pitiful part of it all. If they could have been kept above the water for those three or four hours, probably every one of them would have been saved. Rescue was sure and certain with the Carpathia rushing to their aid.

No regret will bring back the dead. For us it remains to see that they have not died in vain. Once more we set about making laws when it is too late, but it is not too late to see to it that never again brave men go down to death with their ship for no better reason than the lack of lifeboats to take them away. The legislators who represent us have the power to make our laws say in no uncertain language that every vessel entering or clearing a port of the United States shall at all times carry enough lifeboats to hold every passenger and every member of the crew. This Government can advocate among the nations such international action as shall sternly forbid racing over the dangerous northern courses, set at this season of the year with icebergs more dangerous than any reef-bound shore, since their position cannot be charted from day to day. There is nothing to prevent the steamship companies from giving their commanders such instructions as they dare not disobey, not even at the order of an officer of the company, that their vessels shall slow down to a reasonable speed in fog or other places of peril, and that at all times and all places the safety of the passengers must come before any quest for records.

Let these things be done, and the Titanic's dead will not have died in vain.

NEAP TIDE

BY HARRY R. PETERSON

Neap tide upon the shore! For this one day
  Some unknown power, some new and mighty force,
  Has charmed the waters from their constant course,
And bared the sea-girt caverns of the bay;
Thrown up strange reefs and ledges from the deep,
  Damp, weed-cloaked guardians of the channel bed,
  That weep and cringe beneath the slippery tread,
Disturbed from quiet, everlasting sleep.

Neap tide within my heart! And oft before
  Fast-ebbing seas have left me on the sands
  Far underneath, amid th' entangling bands
And gloomy weeds, upon a mournful shore,
But this is still a lower strand for me.
  Yet my small harbor cannot long remain
  At ebb, but like these gulfs will flood again,
So I await the first rush from the sea!

Browning to Ben Ezra

A Centenary Soliloquy

By Percy MacKaye

This poem will be read by the author before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, at the Robert Browning Centennial Meeting, May 7, 1912

I

A hundred years!—Hardly I understand:
Unriddle it, Rabbi. Through the Abbey stones
Hearken—the hushed and reverent monotones,
The shuffled feet, that pause! "Here lie his bones,
Who passed away
From earth, perhaps to heaven,
Aged seventy-seven;
Born on this self-same day,
The seventh May,
A century gone."—Look, Rabbi! In my hand
I hold this little watch they call their world,
Open it with my thumb, where lo! each cog,
Each golden wheel, on star-gemmed axis whirled,
Pulses with delicate action.—Pray you, jog
My laggard mind once more.—They state, you say,
This was my timepiece; on this crystal face
I'd pore, and through dim introspections trace
The portent of the tickings underneath,
The mainspring of the action. May be so,
For you should know, Ben Ezra. All I know
Is, that the ticks grew fainter, as it slipped
Under my pillow. Then I fell asleep,
And have been busy dreaming. That was *death,*
They say,—death. Sudden the quick hair-spring skipped
A turn, trembled, and stopped short.—Much too deep
For me!—Somehow I don't conceive the soul
Like to a watch unwound. Yet now, they say,
I am a poet who has passed away,
With many common millions, to a goal
Unkenned.—Here's Limbo, then; and I, a shade,
Soliloquize now, in this cloistral corner,
Among pale forms of other ghosts forlorner,
With you, Ben Ezra, whom alive I made
The Rabbi of my rhyme.—A quaint conceit!
Suppose we grant it. So, then! Let us sit
On dust of kings and make a rhyme of it
Together—one dead poet and one rabbi
Conceived and born of him. While you keep tab, I
Will muse the elegy, and score our text:

R. Browning to Ben Ezra; adding next:
Suggested by the former's centenary,
And after that—lest precious ears be vext—
Apologies for defunct vocabulary.

II

The question I would stress, then—pray allow—
Is this: To pass away, is it to cease?
But if so, *how* to cease? I said just now
That, since my pillow muffled this timepiece,
I have been busy dreaming. Ha, those dreams!
In what frail shallops, what austere triremes,
Unchartered cruisers, barks adventuresome,
I have put forth on unimagined seas,
And sailed—with what courageous companies!
Nay, on no phantom ships! No guest needs fear
A skinny-handed ancient mariner
In me. I entertain with dice of doom
No spectral crews. My fellow-voyagers were—
And are, and shall be still—rich-blooded men,
Rare-hearted women, lovers of this life
And wrestlers with it, reckless of the strain.
My visionary barks, those be my books,
And I, whose bones consort here with the spooks,
Am admiral there of dreamy argosies
That ply 'twixt earth and heaven their perilous merchandise.

Perilous, yes; for dreams are perilous craft
When they be manned by fierce doubts, fore and aft,
Whose mutinous foreheads scan the heaven for signs,
And menace their commander: "You, who planned
Our questing voyage, show us the land—your land
Of God, His promise! All the lone sea-lines
Are dim with setting stars and stark with death;
Yet you, who hold the rudder, answer *Faith!*
And, once more, only *Faith!*" Thus curse my crews!
I share their hearts, but overmaster them,
And hold the rudder straight;
Till now—a star above each plumèd stem—
Lo, where my galleons, guided by their Muse,
The surging planet circumnavigate—
Doubt kindling nobler doubt, faith quelling faith,
Forms flung to revolution, creeds to rack,
Old cities of dead empires put to sack,
Love founding lordlier kingdoms in the future's track!

So, Rabbi, to our question, if you please·
Is sailing thus—to cease?
The ghosts demur;
For, in the nudging vault, I hear one say:
"Browning, the poet, who has passed away,
This is his sepulcher."

III

Once a dawn-shaft from God's quiver
Struck my soul, and from its embers
Flashed a star of song forever.
Then the dawn passed. Who remembers?
Not remember Pippa?—Pippa who, at sun-up,
Rose in her bare attic, while the east boiled gold!
With her rising, see, the morning roses run up
Clambering live and warm, concealing the night-mold.—

Pippa, she who sang till little Asolo
Widened out its walls—like arms, that reach in pity
To nestle lonely things that yearn for love—till, lo,
Vines of Asolo enwall the heavenly city!

Pippa she was Luigi, Ottima was Pippa,
Mighty Monsignor, chafer, bee, and weevil:
Life redeemed from listlessness, innocence from evil,
Like the cinder-girl that wore the crystal slipper.

Well, well, Rabbi, so
Now, as long ago,
Even thoughts of Pippa
Lilt another music, breathe an afterglow.
What, then! Will they say
She, that passed in song, she too has passed away?

Trust me: as I used to sit and ponder,
Songs, songs, songs she sang me, winged of wonder,
Flitting sunward, till they quite forsook—
Like happy birds from open cages—
My black-barred pages.
But shyly three and four, with slantwise wing,
Dartled from heaven back, and hovering
Around my head,
Sung my dear earth instead,
Then nested down, beaks spilling, in my book,
Splashing its margin with God's meadow-dew.—
How cage and heart clapped to!
When lo, all lamely, came a scant-winged few
That fluttered, just outside the closing covers,
Too late to slip between, and lingered nigh,
Teasing with matin-tunes the twilit memory.
Listen! There pipes one, now! Hark, while it hovers!

On passion's flower
I poised for an hour,
A little hour long,
Ere I passed in song.

Stay! cried my lover
Forsaken: *Faded*
Are love's endeavor
And all that made it!
Dead—dead!

But far overhead
Where faint stars hung,
And low o'er the grass
By the eddying river,
Where poising moon-moths flickered and swung,
I called to my lover
Over and over:

I poise, I poise, I poise forever,
Because I pass.

IV

To poise—to pass away!
Rabbi, beyond the high groins, rose and gray,
Dimmed by the Minster's adumbrated day,
How, browed in silence, broods my centenary,
In silence, bred of dust
And the dank charnel's must,
That wraps these bones! Yes, *he* is passed away
Forever more; nor London's warping mist,
Nor Italy's keen amethyst,
Shall cast his shadow among men; and soon
No lingering friend to care, nor old contemporary.—

He, I mean, whom once they pointed at
In Rome and Florence: poet-putterer
Among old pictures,
Uncouth utterer
Of obscure strictures,
Styleless stutterer
(Quoth his critics,
Itching with their own enclitics),—
Paracelsus!—how he sat
In chilblain halls, Del Sarto-dippy,
Robbia-mad, or Lippo Lippi-,
Like some mage of alchemy,
Grinding, in his cracked brain-crucible,
Tortuous rhymes from radiant Titians,
Delving for the thence-deducible
Dialogue-soliloquy:
Not to mention those musicians!
Through the dilettantes' drawl
At the Countess' musicale,
What surmise you, English ogler,
Of visions dreamed by old Abt Vogler,
When you stare (nor note his frowning,
Conscious of your own silk gowning)
And pour at tea for Mr. Browning?
Dust to dust: the large, the little,
Ashes both! Who cares a tittle,
At the teas of Goethe, Horace,
Who wore satin, or who wore lace?

Ashes all! even such as—Wait!
What of *him*—even him, the speaker,
Whose spirit, invoked, comes muffled through this weaker
Organ of an alien poet,
Pale, yet not all impassionate,
Sounding subconscious chords, that flood and overflow it,—
Of him, *my* spirit, Rabbi,—what of him,
My poising soul? Ah, since I died
How has this soul of mine been multiplied
By minds made pregnant with that seraph's fire,
Whose touch conceptual made aspire
Mine own from all the ages!
Wherefore I deem—

No individual ghost,
Moored on some drifting coast,
Yearning from out the dark for daylight lost,
For youth's wild torch
Wind-blown with joyous rages,
Hope's lifted latch and laughter in the porch.—
Not even now
For dear exchange of love's undying vow
With her that was the Aurora of my life,
My freed soul longs. For I, that lived, grew old
And died, am born again in beings manifold,
By grace of that which, once expressed,
Bequeaths to them the beautiful, the best,
That bloomed of me;
Whereby immortally
Their passions now partake
Of mine, of mine their raptures, their far wonder-quest.

So, in the spirits I pass through,
Still I create my own anew,
Broadened in scope; still I awake
Refreshed, in world-awakened eyes
Of all whom mine with thought imbue;
Still in my critics criticise,
Till, stretching the thralled spirit's cramp,
My art becomes an Arabian lamp
That, touched,—behold the genie rise!
Who bows his blazing form, and cries:
"Of all my Master's wealth—the true,
The beautiful, the strong, the wise—
Mortal, what may his servant bring?"

Hist, Rabbi!—What bird's that?—I smell the spring.
Soft!—Could it be my silk-girl caroling?

Never alone,
Lover of joy,
Delicate scorner
Of death and his dances,

Whether you be
Girl or boy,
Rapturous mourner
Of life and her fancies,
Never may you, never alone,
Utter your ecstasy,
Make your moan.

Garland your hair;
Wind, come unwind it!
Hide away care;
Kind heart, come find it!

Winter, you gnome,
Shrunken and shrilly,
Shut Love in her tomb;
Tut!—willy, nilly,
Love through the loam
Unlocks with a lily!

Starlight or stone,
Nothing's its own!

V

Fluent through all flows all, as the Greek saith:
The drowned stone ripples the starlight, even as death
The living waters,
With widening discs of light. No sparrow falls
But gray-stoled choirs revive his matinals
With incense fresh of dawn.—You, Rabbi, friend,
Soul-fellow, busy with me to the end,
Crunching with poet-pestles and rhyme-mortars
Conundrums for the mind to apprehend,
Bear witness with me to this parodox:
What's permanent must pass. All spirit-shocks,
Numbness and pain, arise
Conceiving otherwise.
For Beauty is the flowing of the soul
Without impediment, the effect being joy;
So with a ripple may reveal her whole
Eternal ocean. But the child says: "See!
My earth is stable; sun and stars spin wild."
Not so the man: "Our earth spins dizzily
Round the fixed sun." The poet (man and child)
Peers in the sun, imagining he sees—
Beyond his face—the shadowy vortices,
Vast suctions and compulsions of the soul.
"Beyond the sun," he sings, "beyond—our goal
Is God!" Last pries the seer: "Him whom so far
Ye seek, yourselves consider what you are
And find Him: stars aspiring *to be*,
Life from itself evolving soul—such He!

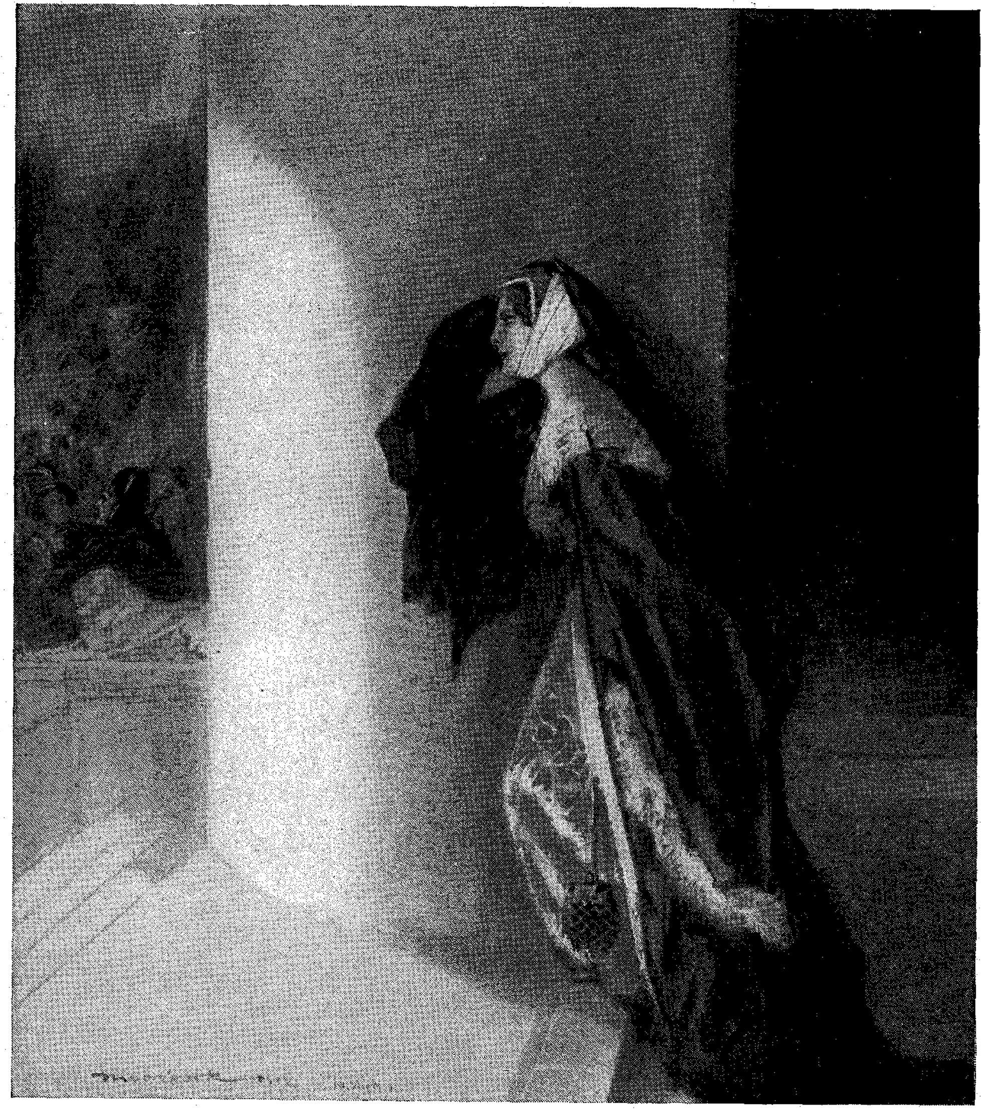
Time's runner, not Time's stake; Spring's sap, not sod;
Man's orbit, not his planet—such is God."
Vouch then, Ben Ezra, through the texts we glozed
Of earth's philosophies, I still opposed
The fixed, immutable. *To slake His thirst,*
You said, there lives our soul's utility—
His thirst unquenchable, for Whom also she,
My silk-girl, sang: *There is no last nor first!*
Therefore through all
The chambers of His spirit, as I passed
In changing rôles—to lift the dim tent-flap
(As David) and behold where hung huge Saul,
Supine,
Gigantic, serpentine,
From the cross-beam; or, through the black storm-gap,
Panting beneath a woman's hair
(As Sebald), to watch—now here, now there—
Blind lightnings stab the dark; thence to unfold
Before the quiet eyes of Cleon
His epos on its burning plates of gold;
Else watch, in Spring of another eon
(Curled like the finger of an infant faun),
The prying crocus crimson through the lawn,
Idling, without other care,
In England, when my April's there;—
Still it was mine, and *is*, in dreams
To search beyond the world that seems,
And flash before my fellow-men,
Kindling His image to their ken,
Glimpses of that God-man, who wills yet to *become,*
Ever for Whom,
In future as in past,
There is nor first nor last.

VI

But hark! Above our vault,
Rabbi, the footsteps halt,
The organ rolls the chant processionary.
Relinquish here this dust;
Accomplish there Time's trust;
Ascend with me beyond this centenary.

Go forth, for we are young!
Time's song is yet unsung;
Let our glad voices mingle with God's mass.
You, Rabbi, on my right,
Before us both—His light:
Through men's dear world, with Pippa, still I pass!

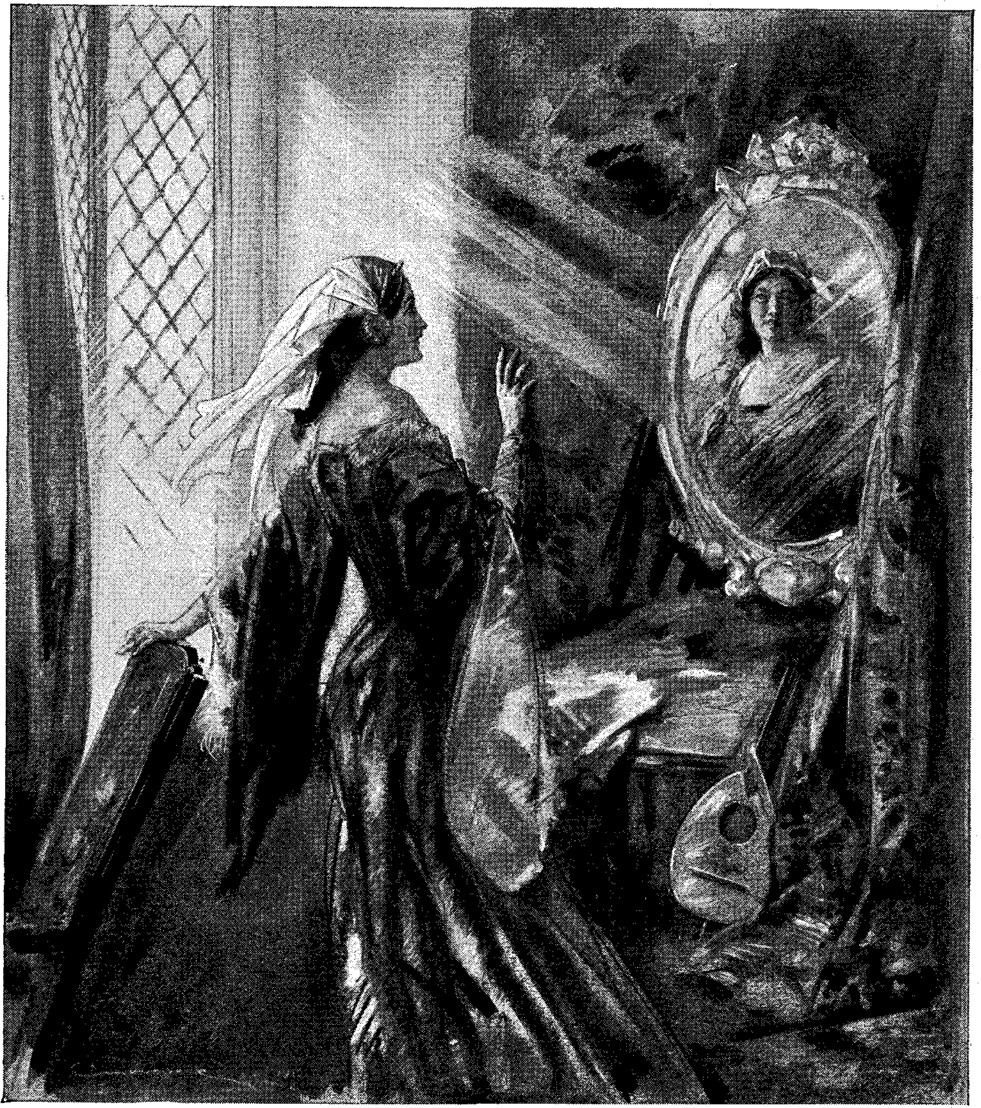
Carton Moore-Park has drawn for The Outlook the pictures which appear on the following four pages representing women from Browning's poems—Luria, Bride of the Riccardi, James Lee's Wife, and Pippa



Luria

"*How inexhaustibly the spirit grows!*
One object she seemed erewhile born to reach
With her whole energies and die content,—
So like a wall at the world's edge it stood,
With naught beyond to live for,—is that reached?
Already are new undreamed energies
Outgrowing under, and extending farther
To a new object; there's another world!"

(*Luria, by Robert Browning*)



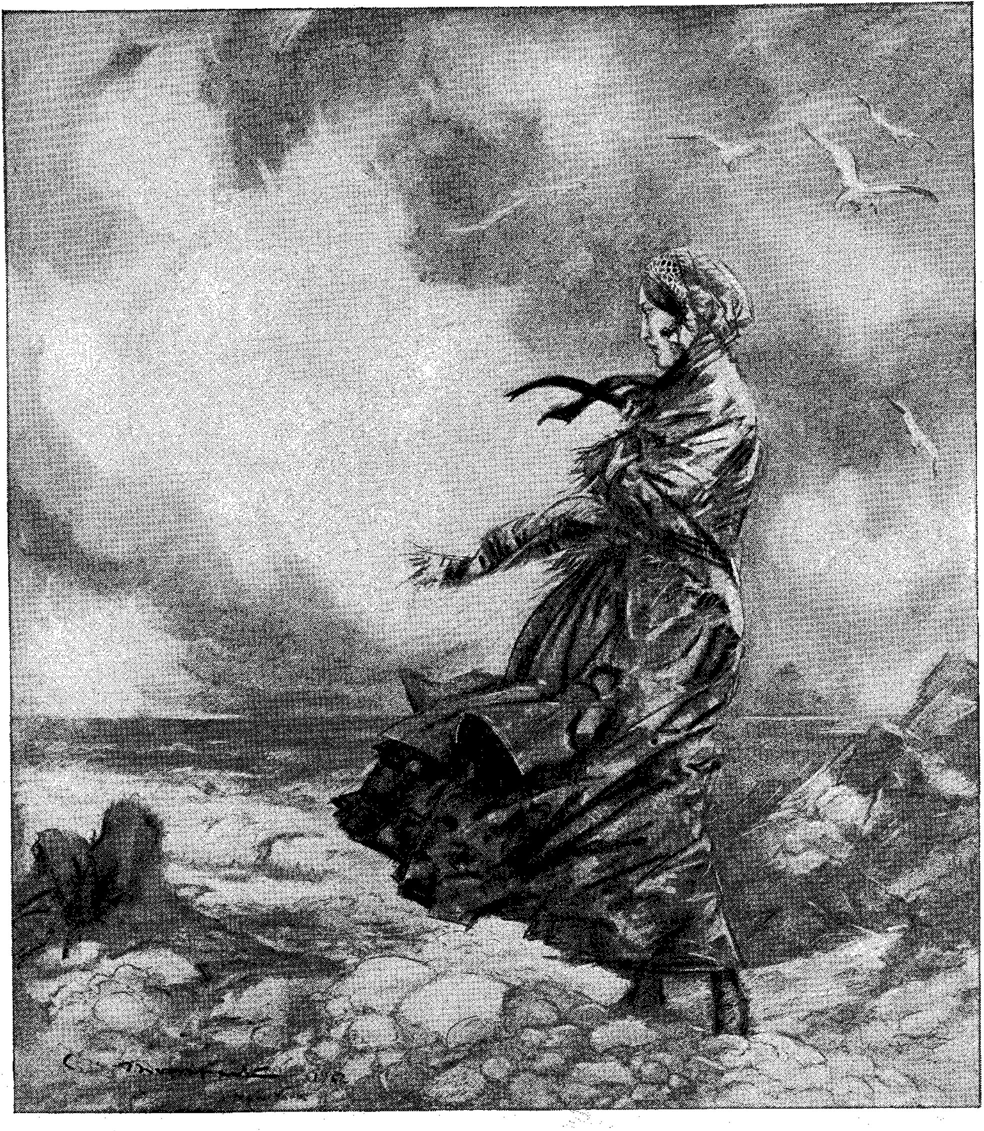
Bride of the Riccardi

"*One day as the lady saw her youth*
Depart, and the silver thread that streaked
Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so peaked,—
And wondered who the woman was,
Hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

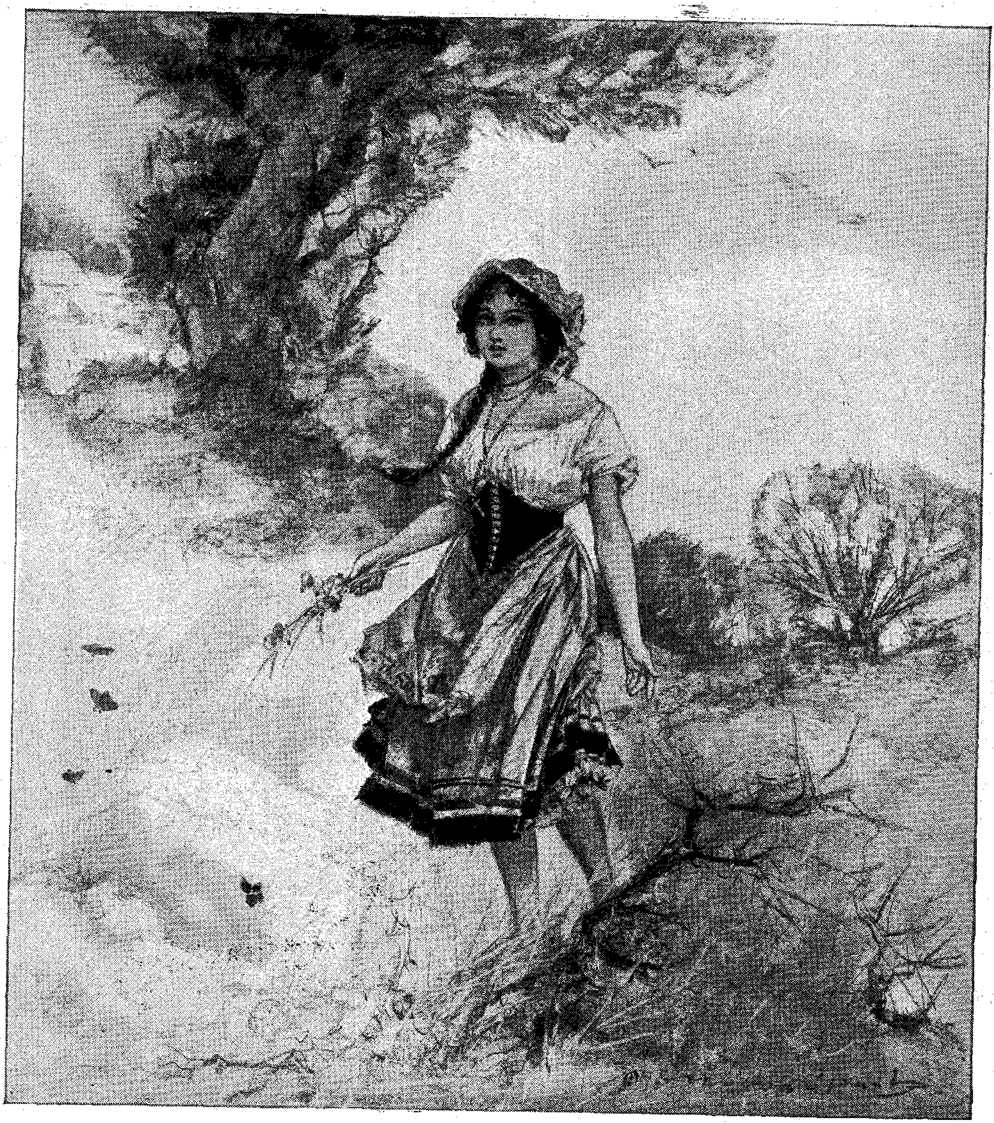
Fronting her silent in the glass."

(*The Statue and the Bust, by Robert Browning*)



James Lee's Wife

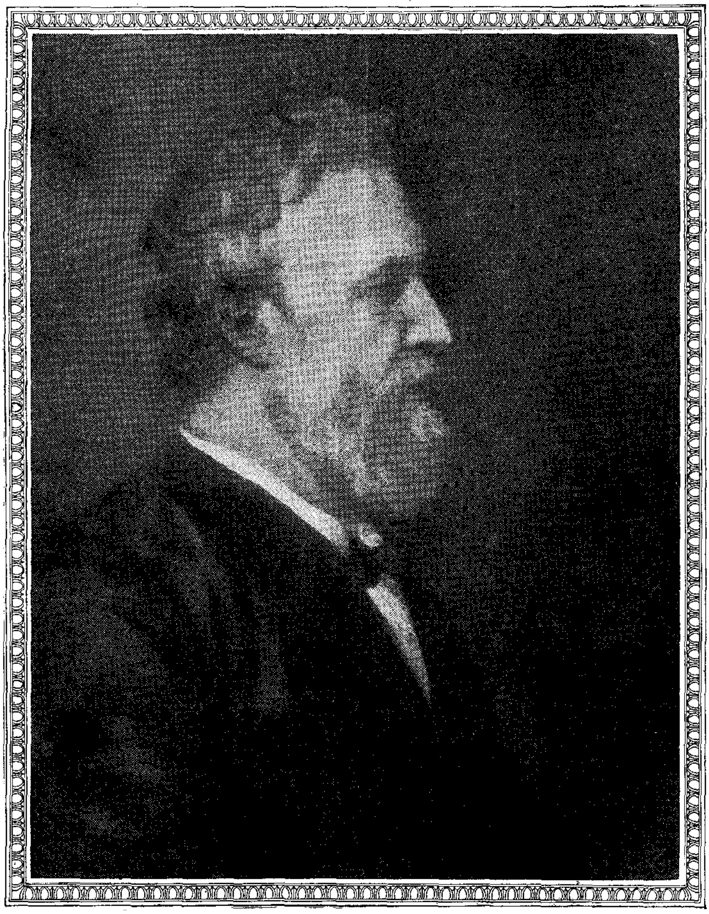
"Well, and if none of these good things came,
What did the failure prove?
The man was my whole world, all the same,
With his flowers to praise or his weeds to blame,
And, either or both, to love."
(On the Beach, by Robert Browning)



Pippa

"*The year's at the spring*
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

(*Pippa Passes*, *by Robert Browning*)



ROBERT BROWNING

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS

The Browning Centenary

By Hamilton W. Mabie

THE one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Browning, which falls on May 7, finds him securely established among the English poets. Browning has entered into the thought of serious men and women in an unusual degree; this has been at once his good and his evil fortune. He has spoken in ringing tones of courage and hope to a great throng of people to whom the music of Tennyson, freighted as it is with beautiful thought, has not made the same appeal. On the other hand, the weight and complexity of Browning's thought have diverted attention from his art, and the philosopher has commanded from not a few students more attention than the poet.

No body of thought, however lofty, becomes poetry unless it allies itself with music; and wise lovers of Browning are perfectly aware that a very considerable body of his verse is interesting from the standpoint of psychology rather than of literature.

The problems presented by Browning are deeply interesting, and have drawn to him many people who have cared chiefly for intellectual and moral problems and for the involution and convolutions of character rather than for the poetry for its own sake.

Passing along a street in London—so the story runs—Browning saw a card announcing the meeting of a Browning Society. He entered, and sat in obscurity by the door. The club was discussing a passage in one of the longer poems. Many ingenious interpretations were advanced which were of a surprising nature to the author of the poem. At last he modestly rose and suggested a quite obvious meaning. He was not recognized, and his suggestion was disregarded as altogether too simple and plain, for the subtle men and women who were present were there not so much to enjoy the poet as to guess at his meaning.

But, in spite of the long public indifference which Browning provoked by the publication of "Paracelsus" and confirmed by the publication of "Sordello," and despite the great mass of glossaries, interpretations, and papers of the Browning societies which have come into existence since, Robert Browning stands in the front rank of modern English poets; and, after all deductions are made from his work, his position remains as secure as that of Tennyson. For Browning at his best was a great and moving artist. His feeling for the beauty of the world and the variety and significance of human life had immense youthfulness, and his verse has the freshness of the spring vigor in it. He saw the world as if he were the first man; and all the writers who had turned the pages of the Book of Life did not stand for a moment between him and its original and primitive meaning. His insight into character was backed by a great and unfailing interest in human nature in all its phases; and nothing called out his utmost power more certainly than the opportunity of tracing an obscure motive back to its source, and then following it through all its modifications by other motives to its final issue in action.

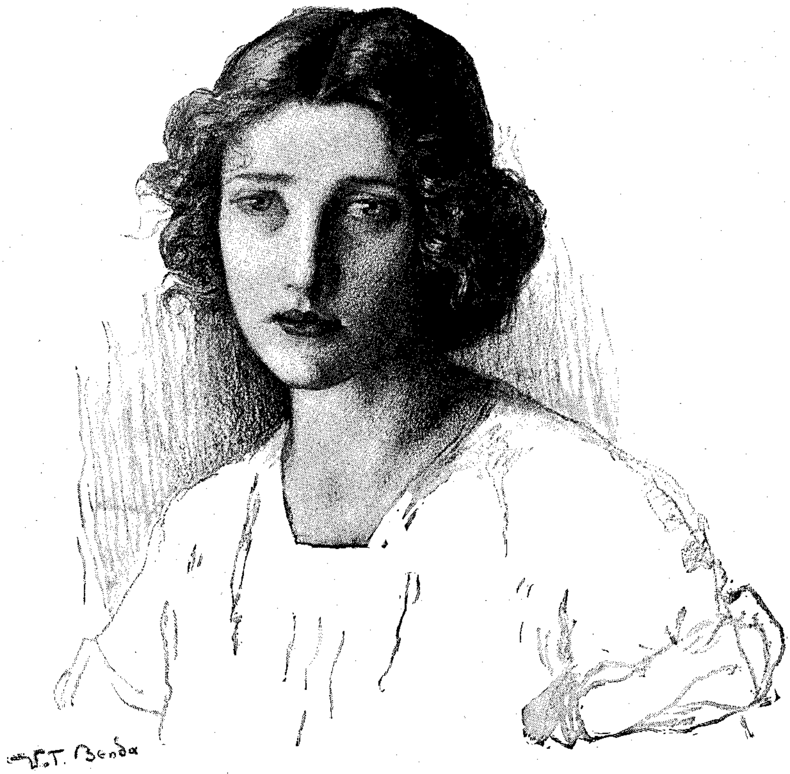
His vitality was shown not only in freshness of feeling and phrase, but in the power of intense concentration. In his conception of life and in his diction Browning was at the farthest possible remove from Dante; but in his power of focusing his whole nature at a single point, and keeping that point steadily in view, Browning was the peer of the author of "The Divine Comedy." He can pack a tragedy in four or five lines, sometimes in a phrase. He can tell a story in a sentence. Does any reader of imagination need any elaboration of these lines?

"Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what
has become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?
I feel chilly and grown old."

Browning wrote a few notable dramas of the closet; but the dramatic bent of his genius is shown best in the monologues; in his genius for setting a complete picture before the imagination by the unconscious revelation of a narrator, as in "My Last Duchess." The most dramatic short poems in English are to be found in the volumes which bear the older titles: "Men and Women," "Dramatic Lyrics," "Dramatic Romances," "Dramatis Personæ."

This vital poet with the dramatic genius had the power of creating beautiful types of womanhood. No one has expressed with more reverential insight the essential and eternal womanly qualities which make a woman's genius as different from a man's as music is from sculpture. "Pippa" is a spectator on whom the glow of a hard-earned holiday rests, and who is enveloped in the beauty of the Italian morning. As she waits and looks, the world passes by; the world of devotion, of sin, of tragedy. She stands outside the action; and yet, fragile Italian working-girl as she is, she becomes the symbol of young maidenhood, sweet and pure and untouched by the corruption of the world. At the other end of the line stands Pompilia, a full-length portrait of a woman as nobly planned as any in the whole range of poetry; and between the two there is a long gallery of ideal figures, sketched with exquisite delicacy of feeling, and yet with deep and penetrating insight.

In dealing with Browning it must be counted for righteousness, too, that in an age of moral relaxation his ethical insight never lost its clearness, and that he saw life largely and sanely. The disease of the age, its morbid introspection, its blinding egotism often passing into insanity, left him untouched in will and intelligence. He must be counted among the great optimists of English poetry; not because he did not see the evil in the world, but because he saw with steady gaze the superior power of goodness; because he knew that evil had in itself the seeds of disintegration; while good carries in its bosom the power of an expanding life. A great genius, sometimes, as Tennyson said, lacking in art, and a great personality as well, Browning is the friend of those who love poetry not only for its beauty but for its truth. Like Childe Roland, with the slung horn always at his lips, he sings the great song of courage and faith.



"WITH THE BODY OF A CHILD AND THE FACE OF A WOMAN OF TWENTY-FIVE"

They Who Keep Us Clean

By Miriam Finn Scott

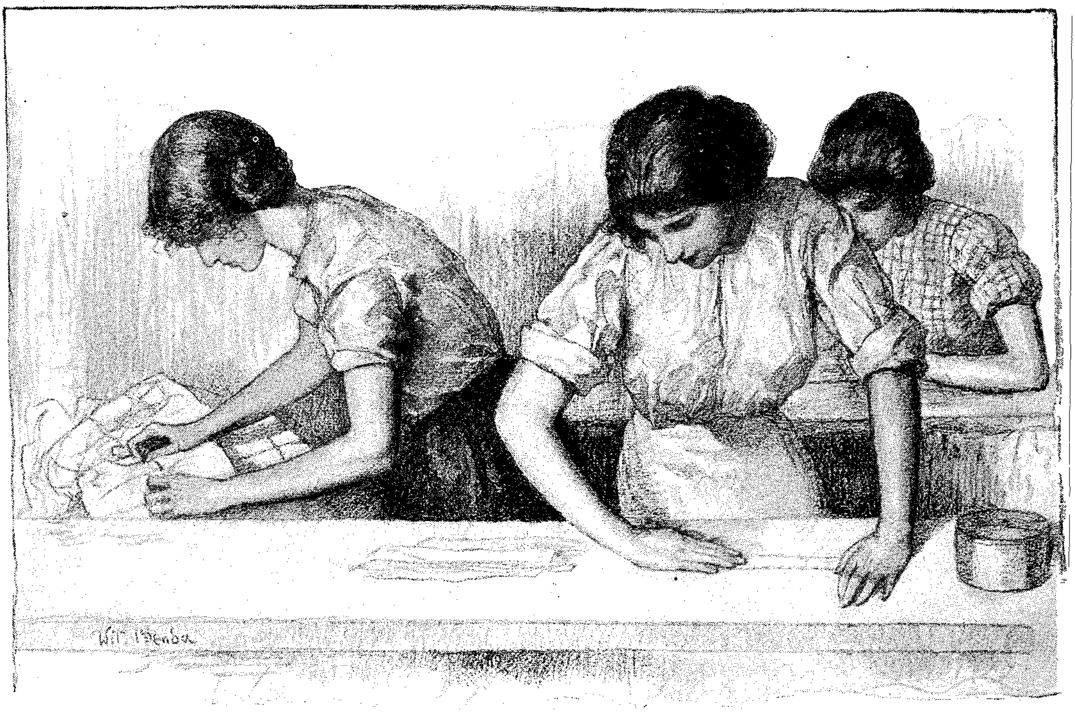
With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

THIS is the song of the shirt. Not of its sewing, but of its washing.

Do you know what happens to your shirt, your waist, your table linen, or your baby's underclothing when you send them to the laundry? What risks you and your family and your friends are running every week? And, far worse, do you know what hardships and dangers the people that wash your shirt are incurring every day? If you do not, you should know—for selfish reasons and reasons of humanity. And the chance to know has been given you by the revolt of the laundry-workers of New York City—a revolt that has revealed conditions which, it is fair to assume, exist in no very different degree in almost every city.

The facts that are hereafter given are not the result of an investigation made by a single person, though the writer has made a personal study of conditions. Stirred by the revolt of the laundry-workers, the New York State Board of Mediation and Arbitration instituted an inquiry into the conditions existing in the laundry industry in New York City, and the facts here stated were those brought to light by that impartial body.

First, as to the conditions that threaten you when you put a handkerchief or a napkin to your face, or bathe or dress your baby. Laundry is indiscriminately collected from all sorts of families, and, without inspection or examination, is bundled together and washed together; and thus your linen is mixed in with that which may come from families having contagious diseases, malaria scarlet fever,



GENUINE HAND

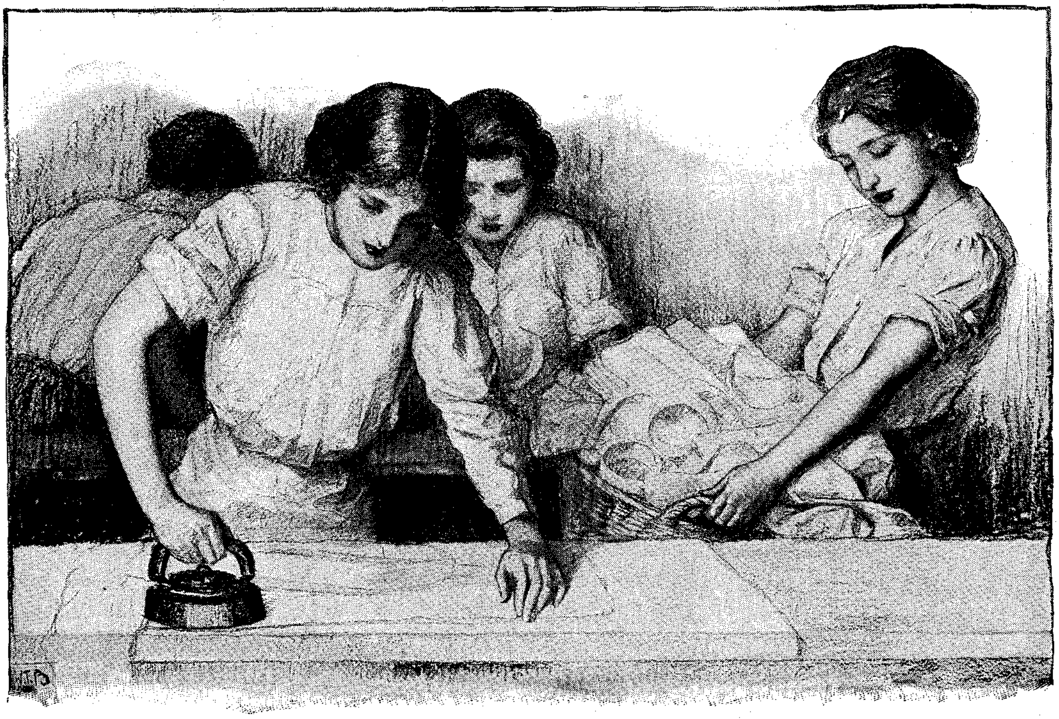
measles, and worse. And after such possible intimacy with disease, your laundry comes home to you, suspicious of no danger.

Perhaps, thinking to get the safest and best service, you send your linen out to a "hand" laundry, and gladly pay a fancy price for its supposedly superior work. This is where you are deceived again. The strike has brought out the fact that genuine "hand" laundries are so few as to be practically non-existent, that the vast majority of "hand" laundries are such only in name. Hundreds of so-called "hand" laundries scattered over New York City, each having its own individual name, are all, in reality, parts of a few big steam laundries; the greater part of the others, though each privately owned, send their work to the steam laundries to be done.

The reason for this masquerading, this deception, is very simple. The public will pay more for hand work than for machine work; thus it is highly profitable to maintain the "hand" laundries. Here is how a very large percentage of the "hand" laundries are conducted: All laundry collected by the individual "hand" laundries is stuffed into one or more net bags—painters' overalls have been found in the same bag with women's fine underwear and table linen—and these net bags, holding hundreds of pieces, are washed in machines at the steam laundries at a cost of five or ten cents a bag. All flat work is sent through the mangle at a small cost, and other ironing is done by machinery. And then the whole lot is sent back to the "hand" laundry (where possibly a little ironing may be done by hand), and the "hand" laundry distributes the work to its customers, charging from two cents to a dollar per piece. The housewife pays the price gladly, for has not her work been done carefully by hand?

The public suffers in running risks from disease, in being defrauded by "hand" laundries, in having its linen destroyed by chemicals; but it is upon the workers that the greatest burden of suffering falls. Their day's work ends at no specified time; they work from half-past seven in the morning until as late as nine and even until twelve at night, with a total of sixty to seventy hours a week. The average weekly wages of the men and women is from six to seven dollars. No seats are provided for the girls and women working these long hours, though seats are required by law; and in many laundries the only place the women can rest while eating their lunch is upon bags of soiled linen.

And the monotony of the work! Perhaps



LAUNDRIES ARE FEW

not one man in a thousand realizes when he throws aside a soiled collar that the collar must pass through eighteen or twenty separate pairs of hands before it is again fit for his use. And each of these twenty pairs of hands performs but a single operation in the cleansing of the collar—and performs that single operation over and over, year in and year out. Of these workers the "starch-rubber" is typical. This is a girl who with her bare palm rubs starch into the collar and at the same time smooths it out, collar after collar after collar—twelve hundred collars a day, frequently for eighteen hours at a stretch—and standing all the while. Just standing in one fixed spot and rubbing, forever rubbing—that is *their* life.

But when their monotonous, wearing work is done, so the strikers claim, frequently they do not receive their full wages. Those on piece-work are expected to keep count of the number of pieces they do; and they declare that some bosses, in pursuance of no regular checking-up system, but arbitrarily, deduct considerable amounts for "overcount." Against such practice the workers have no redress. One little "starch-rubber" told me that she had had as high as three dollars deducted from her weekly pay. When she had dared complain about the sum missing from her envelope, her boss had told her that if she did not like her envelope she could leave it.

But this is not the worst. The girls and women have told me of the inhumanely hard work in the busy and holiday seasons—eighteen, nineteen, and twenty hours at a stretch. I have heard of the washers' terrible attacks of rheumatism from standing day after day and week after week ankle-deep in water in the wash kitchens; I have heard of fingers lost in the mangle and other machines; of the young girls who "fall like flies," as one of the strikers put it, in the terrific hot weather during the summer. And there are conditions in the laundry industry that one cannot even speak about—that one can only suggest—when girls and women and men work together long, monotonous hours where there is absolutely no privacy, no chance for decency and self-respect. Perhaps one woman told the whole sad story when she said, "Little Katie, she was such a nice little girl when she first came to this laundry, but I nearly died when I saw her in them grand clothes in the street."

"But why did you not strike against these conditions long ago?" I demanded of one of the strike leaders.

"How could we?" he demanded in turn, almost fiercely. "When did we laundry-workers ever have time to come together? You can't drag men and women to a meeting after they've worked fourteen or sixteen hours a day! All they want after that is a bite to eat and some place to crawl into and sleep."

"Do you mean, then, that the reason you haven't struck before is because you were too tired to attend a meeting to call a strike?"

"That's it, exactly. For one whole year we've been talking strike, but it was not until January that we could get together a big enough meeting to decide on it. Think of it!" he flamed out; "our conditions have been so bad that we haven't had strength to ask for better ones."

He appeared to me a mere boy, this leader, with keen blue eyes that looked straight at you. Day after day I watched him; day after day I found him the same devoted, faithful, loyal fighter. He picketed morning and night, he distributed literature, he made speeches, imploring and pleading with his fellow-strikers not to give up the fight until they had won; to put an end once for all to the degrading conditions under which they worked. At first he gave me the impression of a young enthusiast, who, having no responsibilities, was recklessly in this fight for the sport of it. But one evening he told me his story.

"I know I do not look it," he said to me, "but I have a wife and six children. I am a laundry driver. That means I collect the soiled clothes, return the clean clothes, and collect the bills. I handle hundreds of dollars every week, and if one cent is missing I have to make good; if a bundle of clothes is lost, it is taken out of my pay envelope. If garments are destroyed or discolored in the wash by chemicals, or mixed up, it is taken out of me somehow—by the customers on one end or by the boss on the other. You must realize that I proved myself dependable, for I worked in my last place eight years. Yes, eight years, and in all that time, with the exception of Sundays, I had just two days off, and those two holidays were given me to attend two funerals.

"But what was I to do? I could not afford to lose one day to look for another job. I had to stick to it, and God knows I stuck to it from six o'clock in the morning to ten and eleven at night. For all that I had fifteen dollars a week—that is, if luck was with me and I had no deductions."

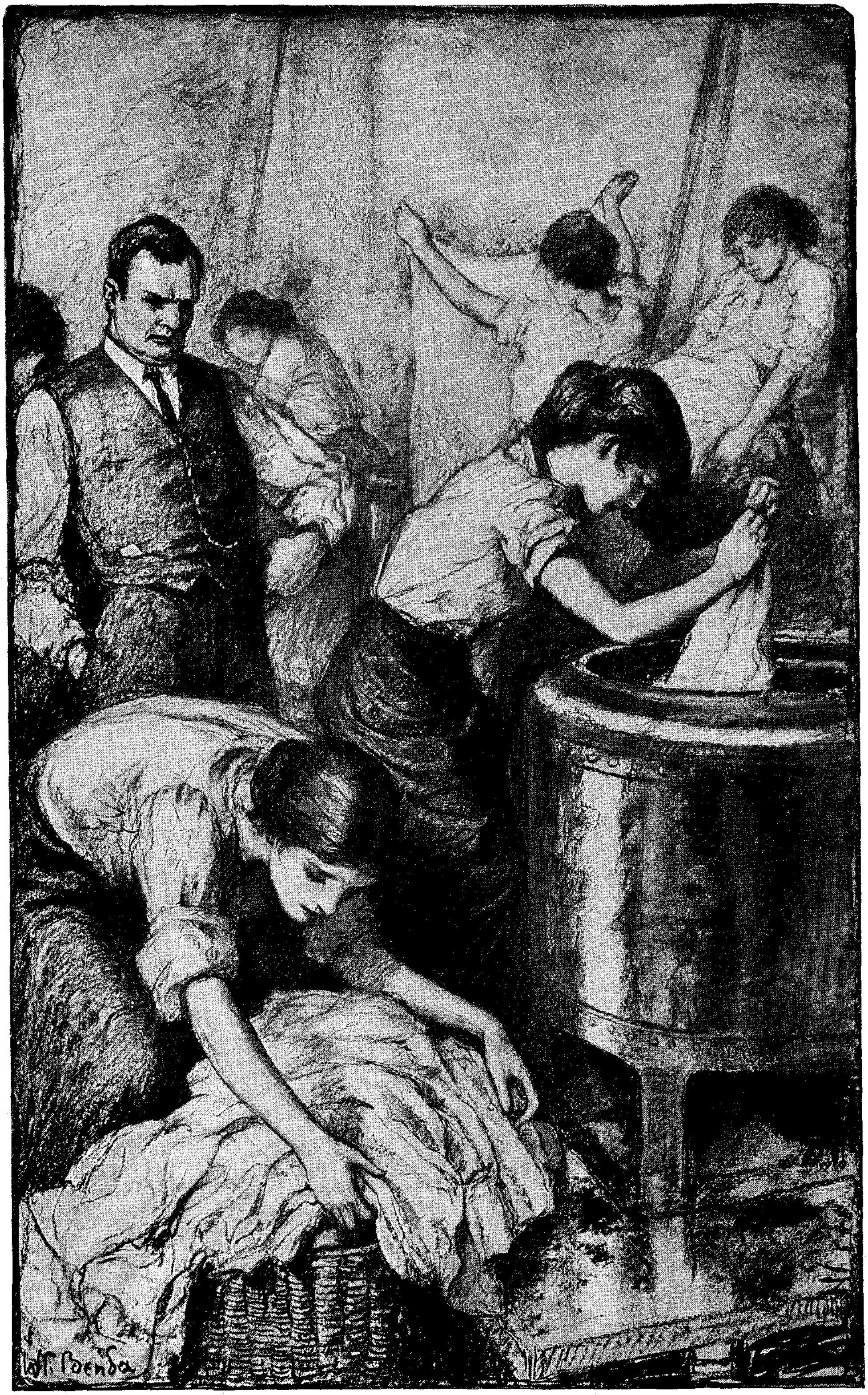
The next morning I went, on his invitation, to see the home side of the struggle of the laundry-worker who is out on strike. I found his wife in a spotless kitchen, herself neat and pleasant. The two oldest children, I learned, were at school; two little ones were playing by themselves in one corner of the kitchen; the mother, in a rocker near the kitchen stove, was nursing her six-months-old baby, and beside her sat a little girl hardly three, also rocking, and fondling a doll. Her doll was made of the stove-lifter wrapped in a dishcloth.

The young mother spoke to me simply, at first without even a suggestion of complaint over her personal hardships. "This strike should have taken place fourteen years ago," she said. "That's when I first began to work in laundries. I was about fourteen years old then, and I worked for three dollars a week, feeding the mangle from seven o'clock in the morning until all hours at night. If I happened to come a few minutes late, I was scolded by the boss, threatened to be sent home, and, of course, always made to pay for being tardy. But it was nothing to keep me, and dozens like me, working until midnight—without one cent extra or even supper money.

"Can you blame me that I married when I was only seventeen? I know that I married to escape from my terrible job. But I was lucky—yes, that was the greatest piece of good luck I had in my life." She paused a moment. "You cannot find a better man than John. And he is so smart! He can do anything! Everybody likes him, everybody trusts him; he does not drink or smoke—and yet our life at its best is a fight to keep body and soul together."

Having grown very frank with me, she told me that during the many weeks that John had been on strike they had existed "on credit"—the grocer, the baker, had been patient with them; they had pawned everything that had any value; friends had been kind to them; but it seemed that the last day had almost come. John had left her early that morning with twenty-eight cents, and he had no prospect of getting another cent. The next day was the first of the month and rent would be due. But before I left her she told me that even if it meant for them to be dispossessed in that fearfully cold weather she was not going to let John go back to work until the strike was won.

The worker who lives alone and has her



THE BOSS AND THE WORKERS IN THE WASH KITCHENS entire earnings to herself has often no less bitter a struggle than this driver and his wife. Mollie, who is seventeen, with the body of a child and the face of a woman of twenty-five, told me she had been in the laundry work for three years. She is a "folder," which means that she folds the bosom, neck-band, and cuffs of the shirt, ready to be dipped into the starch. Her hours were from 7:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. the first four days of the week, Friday from 7:30 A.M. to 9 P.M., and Saturday from 7:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. For these 72½ hours of work she received $5 a week. She is an orphan, with no relatives in the city. She lives with friends, who, she told me, are very kind to her, but they are so poor themselves that she cannot allow herself to accept anything more from them than the protection of their roof. The last day I saw her she seemed particularly worn and thin. She explained to me that the night before she had walked home from the strike meeting to save the five cents carfare—a walk of between four and five miles. When I expressed my astonishment, she smiled weakly and added that the walk would be nothing if only she had had something inside of her on which to do it.

The long hours, and their irregularity, are among the gravest complaints of the strikers. One man, who had no complaint to make about his wages, testified before the arbitration board that he had struck in order that he might become acquainted with his wife and children; prior to the strike his hours had been so long that he had practically no chance to see them except on Sunday, and then he was so tired that nature compelled him to sleep the greater part of the day. A woman, a skilled worker, testified that in one week she had worked four days (there had been no work for her on the other days), but that in these four days she had worked sixty-three hours—an average of almost seventeen hours a day. She testified that during Christmas week her hours of work had been as follows: Monday, 9 A.M. to 1:10 A.M.; Tuesday, 7:30 A.M. to midnight; Wednesday, 7:30 A.M. to midnight; Thursday, 7:30 A.M. to midnight; Friday, 7:30 A.M. to midnight; and Saturday, 7:30 A.M. to 1 P.M. For this terrific drain upon her strength she received a little less than twenty dollars.

"But were you compelled to work such long hours?" this woman was asked.

"We certainly were," she replied. "If we had refused, the boss would have fired us."

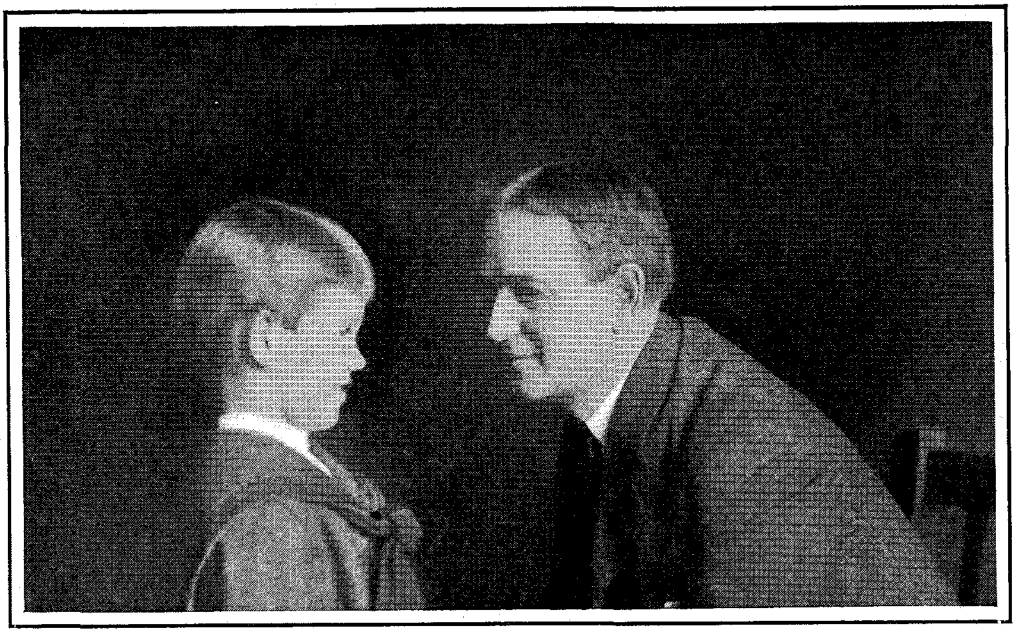
The strikers are demanding a fifty-four-hour week, recognition of their union, better sanitary conditions, the protection of all machinery to prevent accident to the workers, and a general increase in wages, with double pay for overtime. Some of the laundries have acceded to these demands.

Many of the evils from which the workers suffer are partially due to the unorganized state of the trade. Some of the big steam laundries claim that they are unable to pay higher wages for the reason that they are driven by competition to do the work for the small "hand" laundries at so low a rate that they can make little or no profit; they declare that the big profit is made in these "hand" laundries. Again, they contend that the public is to blame for the long hours of the workers; the public won't send its laundry away until Monday, and wants it back on Saturday—which tends to force them to compress the actual washing and ironing of the clothes into four days. Furthermore, it can be said in behalf of some of the steam laundries that they are light, airy, and well equipped.

One strange illustration of how the theory of arbitration may work out in fact has been afforded by this strike. The theory is that an investigation by a disinterested board will bring out the facts in a controversy, that these facts will arouse public opinion, and that aroused public opinion will compel the party in the wrong to do justice to the injured party. The State Board of Arbitration and Mediation intervened, made an investigation at which nearly one hundred witnesses from both sides were heard, and delivered a finding that supported the main contentions of the strikers. And what happened?

What happened was that the public was not aroused, and that the employers have refused to yield better conditions to the workers.

And so these girls and women and men of the laundries, whose lives are spent in the terrific drudgery of keeping us clean, are fighting doggedly on—fighting alone. Alone, unsupported by the public, confronted with starvation, they are fighting a double battle—a battle for life upon more human terms for themselves and their children, and a battle that involves better conditions for the clothing and health of the great indifferent public.



AMERICAN CHILDREN

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

FIRST ARTICLE

CHILDREN AT HOME

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALICE AUSTIN

IN one of the letters of Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, to her mother, Queen Victoria, she writes: "I try to give my children in their home what I had in my childhood's home. As well as I am able, I copy what you did."

There is something essentially British in this view-point. The English mother, whatever her rank, tries to give her children in their home what she had in her childhood's home; as well as she is able, she copies what her mother did. The conditions of her life may be entirely different from those of her mother, her children may be unlike herself in disposition; yet she still holds to tradition in regard to their upbringing; she tries to make their home a reproduction of her mother's home.

The American mother, whatever her station, does the exact opposite—she attempts to bestow upon her children what she did not possess; and she makes an effort to imitate as little as possible what her mother did. She desires her children to have that which she did not have, and for which she longed; or that which she now thinks so much better a possession than anything she did have. Her ambition is to train her children, not after her mother's way, but in accordance with "the most approved modern method." This method is apt, on analysis, to turn out to be merely the reverse side of her mother's procedure.

I have an acquaintance, the mother of a plump, jolly little tomboy of a girl; which child my acquaintance dresses in dainty embroideries and laces, delicately colored ribbons, velvet cloaks, and feathered hats. These garments are not "becoming" to the little girl, and they are a distinct hindrance to her hoydenish activities. They are not what she ought to have, and, moreover, they are not what she wants.

"I wish I had a middy blouse, and some

bloomers, and an aviation cap, and a sweater, and a Peter Thompson coat!" I heard her say recently to her mother; "the other children have them."

"Children are never satisfied!" her mother exclaimed to me later, when we were alone. "I spend so much time and money seeing that she has nice clothes; and you hear what she thinks of them!"

"But, for ordinary wear, for play, wouldn't the things she wants be more comfortable?" I ventured. "You dress her so beautifully!" I added.

"Well," said my acquaintance in a gratified tone, "I am glad you think so. *I* had *no* very pretty clothes when I was a child; and I always longed for them. My mother didn't believe in finery for children; and she dressed us very plainly indeed. I want my little girl to look as I used to wish *I* might look!"

"But she doesn't care how she looks—" I began.

"I know," the child's mother sighed. "I can *see* how *her* little girls will be dressed!"

Can we not all see just that? And doubtless the little girls of this beruffled, befurbelowed tomboy—dressed in middy blouses, and bloomers, and aviation caps, and sweaters, and Peter Thompson coats, or their future equivalents—will wish they had garments of a totally different kind; and *she* will be exclaiming, "Children are never satisfied!"

If this principle on the part of mothers in America in providing for their children were confined to such superficialities as their clothing, no appreciable harm—or good—would come of it. But such is not the case; it extends to the uttermost parts of the child's home life.

Only the other day I happened to call upon a friend of mine during the hour set aside for her little girl's piano lesson. The child was tearfully and rebelliously playing a "piece." Her teacher, a musician of unusual ability, guided her stumbling fingers with conscientious patience and care. A child of the least musical talent would surely have responded in some measure to such excellent instruction. My friend's little girl did not. When the lesson was finished, she slipped from the piano stool with a sigh of intense relief. She started to run out of doors; but her mother detained her. "You may go to your room for an hour," she said, gently but gravely, "and stay there all alone. That will help you to remember to try harder to-morrow to have a good music lesson." And the child, more tearful, more rebellious than before, crept away to her room.

"When I was her age I didn't like the work involved in taking music lessons any better than she does," my friend said. "So my mother didn't insist upon my taking them. I have regretted it all my life. I love music; I always loved it—I loved it even when I hated practicing and music lessons. I wish my mother had made me keep at it, no matter how much I objected! Well, I shall do it with *my* daughter; she'll thank me for it some day."

I am not so sure that her daughter will. Her music-teacher agrees with me. "The child has no talent whatever," she told me. "It is a waste of time for her to take piano lessons. Her mother, now—*she* has a real gift for it! I often wish *she* would take the lessons!"

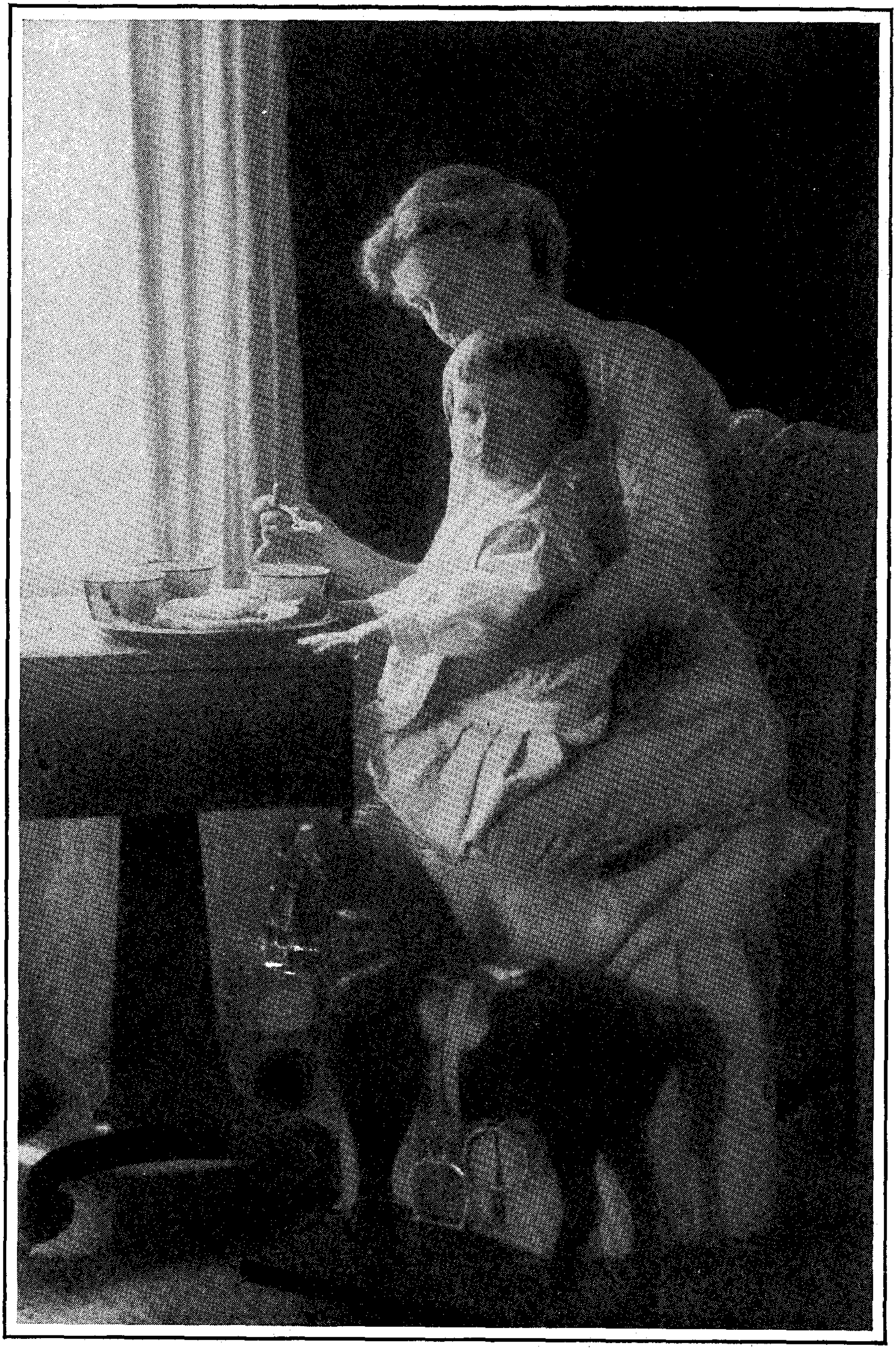
American mothers are no more prone to give their children what they themselves did not have than are American fathers. The man who is most eager that his son should have a college education is not the man who has two or three academic degrees, but the man who never went to college at all. The father whose boys are allowed to be irregular in their church attendances is the father who, as a boy, was compelled to go to church, rain or shine, twice on every Sunday.

In the more intimate life of the family the same principle rules. The parents try to give to the children ideals that were not given to them; they attempt to inculcate in the children habits that were not inculcated in themselves.

I know a family in which are three small girls, between whom there is very little difference in age. These children all enjoy coming to take tea with me. For convenience, I should naturally invite them all on the same afternoon. Both their father and mother, however, have requested me not to do this. "Do ask them one at a time on different days," they said.

"Of course I will," I assented. "But—why?" I could not forbear questioning.

"When I was a child," the mother of the three little girls explained, "I was never allowed to accept an invitation unless my younger sister was invited too. I was fond of my sister; but I used to long to go somewhere sometime by myself! My husband had the same experience—his brother always had to be invited when he was, or he couldn't



"COMPANIONS AND FRIENDS"

go. Our children shall not be so circumscribed!"

There is not much danger for them, certainly, in that direction. Yet I rather think they would enjoy doing more things together. One day, not a great while ago, I chanced to meet all three of them near a tea-room. I asked them—perforce all of them—to go in with me and partake of ice-cream. As we sat around the table, the oldest of the three glanced at the other two with a friendly smile. "It is nice—all of us having ice-cream with you at the same time," she remarked, and her younger sisters enthusiastically agreed.

To be sure, they are nearer the same age and they are more alike in their tastes than their mother and her sister, or their father and his brother. Perhaps their parents needed to take their pleasures singly; they seem able quite happily to take theirs in company.

I have another friend, who was brought up in a household in which, as she says, "individuality" was the keynote. In her own home the keynote is "the family." She encourages her children to "do things together." Furthermore, she and her husband habitually participate in their children's occupations to a greater degree than any other parents I have ever seen.

Their friends usually entertain these children "as a family;" but not long ago, happening to have only two tickets to a concert, I asked one, and just one, of the little girls of this household to attend it with me. She accepted eagerly. During an intermission she looked up at me and said, confidingly, "It is nice sometimes to do things not 'as a family,' but just as one's self!"

Then, for the first time, it occurred to me that she was the "odd one" of her family. All its pleasures, all its interests, were not equally hers. She needed sometimes to do things as herself.

In matters of discipline, too, we find the same theory at work. Parents who were severely punished as children do not punish their children at all; and the most austere of parents are those who, when children, were "spoiled." Almost regardless of the natures of their children, parents deal with them, so far as discipline is concerned, as they themselves were not dealt with.

"YOU DRESS HER SO BEAUTIFULLY"

This implies no lack of love, no lack of respect, for the older generation. On the contrary, it is the sign and symbol of a love, a respect, so great as to permit of divergences of opinion and procedure, in spite of differences of age.

"I am not going to bring up the baby in the way I was brought up, mamma, darling," I once heard a mother of a month-old baby (her first child) say to the baby's grandmother.

"Aren't you, dear?" replied the older lady, with a smile. "Why not?"

"Oh," returned the daughter, "I want her to be better than I am. I think if you'd brought me up conversely from the way you did, I'd have been a much more worth-while person."

She spoke very solemnly, but her mother only laughed, and then fondly kissed her daughter and her granddaughter. "That is what I said to *my* mother when *you* were a month old!" she said, whimsically.

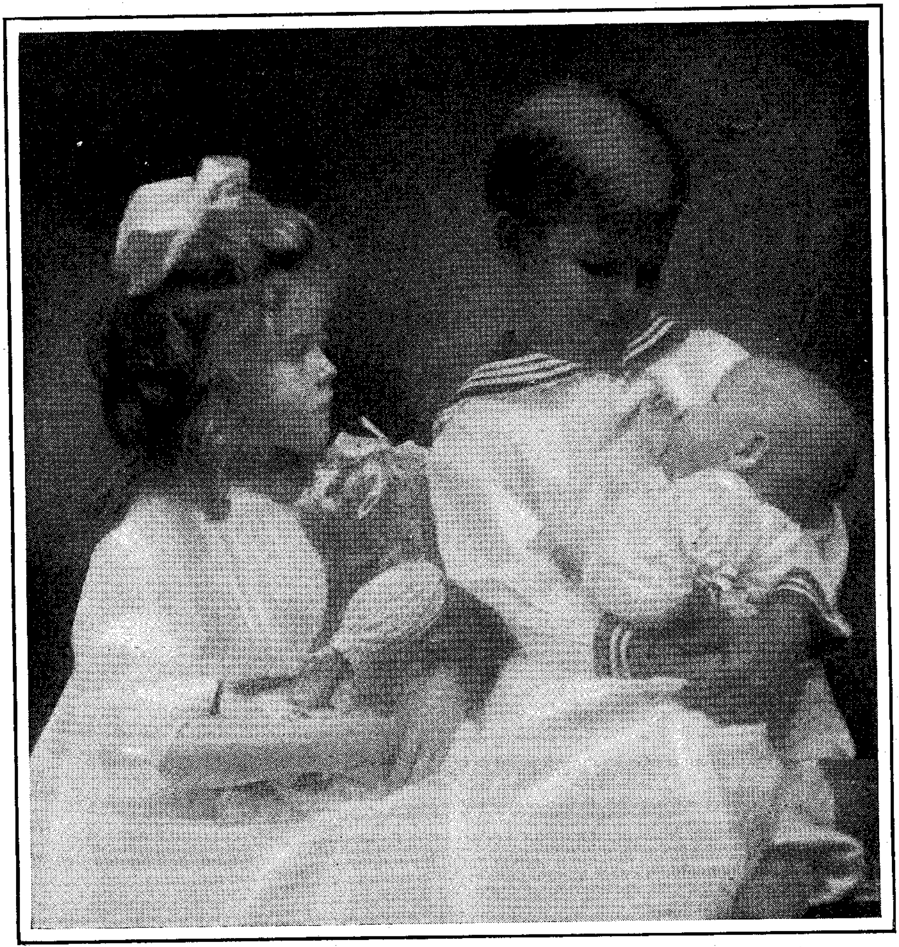
Children in American homes, it might be supposed, would be affected by such diversity in the theories of their parents and their grandparents concerning their rearing. They might naturally be expected to "take sides" with the one or the other; or, at any rate, to be puzzled or disturbed by the principle of "contrariwiseness" governing their lives. From their earliest years they are aware of it. The small girl very soon learns that the real reason why she finds a gold bracelet in her Christmas stocking is that mother "always wanted one, but grandma did not approve of jewelry for children." The little boy quickly discovers that his dog sleeps on the foot of his bed mainly because "father's dog was never allowed even to come into the house. Grandpa was a doctor, and thought dogs were not clean."

This knowledge, so soon acquired, would seem to be a menace to family unity; but it is not—even in homes in which the three generations are living together. The children know what their grandparents wished for their parents; they know what their parents wish for them; but, most of all and best of all, they know what they wish for themselves. It is not what their parents had, nor what their parents try to give them; it is "what other children have."

Perhaps all children are conventional; certainly American children are. They wish to have what the other children of their acquaintance have, they wish to do what those other children do. It is not because mother wanted a bracelet, and never had it, that the little girl would have a bracelet; it is because "the other girls have bracelets." Not on account of the rules that forbade father's dog the house is the small boy happy in the nightly companionship of his dog; he takes the dog to bed with him for the reason that "the other boys' dogs sleep with them."

Even unto honors, if they must carry them alone, children in America would rather not be born. A little girl who lives in my neighborhood came home from school in tears one day not long ago. Her father is a celebrated writer. The school-teacher, happening to select one of his stories to read aloud to the class, mentioned the fact that the author of the story was the father of my small friend. "But why are you crying about it, sweetheart?" her father asked. "Do you think it's such a bad story?"

"Oh, no," the little girl answered; "it is a good enough story. But none of the other



"THE MOST GENTLY REARED, THE MOST CAREFULLY NURTURED" children's fathers write stories! Why do *you*, daddy? It's so peculiar!"

It may be that all children, whatever their nationalities, are like this little girl. We, in America, have a fuller opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the minds of children than have the people of any other nation of the earth. For more completely than any other people do American fathers and mothers make friends and companions of their children, asking from them, first, love; then, trust; and, last of all, the deference due them as "elders." Any child may feel as did my small neighbor about a "peculiar" father; only a child who had been his comrade as well as his child would so freely have voiced her feeling.

We all remember the little boy in Stevenson's poem "My Treasures," whose dearest treasure, a chisel, was dearest because "very few children possess such a thing." Had he been an American child, that chisel would not have been a "treasure" at all, unless all of the children possessed such a thing.

Not only do the children of our Nation want what the other children of their circle have when they can use it; they want it even when they cannot use it. I have a little girl friend who, owing to an accident in her infancy, is slightly lame. Fortunately, she is not obliged to depend upon crutches; but she cannot run about, and she walks with a pathetically halting step. One autumn this child came to her mother and said: "Mamma, I'd like to go to dancing-school."

"But, my dearest, I'm afraid—I don't believe—you could learn to dance—very well," her mother faltered.

"Oh, mamma, *I* couldn't learn to dance *at all!*" the little girl exclaimed, as if surprised that her mother did not fully realize this fact.

"Then, dearest, why do you want to go to dancing-school?" her mother asked, gently.

"The other girls in my class at school are all going," the child said.

Her mother was silent; and the little girl came closer and lifted pleading eyes to her face. "*Please* let me go!" she begged. "The others are all going," she repeated.

"I could not bear to refuse her," the mother wrote to me later. "I let her go. I feared that it would only make her feel her lameness the more keenly and be a source of distress to her. But it isn't; she enjoys it. She cannot even try to learn to dance; but she takes pleasure in being present and watching the others, to say nothing of wearing a 'dancing-school dress,' as they do. This morning she said to her father: 'I can't dance, papa; but I can talk about it. I learn how at dancing-school. Oh, I love dancing-school!'"

Her particular accomplishment may be of minute value in itself; but is not her content in it a priceless good? If she can continue to enjoy learning only to talk about the pleasures her lameness will not permit her otherwise to share, her dancing-school lessons will have taught her better things than they taught "the other children," who could dance.

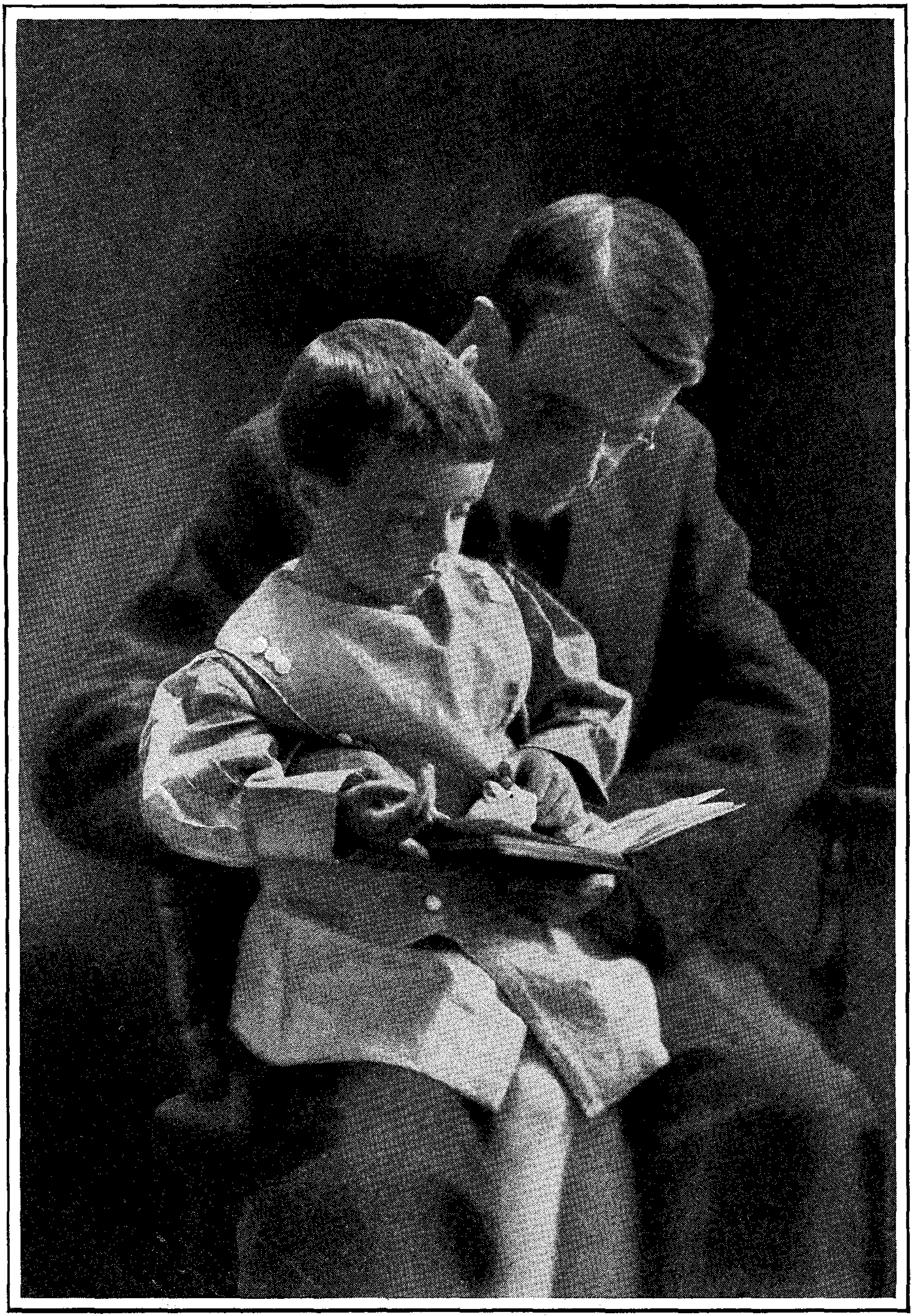
That mother was her little girl's confidential friend as well as her mother. The child, quite unreservedly, told her what she wanted and why she wanted it. It was no weak indulgence of a child's whim, but a genuine respect for another person's rights as an individual—even though that individual was merely a little child—that led that mother to allow her daughter to have what she wanted. May not some subtle sense of this have been the basis of the child's happiness in the fulfillment of her desire? She *wanted* to go to dancing-school because the other children were going; but may she not have *liked* going because she felt that her mother understood and sympathized with her desire to go?

A Frenchwoman to whom I once said that American parents treat their children in many ways as though they were their contemporaries remarked, "But does that not make the children old before their time?"

So far from this, it seems, on the contrary, to keep the parents young after their time. It has been truly said that we have in America fewer and fewer grandmothers who are "sweet old ladies," and more and more who are "charming elderly women." We hear less and less about the "older" and the "younger" generations; increasingly we merge two, and even three, generations into one.

Only yesterday, calling upon a new acquaintance, I heard the four-year-old boy of the house, mentioning his father, refer to him as "Henry." His grandmother smiled, and his mother said, casually: "When you speak *of* father, dear, it would be better to say, 'my father,' so people will be sure to know whom you mean. You may have noticed that grandma always says 'my son,' and I always say 'my husband,' when *we* speak of him."

"Does he call his father by his Christian



"CHUMS"

name?" I could not resist questioning, when the little boy had left the room.

"Sometimes," replied the child's mother. "He hears so many persons do it, he can't see why he shouldn't. And there really *is* no reason. Soon enough he will find out that it isn't customary and stop doing it."

This is a far cry from the days when children were taught to address their parents as "honored sir" and "respected madam." But, it seems to me, the parents are as much honored and respected now as then; and—more important still—both they and the children are, if not dearer, yet nearer one another.

In small as well as in large matters they slip into their parents' places—neither encouraged nor discouraged, but simply accepted. Companions and friends, they behave as such, and are treated in a companionable and friendly manner.

The other afternoon I dropped in at tea-time for a glimpse of an old friend. Her little girl came into the room in the wake of the tea-tray. "Let *me* pour the tea," she said, eagerly.

"Very well," her mother acquiesced. "Be careful not to fill the cups too full, so that they overflow into the saucers; and do not forget that the tea is *hot*," she supplemented.

The little girl had never poured the tea before, but her mother neither watched her nor gave her any further directions. The child devoted herself to her pleasant task. With entire ease and unconsciousness she filled the cups, and made the usual inquiries as to "one lump, or two?" and "cream or lemon?"

"Isn't she rather young to pour the tea?" I suggested, when we were alone.

"I don't see why," my friend said. "There isn't any 'age limit' about pouring tea. She does it for her dolls in the nursery; she might just as well do it for us here. Of course it is hot; but she can be careful."

There are few things in regard to the doing or the saying or the thinking of which American parents apprehend any "age limit." Their children are not "tender juveniles." They do not have a detached life of their own which the parents "share," nor do the parents have a detached life of their own which the children "share." There is the common life of the home, to which all, parents and children, and often grandparents too, contribute, and in which they all "share."

This is the secret of that genuine satisfaction that so many of us grown-ups in America find in the society of children, whether they are members of our own families or are the children of our friends and neighbors.

A short time ago I had occasion to invite to Sunday dinner a little boy friend of mine who is nine years old. Lest he *might* feel his youth in a household which no longer contains any nine-year-olds, I invited to "meet him" two other boys, playmates of his, of about the same age. There chanced also to be present a friend, a professor in a woman's college, into whose daily life very seldom strays a boy, especially one nine years old.

"What interesting things have you been doing lately?" she observed to the boy beside her in the pause which followed our settling of ourselves at the table.

"I have been seeing 'The Blue Bird,'" he at once answered. "Have *you* seen it?" he next asked.

No sooner had she replied than he turned to me. "I suppose, of course, *you've* seen it," he said.

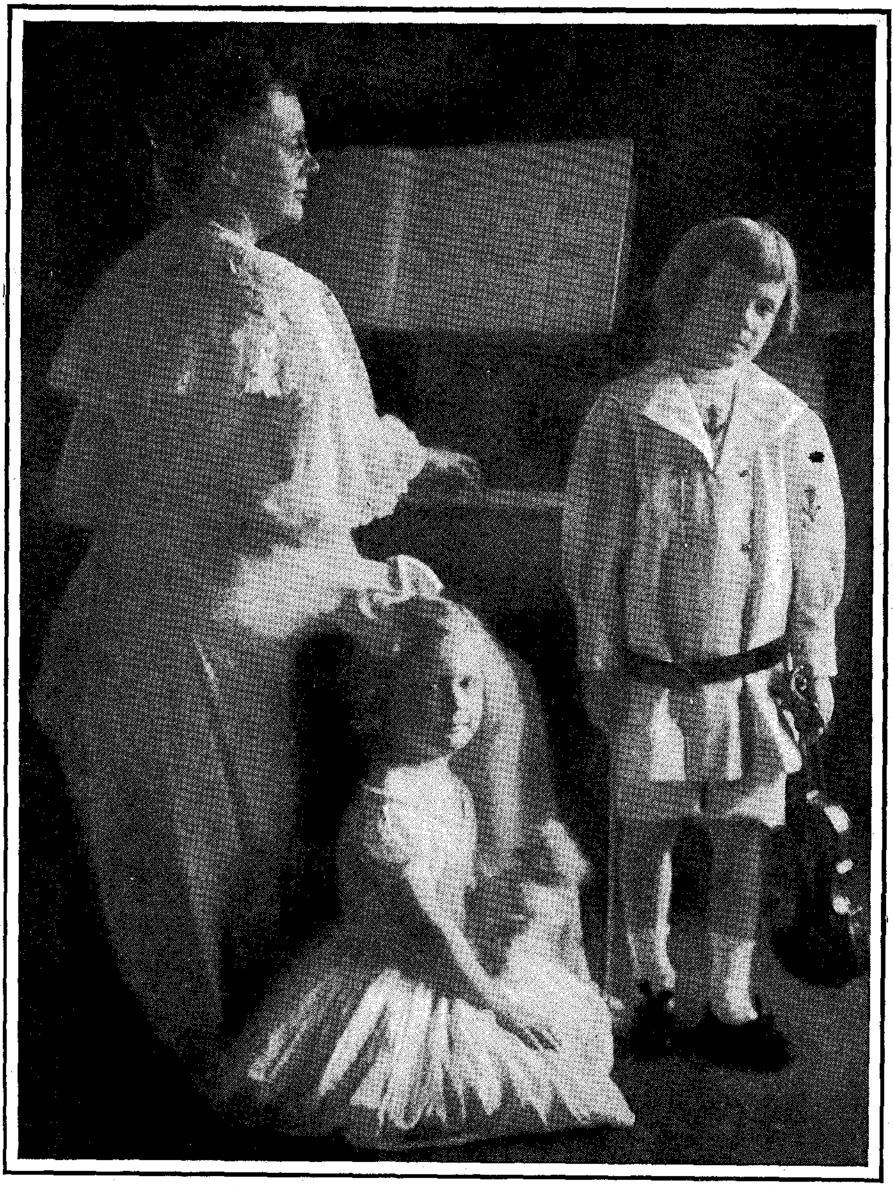
"Not yet," I told him; "but I've read it—"

"Oh, so have I!" exclaimed one of the other boys; "and I've seen it, too. There is one act in the play that isn't in the book—'The Land of Happiness' it is. My mother says she doesn't think Mr. Maeterlinck could have written it; it is so different from the rest of the play."

Those present, old and young, who had seen "The Blue Bird" debated this possibility at some length. Then the boy who had introduced it said to me: "I wonder, when you see it, whether *you'll* think Mr. Maeterlinck wrote 'The Land of Happiness' act, or not."

"I haven't seen 'The Blue Bird,'" the third boy remarked, "but I've seen the Coronation pictures." Whereupon we fell to discussing moving-picture shows.

During the progress of that dinner we considered many other subjects, lighting upon them casually; touching upon them lightly; and—most significant of all—discoursing upon them as familiars and equals. None of us who were grown-up "talked down" to the boys, and certainly none of the boys "talked up" to us. Each one of them at home was a "dear partner" of every other



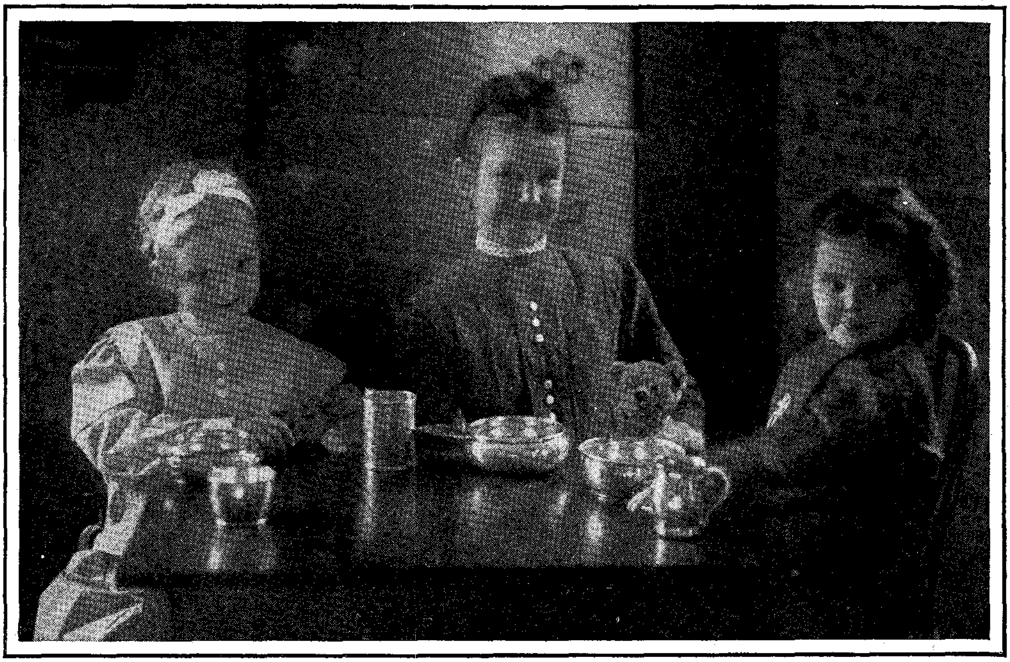
"THE MUSIC LESSON"

member of the family, younger and older, larger and smaller. Inevitably, each one when away from home became quite spontaneously an equal shareholder in whatever was to be possessed at all.

A day or two after the Sunday of that dinner I met one of my boy guests on the street. "I've seen 'The Blue Bird,'" I said to him; "and I'm inclined to think that, if Mr. Maeterlinck did write the act 'The Land of Happiness,' he wrote it long after he had written the rest of the play. I think perhaps that is why it is so different from the other acts."

"Why, I never thought of that!" the boy cried, with absolute unaffectedness. He appeared to consider it for a moment, and then he said: "I'll tell my mother; she'll be interested."

Foreign visitors of distinction not infrequently have accused American children of being "pert," or "lacking in reverence," or "sophisticated." Those of us who are better acquainted with the children of our own



"THREE SMALL GIRLS"

Nation cannot concur in any of these accusations. Unhappily, there are children in America, as there are children in every land, who *are* pert, and lacking in reverence, and sophisticated; but they are in the small minority, and they are not the children to whom foreigners refer when they make their sweeping arraignments.

The most gently reared, the most carefully nurtured, of our children are those usually seen by distinguished foreign visitors; for such foreigners are apt to be guests of the families to which these children belong. The spirit of frank *camaraderie* displayed by the children they mistake for "pertness;" the trustful freedom of their attitude toward their elders they interpret as "lack of reverence;" and their eager interest in subjects ostensibly beyond their years they misread as "sophistication."

It must be admitted that American small boys have not the quaint courtliness of French small boys; that American little girls are without the pretty shyness of English little girls. We are compelled to grant that in America between the nursery and the drawing-room there is no great gulf fixed. This condition of things has its real disadvantages and trials; but has it not also its ideal advantages and blessings? Co-operative living together, in spite of individual differences, is one of these advantages; tender intimacy between persons of varying ages is one of these blessings.

A German woman on her first visit to America said to me, as we talked about children, that, with our National habit of treating them as what we Americans call "chums," she wondered how parents kept any authority over them, and especially maintained any government *of* them, and *for* them, without letting it lapse into a government *by* them. "I should think that the commandment, 'Children, obey your parents,' might be in danger of being overlooked or thrust aside," she said, "in a country in which children and parents are 'chums,' as Americans say."

That ancient commandment would seem to be too toweringly large to be overlooked, too firmly embedded in the world, to be thrust aside. It is a very Rock of Gibraltar of a commandment.

American parents do not relinquish their authority over their children. As for government—like other wise parents, they aim to help it to develop, as soon as it properly can, from a government of and for their children into a government by them. Self-government is the lesson of lessons they most earnestly desire to teach their children.

Methods of teaching it differ. Indeed, as to methods of teaching their children anything, American fathers and mothers have no fixed standard, no homogeneous ideal. More likely than not they follow in this important matter their custom in matters of lesser import—of employing a method directly opposed to the method of their own parents, and employing it simply because it is directly opposed. This is but too apt to be their interpretation of the phrase "modernity in child nurture." But the children learn the lesson. They learn the other great and fundamental lessons of life, too, and learn them well, from these American fathers and mothers who are so friendly and companionable and sympathetic with them.

Why should they not? There is no antagonism between love and law. Parents are in a position of authority over their children; no risk of the strength of that position is involved in a friendship between parents and children anywhere. It is not remarkable that American parents should retain their authority over their children. What is noteworthy is that their children, less than any other children of the civilized world, rebel against it or chafe under it. They perceive so soon that their parents are governing them only because they are not wise enough to govern themselves; they realize so early that government, by some person or persons, is the estate in common of us all!

One day last summer at the seashore I saw a tiny boy, starting from the bath-house of his family, laboriously drag a rather large piece of driftwood along the beach. Finally he carefully deposited it in the sand at a considerable distance from the bath-house.

"Why did you bring that big piece of wood all the way up here?" I inquired as he passed me.

"My father told me to," the child replied.

"Why?" I found myself asking.

"Because I got it here; and it is against the law of this town to take anything from this beach, except shells. Did you know that? I didn't; my father just 'splained it to me."

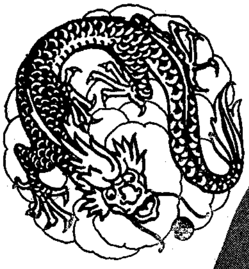
American fathers and mothers explain so many things to their children! And American children explain quite as great a number of things to their parents. They can; because they are not only friends, but familiar friends. We have all read Continental autobiographies, of which the chapters under the general title "Early Years" contained records of fears based upon images implanted in the mind and flourishing there—images arising from some childish misapprehension or misinterpretation of some ordinary and perfectly explainable circumstance. "I was afraid to pass a closed closet alone after dark," one of these says. "I had heard of 'skeletons in closets;' I knew there were none in our closets in the daytime, but I couldn't be sure that they did not come to sleep in them at night, and I was too shy to inquire of my parents. What terrors I suffered! I was half-grown before I understood what a 'skeleton in a closet' was."

An American child would have discovered what one was within five minutes after hearing it first mentioned, provided he had the slightest interest in knowing. No American child is too shy to inquire of his parents concerning anything he may wish to know. Shyness is a veil children wear before strangers; in the company of their intimates they lay it aside—and forget it. In the autobiographies of Americans we do not find many accounts of childish terrors arising from any reserve in the direction of asking questions. In their homes there are no closets whose doors they are afraid to pass, or to open, even after dark.

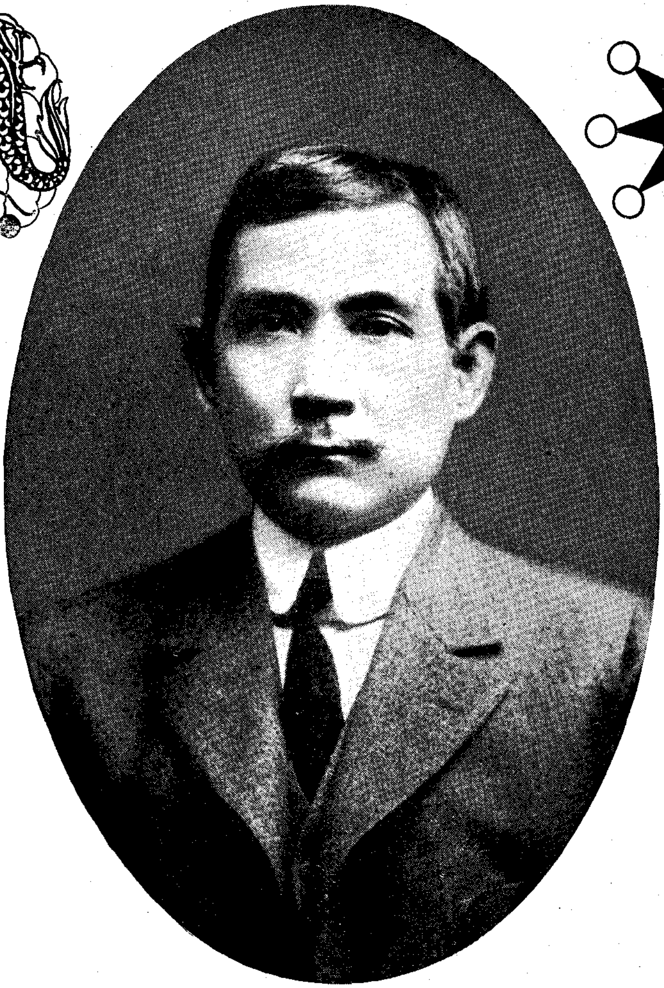
"American children are all so different!" an Englishman complained to me not long ago; "as different as their several homes. One can make no statement about them that is conclusive."

But can one not? To be sure, they do vary, and their homes vary too; but in one great, significant, fundamental particular they are all alike. In American homes the parents not only love their children, and the children their parents; their "way of loving" is such that one may say of them, "Their souls do bear an equal yoke of love." They and their parents are "chums."

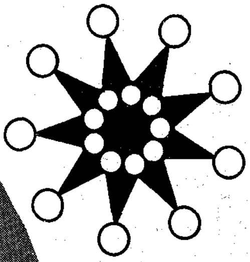
The next article by Miss McCracken in this series will be published in an early issue under the title "The Child at Play." Mr. H. Addington Bruce is also contributing to this series. One of his articles, which tells the remarkable "Story of Karl Witte," appeared in The Outloook for January 27. Among other things, Mr. Bruce will give some further account of what Karl Witte's father and mother have contributed to our knowledge of child training. There will also be additional articles by Miss McCracken, presenting various phases of the life of the child.



THE EMPIRE



DR. SUN YAT-SEN



THE REPUBLIC

The Father of the Chinese Revolution

By Kim Tong-ho

INTO Chinese history there lately came a new figure—a man once despised, but now worshiped as a hero by millions. His name is known throughout the world. He is Dr. Sun Yat-sen, China's deliverer—the first President of the Republic, who has modestly made way for Yuan Shi-kai.

Dr. Sun has attained fame after having devoted the best part of his life to a cause which he has never once forsaken. For fifteen long years he has been the life of the movement to overthrow the hated Manchu dynasty, which has tried desperately to keep the Chinese masses in ignorance, and which he knew to be honeycombed with corruption.

It may be of interest to go back to the early career of this famous "revolutionist," a term which in China to-day no longer carries with it disrepute. I was a little bit of a fellow when Dr. Sun began to prescribe his cure to save the millions of Chinese people. Well do I remember how, as a practicing physician, he was also burdened with the tremendous duties of revolutionary propaganda.

Sun Yat-sen was born in a village called Heungshan, not far from Canton, in 1865. When a young man, he left for foreign shores, like many other Cantonese, to see a new world. He settled in Hawaii, which has since 1898 been an American Territory. His

English education was received in Honolulu, where he was graduated from Iolani College, an Episcopalian mission school. He then decided to take the medical profession as his life-work, setting sail for Canton. He completed his medical course in Hongkong, taking his degree at the age of twenty-seven. During his stay in Hawaii and in China he never neglected the study of Chinese. There occurred when he was in Hongkong two particularly important events which may be described here. The revolutionary idea in his mind had evolved itself from a mystic notion into a firm conviction. In order to protect himself he realized that it was necessary for him to acquire British citizenship.

As a physician he built up a large practice in Canton and Macao, and later made a name for himself while in Hawaii. He was well loved by all who knew him, and whenever one of us was taken ill, the invariable saying in our family was, "Send for Dr. Sun." He was kind-hearted and popular, and a friend to the poor. Even at that early date, when he had a prosperous practice, he never lost sight of his determination to overthrow the Manchu dynasty. Realizing that he could not undertake two projects at the same time, he finally gave up his practice in order that he might devote all his time to the salvation of the millions of his beloved countrymen.

Dr. Sun is a very energetic, fearless man. It was he who organized throughout the world the Young China party, from which the revolutionists at home derive the greater part of their support. He was one of the first to urge the Chinese to cut off their queues—thus shaking off the badge of servitude to the Manchus. He declared then that he was determined to drive the corrupt Manchus away and restore the power to the Chinese people. His seemingly hopeless task was looked upon as the vain dream of a madman. Even his own brother, who was then a man of some wealth, was skeptical of his plans. Nevertheless, he kept on, working faithfully and conscientiously from 1895, when the attempt to capture Canton failed.

Secretly in 1896 he set sail for America, and later for England, to get support for his cause. In London he was graciously invited by the Chinese Minister to step in the Legation and talk over affairs at home, but was at once seized by the guards and imprisoned for two weeks, being wanted for treason. I recall vividly how, after his release, he gave us the account of his kidnapping and how he succeeded in getting a note to the British Foreign Office, claiming British protection because of his citizenship. This story was related by him before the detailed accounts were published by him in a book entitled "Kidnapped in London," in 1907. To show how low his spirit was run down when he was informed that he would be shipped back to China in a box, a short passage is quoted:

"My despair was complete, and only by prayer to God could I gain any comfort. Still the dreary days and still more dreary nights wore on, and but for the comfort afforded me by prayer I believe I should have gone mad. After my release I related to Mr. Cantlie how prayer was my one hope, and told him how I should never forget the feeling there seemed to take possession of me as I rose from my knees on the morning of Friday, October 16, a feeling of calmness, hopefulness, and confidence that assured me my prayer was heard, and filled me with hope that all would yet be well."

A note was smuggled in to Dr. Sun, which read thus: "Cheer up! The Government is working on your behalf, and you will be free in a few days." From this he said that he knew that his prayer was answered.

What Dr. Sun did not learn in school he gained from actual experience. He studied in no military school, but is more familiar with military science than many of the princes and officers in command of the old Government troops. He encouraged the Chinese abroad, many of whom belong to the aristocratic merchant class, to become proficient in military tactics, and many of those who were trained under the tutelage of foreign military leaders actually returned to participate in some of the unsuccessful early uprisings. Though his identity was never revealed to the public while he was abroad, his keenness of observation gave him splendid opportunities of securing those qualities so necessary in a leader.

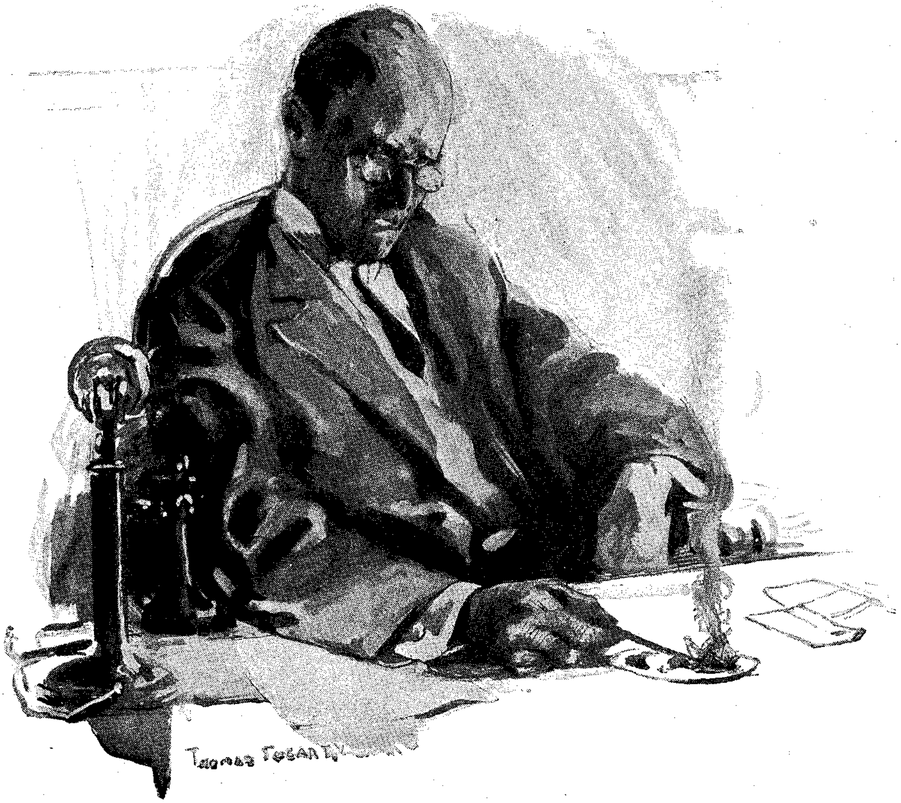
Little is known of his long years of patient toil and planning. It is almost impossible for the average reader to get a true account of his work during the period of comparative obscurity by reading the disconnected reports in newspapers from time to time. Because the principle which he advocates so enthusiastically was a very dangerous one, many did not care to know anything about him. Nevertheless, on three different occasions Dr. Sun in person was on the field of action, leading the revolutionists in their seemingly futile fight. Many knew nothing of his return to China subsequent to his banishment in 1895. Realizing the folly of making public his various moves, he adopted the methods of secrecy that have so characterized his work abroad. This, too, has been partly due to his efforts to avoid personal publicity. Dr. Sun is not a "publicist;" he is not seeking notoriety. His work has always been carried on quietly and secretly; he had as confederates able men in all parts of the world, doing the same work that he was doing. His son, too, a young man of twenty-one, educated in American schools, has consecrated his life to the cause of his people, and was working for the same end in the United States up to the first of December, 1911, when he took passage by way of the Pacific to join his father on the scene of activity. Among the co-workers I may particularly mention Huang Hsing, or Wong Hing, who has during the last twenty years toiled unceasingly for the same cause to which Dr. Sun has devoted his whole energy. Dr. Sun met with many obstacles, one after another, but instead of giving up the fight he returned to it with renewed vigor, profiting by his previous failures. After his last departure from Chicago, in October, 1911, his whereabouts were not known at all. When next heard of, he had been in London ten days, and next he turned up in Paris.

Time after time, when he was abroad for the purpose of raising more funds and to stir up more enthusiasm, he had to assure his thousands of supporters that their cause was not a hopeless one. He had to carry out the unpleasant part of the gigantic task, under the most adverse circumstances. Not only was the princely sum of $200,000 offered for his head—an amount which led many wild fortune-hunters to join in the chase—but he had to contend against a faction, the so-called "reformers," who, as Joseph's brethren hated him, hated the revolutionist Sun, reviling him as a dreamer and a demagogue. He was asked many times what he had done with the money he raised. Truly, hundreds of thousands of dollars have been collected by him, but fruitful results can now be seen even by the most skeptical. After all, the reward offered by the late Empress Dowager, though increased from $25,000, the original amount, was not adequate, for the brain of this revolutionary leader is worth more than that sum.

Dr. Sun is an astute student of economics. He is an eloquent orator and an able writer. His convincing personality has attracted hosts of patriotic admirers, including educators, merchants, editors, and other professional men. The spirit of revolution cannot in a day be injected into the blood of the literary class of the Chinese, especially those who are holding positions of influence. It took a full decade to win over the editors at home and abroad to the idea that there was no other way than revolution to bring about the fundamental political change in China. With the ardor of youth Dr. Sun couples the foresight and conservatism of age; he is progressive, not radical. He has had about him as advisers men eager to advance the progress and best interests of the country, a majority of whom have been educated abroad and are thoroughly up to date. Having learned from the Americans themselves the lesson of liberty and equality, he naturally looked to the United States for a model form of government for China. It will not be out of place for me to quote a passage from a pamphlet issued by him some years ago, a paper which was given me because its former owner considered it dangerous to have in his possession:

"To work out the salvation of China is exclusively a duty of our own, but as the problem has recently involved a world-wide interest, we, in order to make sure of our success, to facilitate our movement, to avoid unnecessary sacrifice, and to prevent misunderstanding and intervention of foreign Powers, must appeal to the people of the United States in particular for your sympathy and support, either moral or material, because you are the pioneers of Western civilization in Japan; because you are a Christian nation; because we intend to model our new government after yours; and, above all, because you are the champion of liberty and democracy. We hope we may find many Lafayettes among you."

A man who has given up his lucrative practice and his private fortune, who has been kidnapped and imprisoned, whose life is always in danger at the hands of assassins and spies sent out by the Government, and whose family has suffered humiliation, Dr. Sun stands as the embodiment of the awakening of China. He deserves praise for his unselfish work. He was the Father of the Chinese Revolution.



The Issue

By Carl H. Grabo

With Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

THE paper-boy dropped the evening paper at the office door and clicked noisily down the stone corridor. Heywood looked at his watch. It was half-past four.

"You may go home now, Miss Carter," he said to his stenographer when she handed him his paper.

He desired to be alone to look upon his name in print, but most of all to face clearly the consequences of his decision as he had faced them again and again in the last few days. He was not used to dwell upon the inevitable, to worry over consequences. But this was different. He turned to the second page, and there indeed was a double-column cut of himself and headlines in all the cold reality of type announcing his appointment as District Attorney. He did not read what they had written about him, for he did not care, then, to know. Instead, he breathed a little heavily and stared at the half-tone. It was there inevitably, as ineffaceable as sin.

The bell rang, and he went to the door.

"It's you, Boyd, is it?" he said, coldly, his figure stiffening, and, without an invitation to enter, he left the door ajar and returned to his desk, with the newspaper spread open upon it.

The visitor entered, and, selecting a chair, seated himself upon the edge of it. He was a small, slight man, almost bald, and he wore glasses that sat firmly on his thin nose.

"I see that you are to be congratulated," he said, and indicated the newspaper with the tip of his cane. "You have accepted, of course, or the announcement would not have been made."

"I accepted yesterday," said Heywood,

quietly, without lifting his eyes, "by telegraph."

"It is an honor," continued his visitor, blandly, "and may, of course, lead to higher things if you fill the place satisfactorily—as I have no doubt you will." He spoke the last words with just a trace of ironic politeness.

Heywood took his watch from his pocket and held it open in his hand. He did not look at Boyd, but sat motionless, his gaze fixed upon the inkstand. His visitor could read nothing from his impassive countenance.

"I am glad the President—doubtless upon the advice of the Senator—should select a man who stands so well in the city both for ability and uprightness of character." He dropped the words slowly, as though tasting their flavor with enjoyment.

Heywood arose and snapped his watch shut.

"I have to catch the five-eleven," he said, and his tone was openly contemptuous.

His visitor flushed and gripped his cane.

"I shall not detain you longer," he said. "Good-day."

Heywood's glance followed him through the doorway.

"The rat!" he whispered softly; "the damned rat!"

He folded the paper, closed his desk, and, taking his hat from a peg, walked calmly to the elevator. He was a big man, and he walked like a strong man, though awkwardly.

In the smoking-car of the suburban train the whist devotees greeted him with a shout.

"Bully for you, Jim!" they called, and slapped him on the back. He smiled shyly at their cordiality.

"Thanks, boys," he said, and, dropping into his accustomed seat, took a deck of cards and shuffled them dextrously. "Thank God, a whist-player talks little!" he caught himself thinking, and then, controlling himself, pushed back the thoughts that crowded upon him and played his usual solid game.

The conductor who came for the tickets smiled at him through the haze of cigar smoke. "Glad to hear of your appointment, Mr. Heywood," said he. And between the deals his friends looked upon him in a kindly fashion and asked him an occasional question. But they said little. Among themselves they would say more, he knew, and to their wives, who would congratulate his wife more eloquently. The thirty-five-minute ride had never seemed long to him before.

At the suburban station the carriages and dog-carts lined the platform, and wives and daughters greeted their parcel-laden menfolk. He wished that Helen might meet him so. And why couldn't she now? They could afford a carriage. And at the thought his brain was flooded with the recollection of the thing that might prevent.

His little boy ran to meet him as he turned the corner of his street.

"Well, James Heywood, Junior," he said heartily, as always, lifting the boy for a kiss. But as he spoke the words he winced and set the child down suddenly. "Carry the paper for father," he commanded.

The boy ran ahead, waving the paper. "Papa's come!" he called.

Heywood turned into his own yard. His heart was pounding. He paused and looked over the lawn.

"The grass needs cutting, Helen," he said, and lifted his eyes to his wife, who stood upon the veranda.

She came lightly down the steps and looked up for his kiss, after the manner of suburban wives.

"I'll have the man come to-morrow," she agreed, and they went in to dinner.

He was silent during the meal, forcing himself to smile at the children's prattle. His wife looked at him questioningly now and then, but forebore to speak. He went from the table to the library and sat beside the open window, holding an unlighted cigar in his fingers. He heard the children in the room above at their bedtime frolic, and then his wife entered softly and sat beside him.

"What is the matter, James?" she asked, laying her hand on his. "You are worried about something."

He was slow to reply.

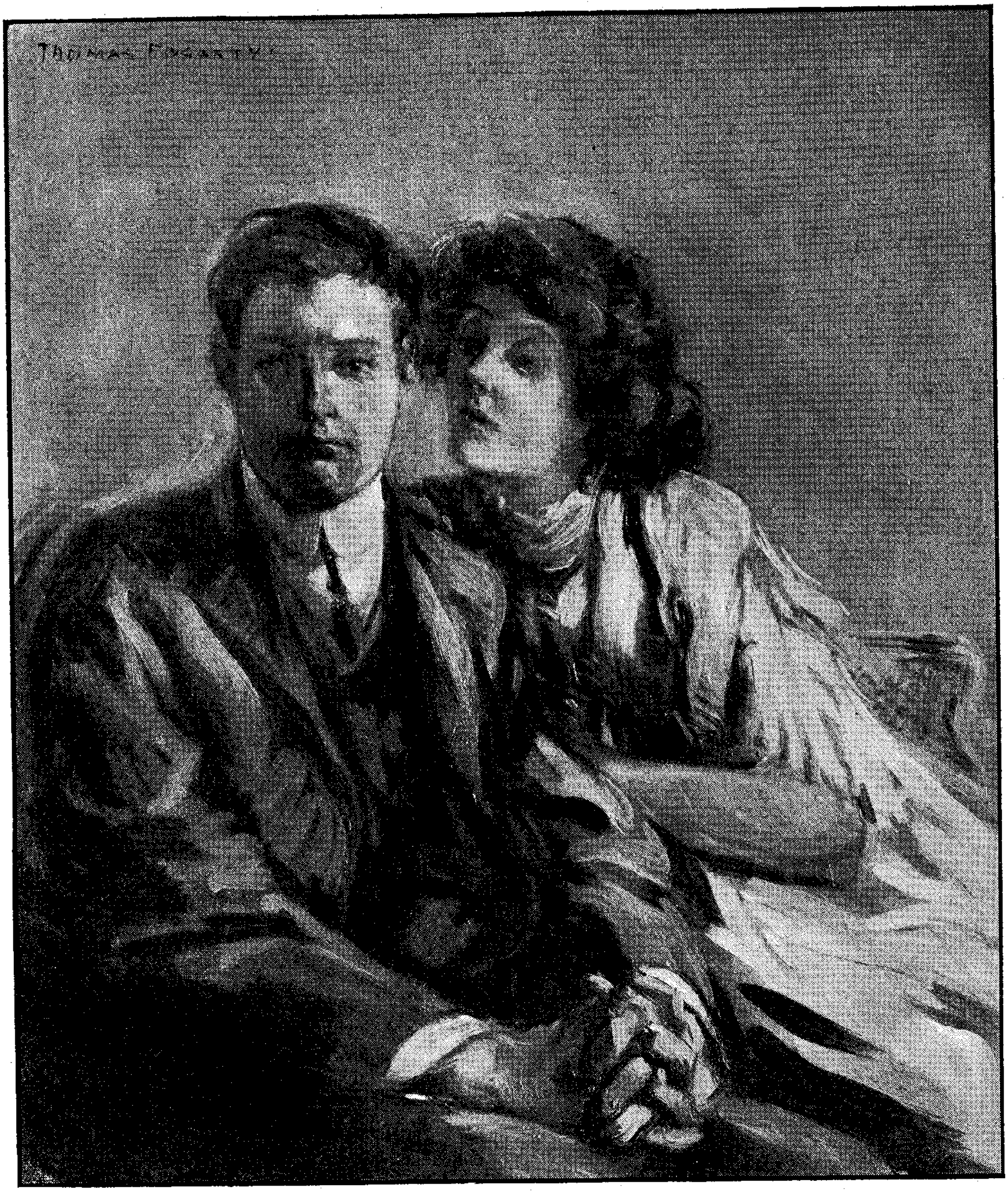
"I have been appointed District Attorney, Helen," he said at last, but his tone conveyed no hint of gratification.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Oh, James, think what it will mean to us! Aren't you glad? Why do you speak of it in that tone? Don't you want to be? Is the work too hard?"

He cleared his throat.

"It isn't that, Helen," he answered with an effort. "I want the position. But— I must tell you something I had hoped never to tell. You—will perhaps think less of me because of it. And it is not that alone."

"Tell me," she said; and her tone was confident. "I am not afraid."



"WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?" SHE CRIED. "DON'T YOU TRUST ME ENOUGH?"

He paused again, and turned his face away from her toward the open window and the gathering twilight. Then he spoke slowly:

"When I began my practice, and was just like any other struggling young lawyer, I had what I thought to be the good luck to be retained by a big business house in some small cases. I handled them to their satisfaction, and was given more and more work as a consequence. Finally they engaged me in an affair that involved the sharpest sort of practice. They took advantage of their position to rob a rival firm. It was robbery, though the methods were technically legal. I knew it to be so, and I was asked to carry on the affair in my own person. I hesitated, and then I did as they wished. I have no defense to make of my action. But afterwards I thought the matter over and decided I had done wrong. So I severed my connection with them."

He stopped, as though in an appeal to her for understanding.

"It is what I should have expected of you," said she.

He went on quietly, half meditatively:

"It is curious, but, as I think of it now, that one false step was a very good thing for me. It prevented others, and, I suppose, I developed a conscience because of it. Sometimes it seems to me it was almost providential. My eyes were opened, and ever since I have been careful to enter upon business only when it was honest and aboveboard. If that were all it led to, I should not be altogether sorry because of it; or, if sorry, grateful, too.

"Helen," he turned to her, and his voice was earnest, "if I had not thought that act was past and done never to be repeated, I should never have married you, much as I should have cared. You will believe me in that? I had no thought that what I had done could ever touch you or be brought to injure me. It was seemingly buried, as so many worse things are buried, forever. But some years ago, long after we had been married and the children had come to us, I found that a man who is my enemy had chanced upon that sin of mine and was prepared to use his knowledge to hurt me. And then I knew what it is to suffer for a sin, to suffer in the fear of publicity, not for one's self so much as for others. The threat of that has been held over me, and the fear of it has always been with me to destroy my sense of security and our happiness."

"Why didn't you tell me?" she cried. "Don't you trust me enough? Did you think I would blame you or think less of you? It was my right to share it with you."

"It was not right for me to let you share it," he answered, gravely. "It was mine to bear alone, a just punishment. I don't rebel against that—the pain of it. But it was more than that. It made me afraid. It did not become easier to bear with time, but harder, and then I knew that I was becoming a coward, losing my true self, and that the only course open to me was to force publicity and to face the consequences. That is why I accepted this appointment. I did not dare refuse even for your sake and the children's. Do you see why? It isn't ambition; it's to save my self-respect."

His voice revealed to her the weary struggle that had been waged within him. She caught his hand in both of hers with a little cry, and then, leaning towards him with a fierce movement, pressed his head against her breast.

"You should have told me," she said. "It wasn't right for you to bear it alone."

"You forgive me, Helen?" he asked.

"Don't I know what you are?" she cried. "Oh, it isn't fair that you should suffer for what is over and done with. Who could do such a thing? Who is it that threatens you? Why does he do it?"

"I don't know why," he answered, "except that he hates me and I him— I shouldn't say that. I dislike him for his hatred of me. His name is Boyd, a lawyer."

"Boyd?" she said, in a low voice; "Henry Boyd? Not Henry Boyd? Not that man?"

"Do you know who he is?" he asked, in surprise. "I didn't know I had ever spoken of him."

Her silence chilled him.

"What is it, Helen?" he demanded.

For answer she snatched away her hand and pressed it to her eyes.

"I can't believe that; no, not that!" she cried.

"Why—" he began, bewildered.

"I should have told you," she wailed, "but I put it off. Forgive me, forgive me!"

She knelt beside him and seized his hands. Puzzled, he looked down at her face, pale in the gloom.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, softly.

"I knew him once," she said, with an effort, as though the words were forced from her. "I—I was engaged to him. It was before I knew you. I meant always to tell you, but I was ashamed, and afterwards it seemed so far away and unimportant that it didn't matter."

His silence frightened her.

"I didn't care for him. I knew that after a time—when I met you—and I broke the engagement."

His hands were hot with her tears.

"Helen," he said, in a queer voice, "aren't you an absurd girl? Did you think I would mind—be jealous of him?"

"No; not that," she laughed hysterically, from relief. "But I was ashamed of myself. I don't know how I ever could have done it."

He lifted her to his knee and pressed her head to his shoulder.

"So that's your secret?" he laughed. His tone became serious. "The poor, pitiful little devil!" he said, softly. "So that's why he hated me? No wonder."

"But it's my fault," she gasped, "that he has hounded you. It must be for that he wants to injure you. I am to blame."

He laughed happily.

"You are quite absurd, Helen," he said. "That doesn't explain it. How can it be your fault?" he added, gravely. "It is mine."

"He would not follow you but for that," she protested. "I know him. He is cruel and hard, and he never forgives. Tell me you forgive me, James. You do, don't you?" she pleaded.

"There is nothing to forgive," he answered, simply. "We aren't boy and girl, Helen, to be jealous of things past and done, you and I. We have been too close. What can such a thing matter?"

She turned her head to look up at him.

"You are generous," she said. "A woman would not forgive so easily. But I am the cause of your misfortune. I know it. You can't deny that."

"You are an illogical little person," he said, tenderly. "Don't think of it again. Boyd may only have wished to revenge himself at first, but he has developed a healthy dislike of me for my own sake. It isn't merely revenge. Isn't it pitiful to waste a lifetime in such a petty thing as that? I can feel sorry for him."

"I cannot," she cried. "He is a miserable, contemptible coward!"

"There, there." He kissed her. "I think I shall go early to bed, for I have something important to do in the morning, and I wish to be fresh."

He lay awake a long time, listening to the rustle of the window curtain and watching the ray of moonlight slowly shorten on the floor. He thought of his wife's desire to take the burden of his fault upon her shoulders. It was illogical, but it was characteristic and touching. He knew that for her his sin was forgotten—effaced by that confession of youthful mistake, so difficult in retrospect to justify or explain. What could she have ever seen in Boyd to excite even a momentary infatuation? he wondered. It seemed quite as inexplicable as the sudden impulses that lead men to acts of violence—one of the mysteries of a universe not always rational. Her fear of his jealousy caused him to smile again tenderly. Life had given them too much for jealousy ever to be a possibility. And for this happiness it was not too much to pay the cost of the suffering that must come. This too would be forgotten in time, like the keen pain of childhood.

He drifted lightly into sleep, light of heart.

In the morning he awoke with the not unpleasant sense of impending duty, of a task devoid of difficulty, a matter only of the will, and free of mental speculation. He dismissed the thought of it. At breakfast he noted with pleasurable keenness the solicitude in his wife's eyes. The mutual confession of the evening previous had somehow brightened the luster of a life dulled somewhat by domestic happiness and familiar content. His wife had not looked so at him for years, since the first days of their married life. Now they seemed again not as a married couple accepting each other as inevitable, but as lovers alert each to the other's presence and sensitive to an unspoken interchange of emotion. When he kissed her at parting, it was not as usual, merely an agreeable commonplace, but an amorous adventure. He noticed that she blushed—the more because he was aware of it.

Yet that morning, serene of heart, he could not bring himself to his accustomed hand at whist. He evaded his friends and climbed surreptitiously to the rear coach, peopled by unfamiliar faces from a suburb more remote. There he could be alone to think. He wished to face the immediate future; so to imagine what would happen that it would be without the sting of surprise. His fancy pictured the meeting with his friends when he should face them for the first time after the inevitable charge was made public; the constraint of some, the coldness of those upon whom he counted most for kindness and understanding, and the yet more unendurable cordiality of thick-skinned acquaintances who would seize upon the occasion to improve their friendship with him, saying to the world, "This is my good friend to whom I am loyal despite his peccadilloes." A pang of regret keener than any he had yet felt pierced him as he thought, "I am the cause of this." He knew the world sufficiently well to foresee the coldness of friendship in misfortune or disgrace. He did not wish his friends so tried and found wanting. That they should prove, as some of them must, only fair-weather friends, struck him as not their weakness but his misdoing, the penalty for his sin. The consequences upon others of a crime, the seamy side of human nature that it inevitably laid bare, grew formidable as never before, a ripple widening ever. He abased himself in a truer repentance than he had before experienced. The pettiness they would show had him as its cause. It was the duty of a man to bring out only the best in others.

For the first time, too, he saw Boyd as the victim of his sin. How must the spirit of malice and hate have grown in the man all these years, an evil which might have slept on, a possibility never realized had he not called it into being! These were the consequences of a misdeed. It awakened in others meanness and evil, and beyond the hand of the doer, who might even be bettered by it, radiated in an evil influence, boundless, endless, in its possibilities. Not for himself so much as for others was a man bound to the path of rectitude.

He walked to his office softened and humbled. There he opened his mail and again set forth. Boyd should be in his office by now. He sent in his card and waited. He understood that Boyd was keeping him that the suspense might wear upon him. Boyd thought that he had come to plead. But he was without irritation at the delay, and looked out of the window without impatience until the stenographer spoke to him.

Boyd was seated at his desk, and as he looked up for a moment there was, so Heywood fancied, a look of exultation in the man's eyes. Heywood seated himself and waited composedly while Boyd fumbled with the papers on his desk for a few moments. He wheeled at last and leaned back in his chair.

"Well," he said, insolently, "what can I do for you?"

"I have a favor to ask," said Heywood, quietly.

Boyd almost laughed outright, but his face was not pleasant.

"Want to be let off, I suppose," he sneered. "I thought you would change your tune and quit trying to bluff it out."

"It isn't that," returned Heywood. "I ask you to make public the document that you hold against me—now."

His antagonist was puzzled and leaned forward a trifle in his chair.

"Why do you want that?" he asked, suspiciously. "Do you think you are so big now that it won't hurt you, that you can ignore it?"

"I hardly think so much of myself as that." He paused. "Perhaps, to make you understand, I'll have to tell you a bit about myself—if you will pardon me. Ever since I learned that you had that evidence against me I have been afraid—afraid of the consequences of it to my wife and children. It made me a coward, as you, I think, intended that it should. I tell you for your satisfaction that such was the result. Every time I attained a success I thought, 'Now he will make public the letter.' You suggested several times that you so intended. That you did not gave me no security, for I knew that some time you would. So when I received the offer of the attorneyship I hesitated, and then I realized that if I refused the position I should henceforth be good for nothing, a coward, incapable of regaining control of myself, of being a man again. That is why I accepted. And now that I have, I want to face the consequence and have it over, whatever happens. It is a closed book, then, and can die, as in time it will."

"You think," snapped Boyd, "that you can ignore it now; that only the opposition papers will make much of it; that a mere word of denial will suffice. That's your plan, is it?"

"I intend to write a letter to the paper, admitting the fact, not to ignore it," answered Heywood.

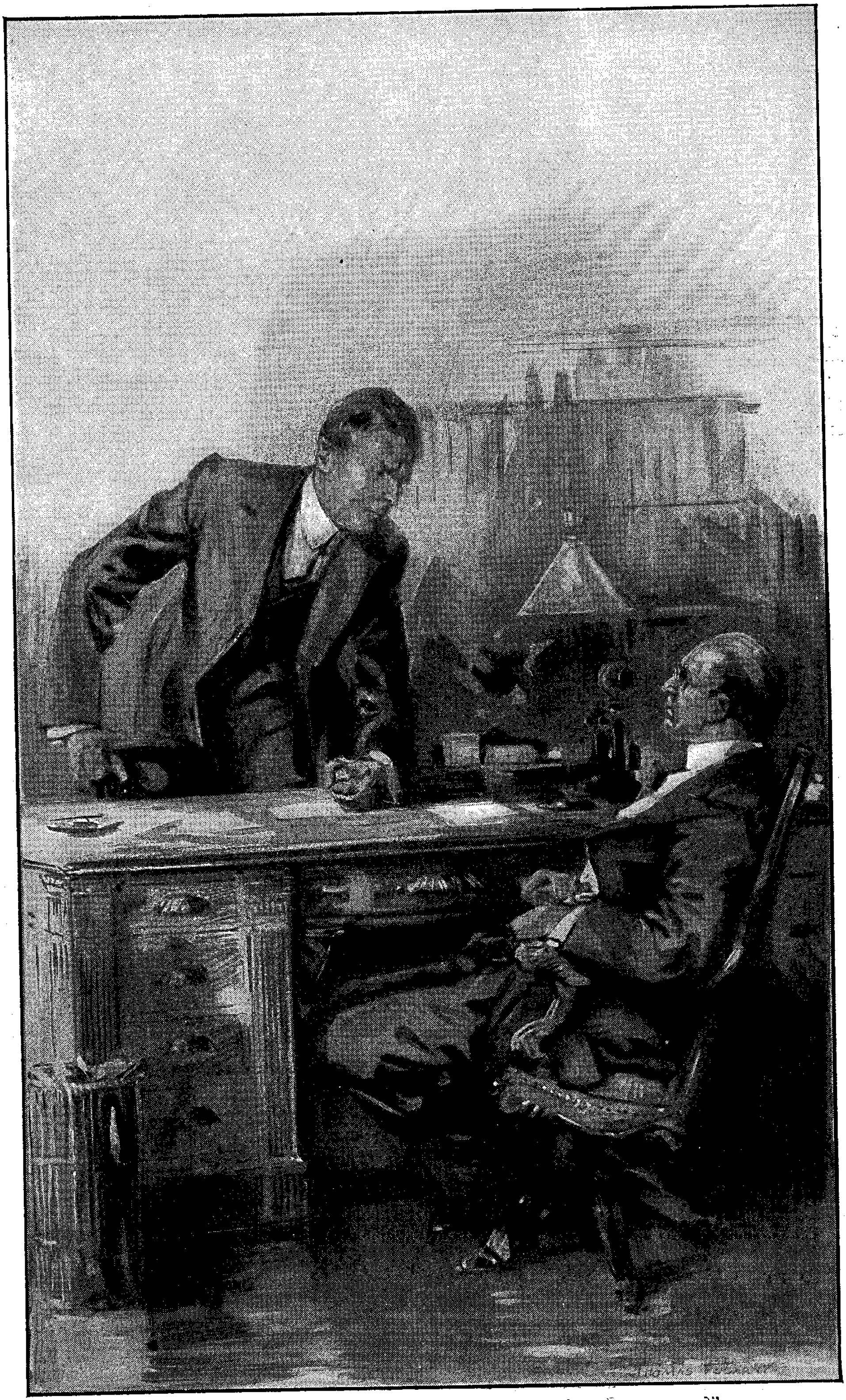
"The best course will be courage. I see," said Boyd, ironically. "I doubt if it will work. People don't overlook things quite so readily, most of them. You've got to pay, I tell you." His voice rose shrilly. "You are a rascal, and it is right that you should pay."

"Then you will publish it at once?" demanded Heywood.

Boyd gulped.

"Suppose I don't?" he quavered. "What if I don't? What if I keep you in fear a while longer, you with your talk of bravery and spirit?"

"I think then you will defeat your own purpose," replied Heywood, judicially. "If I go higher, it will be less effective after a while. I'll have a record to weigh against it. And every year lessens its value because it becomes more remote. A man in public life has always to face accusations, and if he is sufficiently important only his enemies make much of them. It does him good rather than harm. If you want to get the best results, you had better use it now rather than wait." His tone was edged, and Boyd writhed.



"IT'S ROTTING THE SOUL OUT OF YOU—DON'T YOU SEE IT?"

"You talk as though you had never a thing of which you should be ashamed, and as though I were a blackmailer." He laughed harshly. "I like your assurance in putting it as you do. I am doing a public service in showing up a rascal, much as I dislike to do it—for your family's sake, not yours."

"My wife knows,'" said Heywood, calmly. "She wishes it, too."

Boyd reddened.

"It was only for her sake that I put off doing it," he said. "God knows I don't want her to suffer any more than she must suffer every day through you."

"That," replied Heywood, "is not so. I know. I have watched you. You enjoy the very thought of revenging yourself on me. For years you have hugged the pleasure of it."

He leaped to his feet and leaned over the desk.

"For God's sake, man, it is rotting the soul of you! Don't you see it? Don't you know it yourself? Get rid of it for your own sake. Nothing on earth is worth the sacrifice you are making. Have it over and done with. It hurts you more than me."

He turned abruptly and left the room.

Boyd sat as if entranced, staring at the wall. Then slowly he opened the drawer of his desk and drew a worn paper from it. He knew it by heart, but his eye followed the lines mechanically to the signature.

The door opened and a man entered the room. Boyd turned vacantly toward him.

"From the 'Clarion,'" said the visitor, suavely. "I believe you have a document for Mr. Hastings."

"Not now," shouted Boyd in sudden passion, crushing the paper in his hand. "Tell Mr. Hastings," he added, regaining control of himself, "that I'll call him up shortly."

The reporter withdrew, and Boyd slowly smoothed the crumpled paper on his desk. He stared at it, and a look of horror grew in his eyes. He seized a half-smoked cigar and pressed the ash to the paper. The gray fragments crumbled and spilled upon it. With shaking fingers he struck a match and held it to a corner of the paper. The flame crept slowly over it. He laid it upon a metal tray, where it writhed and blackened. With a pen he prodded it to bits, and then, rising suddenly, dashed the fragments at the open window. The breeze caught them and bore them in a flurry over his coat and the papers upon his desk. Then he leaned against the window-frame and slowly drew his handkerchief from his pocket and mechanically mopped the beads of sweat from his forehead, staring the while unseeing at the roofs of the buildings beneath him.

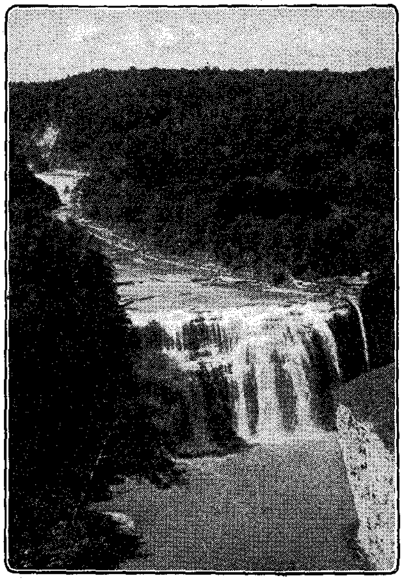
INARTICULATE

BY WANDA PETRUNKEVITCH

Each wildwood scent, of fern, of pine,
The wildwood minstrels, veery, thrush,
Moon-spell and wind and somber sea,
Dawn's vision, twilight's dreaming hush,
The wonder and the mystery,
All Beauty's gifts to men are mine;

Yet, in her lore initiate,
The glory so divinely plain,
In hue or form or wingèd word
Or song, I cannot weave again;
In vain but by her impulse stirred,
Inapt and inarticulate.

And rich in Beauty's treasure stored
That, could I mint in coin of Art,
Would win me laughter, love, and tears,
I Life's sweet traffic watch, apart,
So rich, yet none my bounty cheers,
So poor, who cannot spend my hoard.



New Forests for Old

By Overton Westfeldt Price

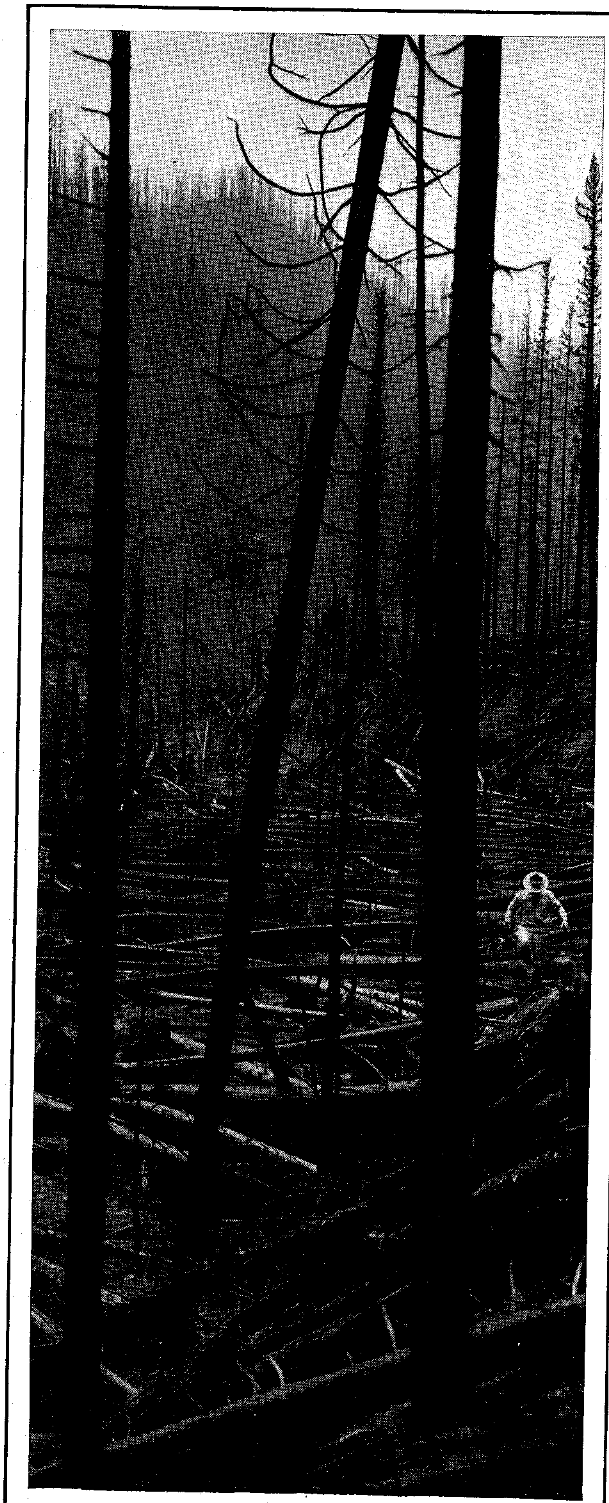
SO far, a total of about one million acres have been planted to forest in the United States. This is largely confined to strips and belts set out to shelter fields and farm buildings from wind and snow; to small plantations for growing fence-posts and fuel; and to the planting, for the most part experimental only, done by the Nation and by the States, upon lands in public ownership.

Four-fifths of these plantations have been made by farmers in the Middle West. There are only a hundred thousand acres of planted forest in the whole East; and in the far West less than half as much.

Many of these plantations are failures, partial or complete, through mistakes made in choosing species and in methods of planting. Probably far less than half the million acres planted to trees can be counted upon to produce commercial forests of important value. The aggregate area of highly successful plantations, established with a well-considered, definite object, and under methods calculated to achieve it fully, is exceedingly small.

Among the States, appreciation of the economic necessity for tree-planting is growing steadily. This finds expression in the increasing number of State Foresters, who give advice to private owners in forest-planting, as well as in other branches of practical forestry, and in the distribution by several States of tree seedlings, grown in State nurseries, at low cost to citizens for planting on their own lands. New York's forest nurseries, which now contain about fifteen million seedlings, are among the best in the world. Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Vermont also grow trees for distribution. Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are facing more and more earnestly the huge task of bringing back the forest upon that wide northern strip from which fire and the careless use of the ax have driven it; an area of several thousand square miles, once covered with growth which for size and value was exceeded only by the giant forests of the Pacific Slope, and now a dreary, useless waste of sand—a man-made desert, with nothing but blackened stumps and charred fragments of great tops to tell of the glories which are gone. Such land, in the main valueless for farming, must remain a burden upon these States until men put trees back where only trees will grow.

These are but instances. Throughout the States the conviction is growing fast that



TWO CENTS PER ACRE PER YEAR FOR PATROL IS INSUFFICIENT FIRE INSURANCE

the need calls for creating forests again on lands where forests once stood, and even where they never stood. This public sentiment for forest conservation is due mainly to the unremitting campaign of education, and of practical example on the National Forests and on private forest lands through co-operation with their owners, carried forward by the Forest Service under the wise and patriotic leadership of Gifford Pinchot. The life of forests now standing is but a day in the life of this Nation. The public appreciation of the benefits of the forest and of how they can be conserved, aroused by first getting the facts and then putting them squarely before the people, is a still greater National asset. That public sentiment, focused to the point of action and maintained and strengthened by the achievement of tangible results, will keep, as nothing else will keep, a wholesome relation between this Nation's wood-lot and its wood-pile.

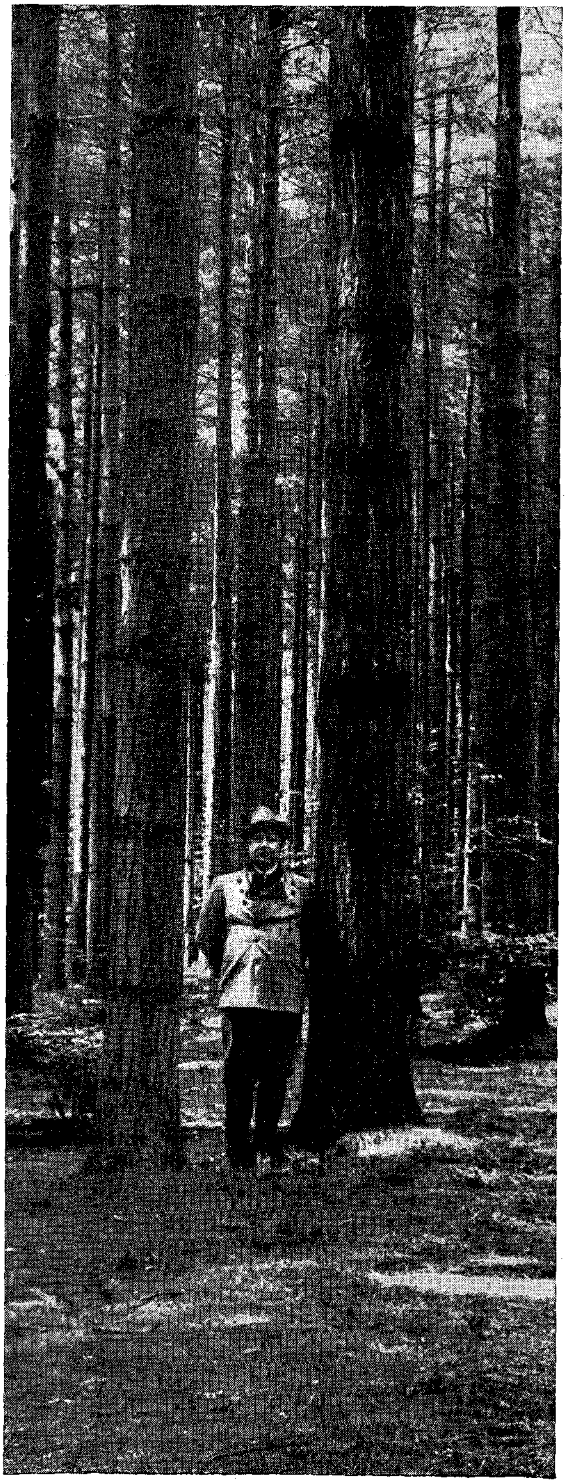
In actual forest-planting upon the public lands the Federal Government has made a good, but necessarily a very small, beginning. Probably not less than ten million acres in the National Forests must be sown or planted to trees if land which belongs to the people is not to remain idle and unproductive. But the sum appropriated yearly for forest-planting in the National Forests is but little more than what the State of New York alone spends upon the care of her forest nurseries and the distribution and planting of seedlings; and, so far, not an acre of forest has been planted by the Nation upon that one-sixth of the United States which lies within the unreserved public domain.

The relation between forest fires and the advisability of forest-planting is a vital relation. Planting trees costs money—seldom below six dollars an acre, and sometimes as high as eight or even ten. To invest in tree-planting without the assurance of efficient fire protection is like building a wooden house and placing no insurance on it. Before we can expect to see tree-planting go forward on an adequate scale in the United States, planted forests must be made safe against fire; and that in turn calls for much more vigorous effort on the part of the Nation, the States, and individual citizens, and for the fullest coöperation between the three.

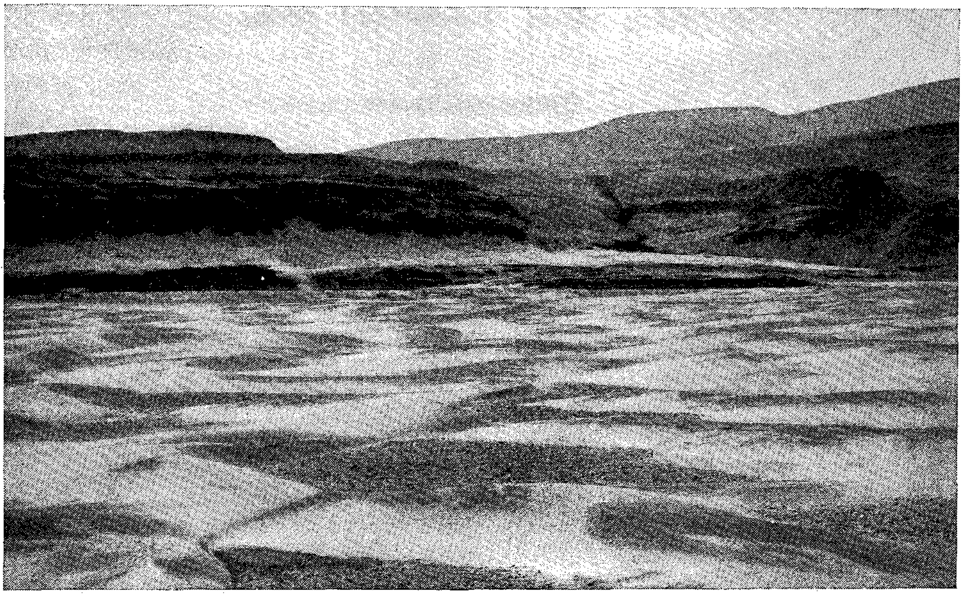
Congress has not only failed to provide adequately for tree-planting on the National Forests; it has not yet made possible the efficient protection from fire of standing timber owned by the people. For the coming fiscal year, which begins July 1, in the middle of the fire season, Congress proposes to reduce by over one million dollars the appropriation of the Forest Service for fighting fires in the National Forests, and, still more important, for preventing them through building telephone lines by which to call fire-fighters together, and trails over which they can reach the fire line.

A year and a half ago, seventy-nine men employed by the Forest Service lost their lives fighting fire in the National Forests, and twelve million dollars' worth of standing timber was destroyed. That was a single payment made by the American people for the failure of Congress to furnish enough money to protect the two billion dollars' worth of tangible resources which the National Forests contain. Seventy-nine lives spent in a struggle against overwhelming odds; enough timber destroyed to furnish five million people with lumber for five years; a sharp, clear lesson to the Nation of the certain cost of lack of foresight.

There are two great truths regarding forest fires: the one, that in spite of excessive drought and high winds in the fire season, a well-organized and adequate fire patrol can still put the fires out while they are small; the other,



EUROPE CUTS MUCH OF ITS TIMBER FROM PLANTED FORESTS



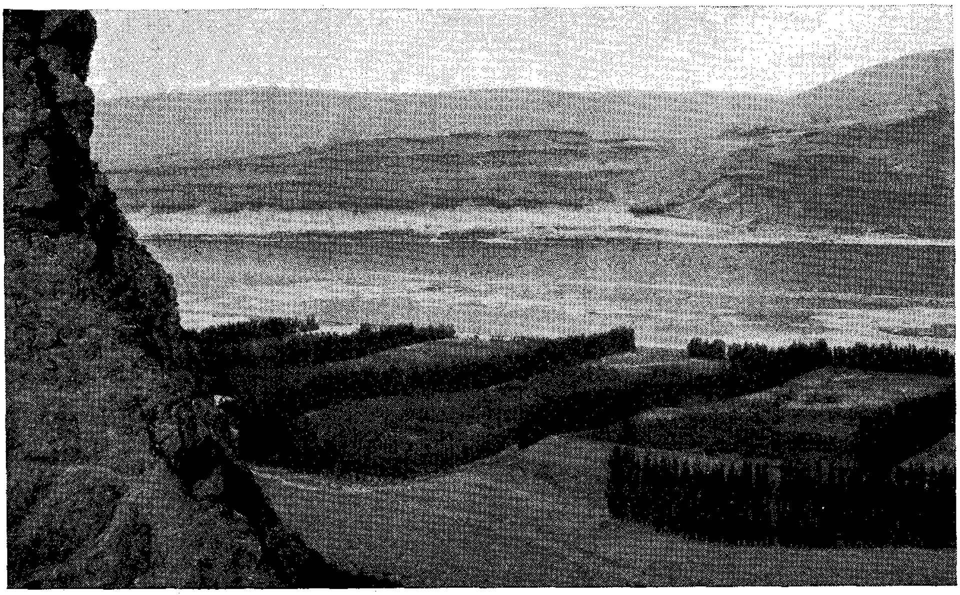
THE SAND DUNES ALONG THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON

that an army is of little use once a forest fire has burned unchecked for a few days, or, when the woods are dry and a gale is blowing, even for a few hours. The man who, with the honor roll of the Forest Service before him—the seventy-nine who died through the effort to save what belongs to the Nation—endangers still more lives and public property through a false standard of economy, through indifference, through spleen against the Conservation policies of Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt, has no place on the fire line, either in the woods or in any other branch of the public service.

Economy? Is it economy to spend less than two cents per acre in trails, telephone lines, and fire patrol for protecting public property worth in timber alone from twenty dollars to four hundred and even five hundred dollars an acre? Is it economy for the Government to spend less for fire prevention than associations of lumbermen find it profitable to spend on their own forest lands under similar conditions in Oregon, in Washington, and in Idaho? Is it economy to pay forest rangers inadequately, and to call upon many of them in the fire season each to do two rangers' work? The measure of economy is efficiency, not political exigency. Votes and support for politician or for party for which the price paid is the people's timber and menace to the lives of men cost too dear.

Even in this twentieth century some men are honest in the belief, and some profess it, that in seasons of excessive drought and strong winds great forest fires are inevitable—the result of a combination of vast natural causes which, like earthquake and storm, are beyond all human control. It would be as unsound, as un-American, and as criminal to class plague and pestilence as visitations, and to ignore the filth which breeds them; to call a famine an act of Providence, and shut the eyes to that lack of forehandedness which may make of one season's crop failure a blow to stagger a nation; to go unprepared against any great emergency; to credit success wholly to our own efficiency, and to charge our failures, according to our phraseology, to the forces of nature, to misfortune, or to God.

I spent two years in the woods in Europe, and I saw in all about three hundred acres of recently burned-over land—a pin-prick of destruction in a great mantle of green, thrifty, well-stocked forest. This is not Germany; of course we cannot achieve all at once a degree of forest protection which she has taken centuries to reach. But Germany has reached it. What Germany has done—and not only Germany, but France, Russia, Switzerland, India, and Japan—we can in the end accomplish; but we shall make no important progress until the people require of Congress



EVEN THESE COLUMBIA SAND DUNES WILL GROW TREES

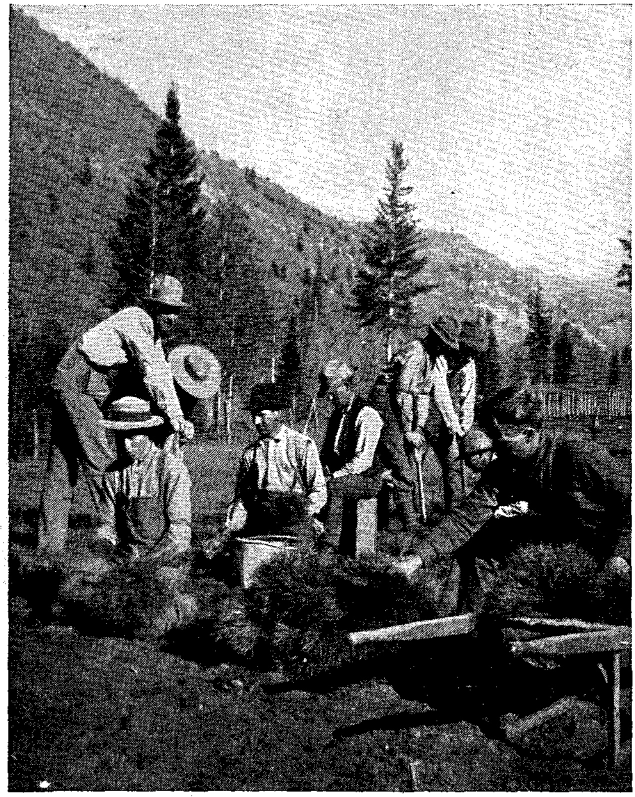
that enough of the people's money be spent in keeping down forest fires to make the people's property safe.

Forest-planting makes a naturally strong appeal to men. There is a fascination in clothing denuded hillsides with forest, in changing the face of nature, in establishing a crop which one's children, or even one's children's children, may enjoy. Men whom planting food crops does not interest will often enthuse over planting trees. But many men fall into certain natural mistakes in considering tree-planting, of which this is one:

"Why should I plant a forest?" sometimes says the landowner, be he lumberman or farmer. "It will take a hundred years at least to grow. No individual can afford to make an investment which yields returns only after a century or so. That kind of thing is all right for the Federal Government, or even for the State, but it won't do for me."

It is true that great oaks from little acorns grow, and that the process may take a couple of hundred years. It is equally true that a young man can plant white pine for box-boards, and harvest a crop by the time he is middle-aged which at present stumpage prices will be worth not less than one hundred dollars an acre, and probably much more. He can plant catalpa for posts when the baby begins to talk, and cut them before the youngster leaves college. And the same youngster can celebrate his graduation by planting cottonwood or silver maple, and turn the plantation into firewood before his age has doubled. As to profits, if Mr. Weyerhauser was correct when he said, "The only mistake I have made in buying timber was when I didn't buy timber," then, allowing for the cost of planting, interest, taxes, and protection, it is probably also true that the lumbermen of the near future will have much the same to say about forest-planting. At present stumpage rates, forest-planting well done, under favorable conditions, is a better investment than any railway stocks, and, given adequate protection from fire, it compares in safety with Government bonds. How much better an investment it will be when the man who plants to-day comes to harvest his crop depends on how much higher stumpage values will climb. They have climbed for the last ten years for important commercial kinds, like yellow poplar, Douglas fir, spruce, and white pine, at from five to ten per cent a year; and there is nothing in sight to indicate any permanent trend in the other direction.

The man who sees beyond the personal equation is apt to say regarding forest-planting as a policy for State and Nation: "Why does this country need more forests? It needs more homes. Let's take care of the



THE FOREST SAVERS IN WASATCH NATIONAL FOREST

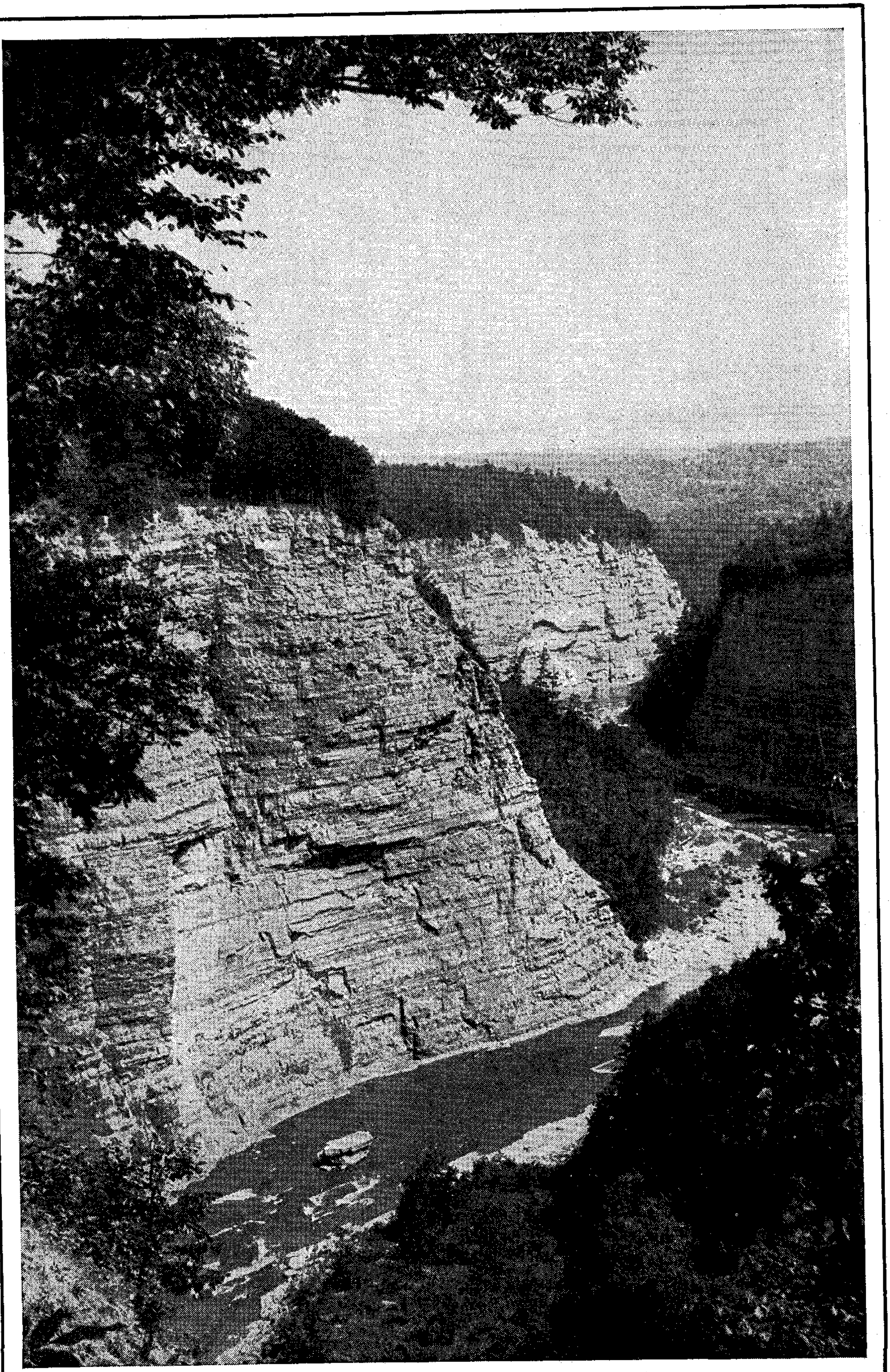
forests we have got instead of planting new ones. Maybe we have forests enough, after all."

And here lies the answer, as I see it. The prime necessity for tree-planting is to make productive those treeless or denuded lands so steep, so nearly barren, or on which so little rain falls that they will grow only trees. When the early settlers landed, this country contained too much forest for men's needs. To-day it still contains enough, were it rightly handled, to grow each year more wood than we now use. But tree-planting is urgently needed to put forests where they should be and to insure a forest distribution in the United States which is in direct accordance with our needs and with the best possible use of the land. That the process of driving back the forests from the level lands to the foothills, and from the foothills to the high mountains themselves, will continue as population increases and farming grows more profitable is inevitable. No man can foretell what will be the distribution of forests in the United States one hundred years from now. Any one to whom this broad subject appeals should read " The Future Use of Land in the United States " (Circular 159 of the Department of Agriculture), by Raphael Zon.

The farmer who cuts down a wood-lot occupying rich valley land, and plants another on a steep slope where trees will grow but which it does not pay to farm, is following the course which this Nation must pursue to put American soil to its best use. The right distribution of forests, not necessarily the extension of the total area under forest, is our National function in forest-planting.

How much land have we in the United States which will grow only trees, and which is now producing little or nothing? No man knows. But men who had all available facts at their disposal have estimated that there are in the whole United States not far short of one hundred million acres which must be planted to forest before it will be productive. Most of this consists of denuded land suitable only for tree growth, which is not reforesting naturally, or so slowly that it may be a century or more before it bears a commercial forest again. The rest is naturally treeless land in the West which should be forested in the interest of conserving stream flow and of a timber supply in the treeless region.

What is needed in order to get a real beginning made upon this urgent work? The education of the people and of their servants, both State and Federal, in the practical advantages of tree-planting is one great need which is not yet fully met. The insistent pressure of demands for wood, which our dwindling forests are less and less able to produce, will help to drive that lesson sharply home, and has already begun to do so. But there are still a good many people in the United States, some of whom are in positions of authority, who are not yet convinced that successful tree-planting on a large scale is practicable;

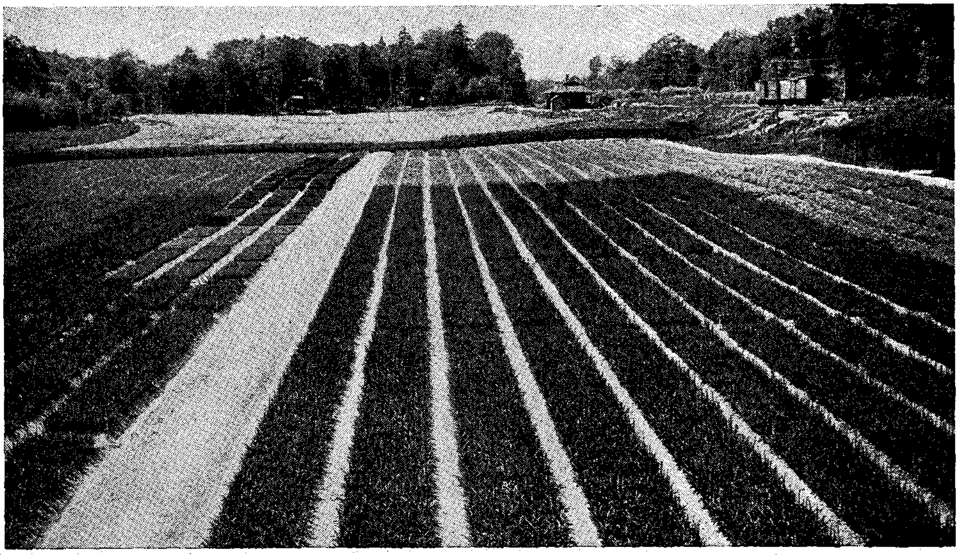


LETCHWORTH PARK

and a much larger number who are convinced, but who do not know how to set about it. In the aggregate, there is a good deal of honest doubt about the practicability of creating forests by planting them. That doubt must be removed, and the most effective way to remove it is by object-lessons.

Three years ago an American gentleman, Mr. Charles M. Dow, of Jamestown, New York, was traveling in Korea. He had always had a keen interest in the world outdoors which feeds and warms and clothes us. A successful banker and a man of large affairs, he had already, as President of the Niagara Reservation Commission, rendered important service to the Nation as the zealous, watchful guardian of the people's interest. And among the wind-swept, desolate Korean hills, centuries ago denuded of the great forests which once covered them, he saw an impressive object-lesson for this country, where the process of forest denudation is still in progress. Out of this lesson grew in his mind the conviction that we need to plant forests in America, that men must be taught how, and that there is urgent need for an American arboretum devoted to growing forests and not merely single trees. And his thoughts turned to Letchworth Park, the beautiful estate of William Pryor Letchworth, known as Glen Iris, on the Genesee River, in southwestern New York. The title to this estate had, two years before, been vested in the State of New York by Mr. Letchworth. But the permanent custody of the property was fixed, in Mr. Letchworth's deed, in the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, of which Mr. Dow is a trustee.

The net result, not merely of Mr. Dow's great idea, but of the clean-cut, comprehensive plan into which he translated it, is the establishment now in progress at Letchworth Park, through the public spirit of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, of the first forest arboretum in the world. Here will be planted blocks of actual forest, each of which will be composed of important commercial trees of one kind, or in mixture. In the not distant future this great experiment, in which I have the privilege of sharing, will, if it succeeds—and the co-operation of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, of Professor Bailey of Cornell, of Mr. Dow, who is Director of the Park, with the eminent counsel and advice of Mr. George B. Sudworth, the dendrologist, insures its success—furnish a permanent and most important contribution to the cause of practical forestry in the United States. It will give the opportunity for any man in search of practical knowledge to see how planted forests grow, how much wood they produce, to learn what it costs to plant them, and to compare the results achieved by forests of different kinds. It will be to the tree-planter what the museum is to the student, the rifle range to the soldier, the clinic to the



ONE OF NEW YORK'S FOREST NURSERIES

CHARLES M. DOW

President of the Niagara Commission and originator of the Letchworth Park arboretum idea

WILLIAM P. LETCHWORTH

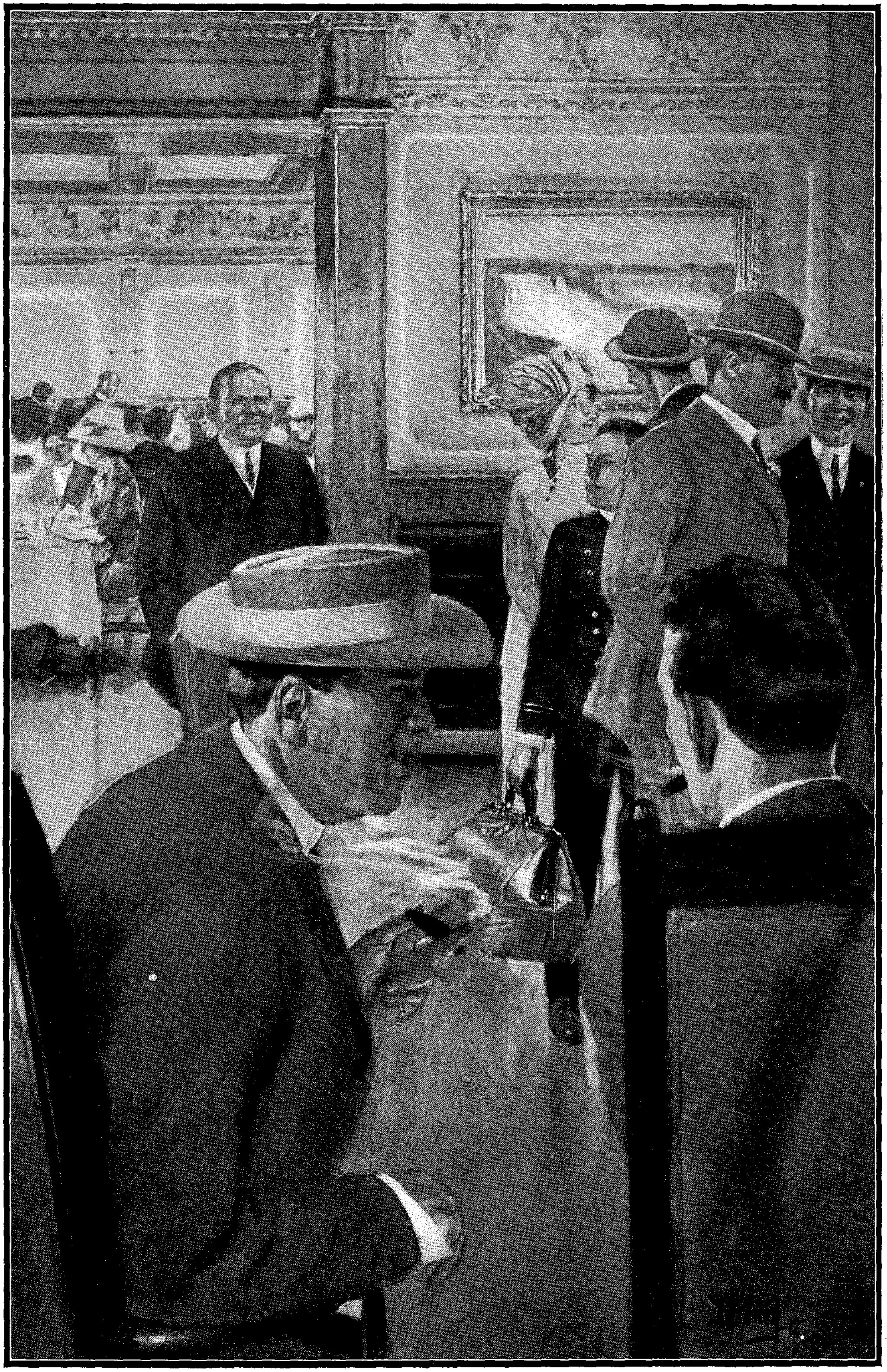
Who gave his beautiful estate on the Genesee River for the first forest arboretum

surgeon—a tangible, available demonstration of principles and results.

Out of Mr. Dow's great idea for the forest arboretum has grown another idea, also his own, for the establishment at Letchworth Park of a school to teach a little-known science called "forest ecology," but one which deals with the fundamental elements of the life all about us; with the relation between the distribution of associated plants and animals, and with the laws which govern it; which strikes deep into those secrets of nature upon which the whole social structure of the plant and animal world is based—a study full of fascination, and equally full of practical suggestion of incalculable value in the conservation of our natural resources. While the Letchworth Park arboretum will provide a demonstration of the results of forest planting for the northeastern region, similar object-lessons are sure to follow, as, for example, in the Southeast, the Southwest, the Rocky Mountain region, and on the Pacific slope. The debt which American forestry owes to Mr. Dow is already a great debt; and the recognition of it will be greater still as the miniature forests in the Letchworth arboretum grow from seedlings to saplings, to poles, and to maturity.

So, to the man who measures the progress of great movements simply by their tangible results already achieved, the development of tree-planting along adequate lines in the United States may thus far be doubtful or even discouraging. But to those who gauge progress also by the opportunity and by the need, who see in an awakening public sentiment an asset far beyond its present achievement, who possess the quality of hope and the conviction that no great economic necessity will in the long run escape the American people—to them the prospect for making a hundred million acres which is now barren America into fruitful America is in the last analysis sure.

These are the three great objects which practical forestry has in view: one, clothing with forests those denuded or treeless lands that are suitable for growing nothing else; another, the perpetuation of existing forests by protection and conservative use so far as they occupy land best suited to forest growth; the third, all practical economy in our consumption of wood through lessening its waste in the woods, in the mill, and in actual use. Every American, in his own as well as in the public welfare, should both stand and strive for all three.



"SAY, BILLY, SATURDAY NIGHT IN A GOOD HOTEL MAKES
A COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT LOOK LIKE THIRTY CENTS!"

Over Sunday at the Hotel

By Elmer E. Ferris

With Drawings by G. C. Widney

I. SATURDAY NIGHT

THE loaded bus backed up into the light that streamed from the hotel lobby. The passengers hurried inside to register. Pete Crowther came in more leisurely, serene in the consciousness that he had wired for a room. The clerk caught sight of him among the arrivals and tapped the bell. "Show Mr. Crowther up to Number 26," said he to the boy.

"Here, son, take my stuff up to the room and bring the key back to the office. I'll go into the wash-room and get a shine."

"All right, Mr. Crowther."

Some one tapped Pete upon the shoulder. He turned and confronted Billy Dawson, a fellow-drummer.

"Hello, Billy! When did you blow in?"

"About an hour ago. Did you get a room?"

"Sure. Number 26, facing the park. How are you fixed?"

"I'm all right—up on the next floor. Come on in to supper, Pete."

"Wait till I wash up and get a shine."

"Over Sunday with us, Mr. Crowther?" greeted the head waiter cordially at the dining-room door.

"That's what. Say, Billy, ain't that Mark Lowden over there by the window?"

"Yes; but let's not go over there."

"Why not?"

"He's too religious—belongs to the Gideons."

"What of it? He's on the level."

"Yes; but he'll talk church. It makes a man uncomfortable."

"Conscience?"

"Maybe; anyhow, I'd hate to be as religious as Mark. It would queer my business."

"It don't seem to queer his. They say he's got a good trade. Hello, Roxy! what would a Saturday night supper be without you to serve it? Bring me a tenderloin steak, medium, fried eggs on one side, hot rolls, lobster salad, Lyonnaise potatoes, corn cakes, and coffee."

"Since when did you go on a diet, Pete?"

"Ever since I was a kid. It's three square meals a day for mine and no Fletcher monkey-work."

Billy's order was more modest. "Bring me some dry toast, a poached egg, a baked potato, and a cup of Oolong tea."

"Why not go the whole length, Billy, and take a glass of malted milk?"

"Oh, that's all right for you healthy yaps to talk, but two years ago I was all in. I couldn't digest a cup of milk. Now I can eat a decent meal and get away with it. It was Fletcher that fixed me up. Just watch me macerate this feed to a liquid."

"Well, I guess there's something in that all right for a fellow who's up against it. But so long as a man's stomach is on the job he'd better not butt in. That's my philosophy."

Returning to the lobby, they settled back for an after-supper smoke.

"Did you ever read 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' Billy?"

"Yes, years ago; but I wasn't stuck on it."

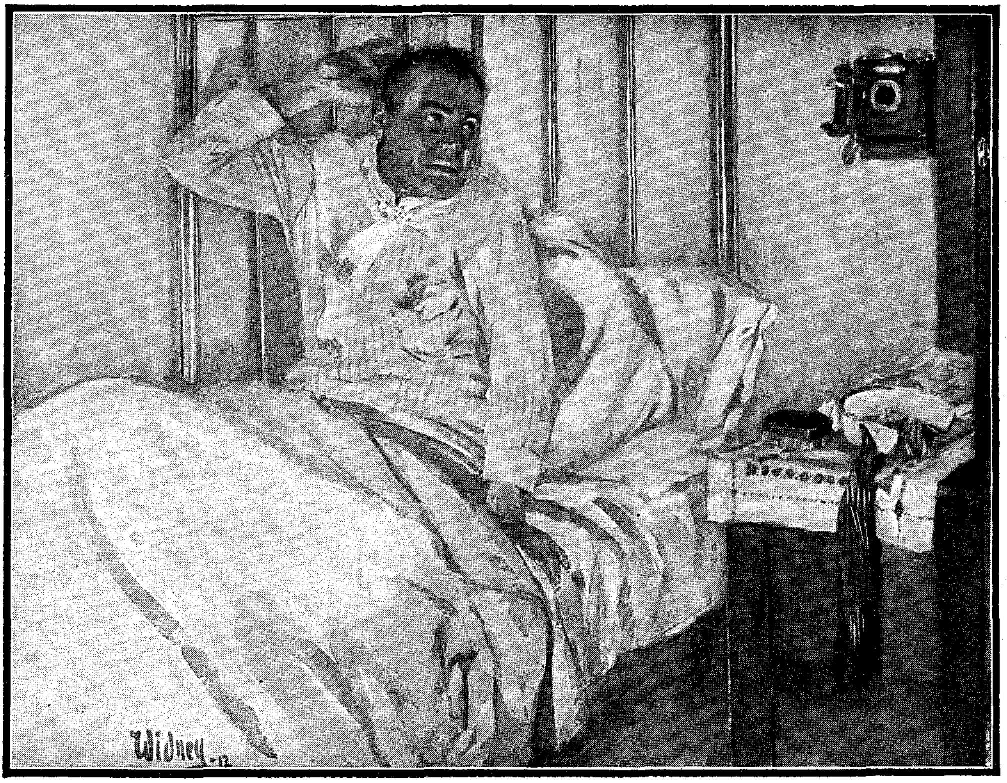
"Why not?"

"Too much prayer-meeting in it. Those old Scotchmen are too sanctimonious. They make me tired."

"Why, that was only incidental. The main point in that story is the Saturday night thing. Here is a man who goes home to his cottage on Saturday night after a week of hard work. One thing that makes Saturday night such a bully proposition is hard work. Take these fellows who don't have to work, and Saturday night looks like any other night to them. It's a great thing to be obliged to hustle all the week. That's what gives tang to Saturday night."

"Yes; but the principal thing about that poem is home—the only place for a white man on Saturday night. One reason why traveling is such a deuce of a job is that it keeps a man away from home so much on Saturday nights."

"Oh, sure; but when I'm six hundred miles away from home and can't help it, then give me Saturday night in a good hotel where I'm acquainted. A hotel, Billy, is like an individual—to appreciate it you must be on



"A MAN LOOKS FIERCE LAYING ABED IN THE DAYTIME"

intimate terms. When you know your hotel, and can go right to the comfortable spots, and everybody in the house knows you and gives you the glad hand, why, Saturday night ain't any such lonesome proposition—not on your life."

Strains of orchestra music came floating in from the dining-room. Groups of commercial travelers were scattered about the lobby joking and chaffing. Uniformed bellboys were hurrying back and forth. The long row of rockers was filled with guests who had just finished supper. The air was radiant with good-fellowship.

"Get on to Tom in his new suit of clothes behind the desk," continued Pete. "Does he enjoy being the main push—does Tom? Just watch that lady come out of the elevator and teeter across the lobby. This is the second time this evening. Yes, sister, we are all looking! See that little dude flashing his Saturday night roll in front of Mabel at the cigar-stand. Everybody is up on their toes as if they had something coming. It's like a country dance just after the fiddlers have tuned up. 'All join hands and circle to the left!' Say, Billy, Saturday night in a good hotel makes a cotter's Saturday night look like thirty cents!"

II. SUNDAY MORNING

The room was large and airy. The bed was wide and clean and springy. The window afforded a spacious outlook upon the park. The morning sun came glinting into the room through the trees. Pete yawned and stretched and opened his eyes. Eight hours of refreshing sleep, and yet he soon found himself debating the question, Shall I or shall I not get up? It is doubtless true that if one would relax in the absolute sense and properly bid defiance to the encroachments of time and tide, he can do no better than to lie abed Sunday morning. Furthermore, that incipient hobo—the relic of our cave ancestry—that exists in every man, and which impels him at intervals to violate conventionality and fling propriety to the winds, finds a normal and comparatively harmless gratification in lying abed Sunday mornings. Pete did not reason this out, but he felt it.

On the other hand, there was the self-respect involved in a Sunday morning shave and shine and clean linen—a remnant of the Sunday ethics of bygone years when one's mother gave his neck and ears an extra scrub and put on a clean collar for church. Then, too, there were the Sunday papers waiting down at the news-stand.

Pete sat up in bed and glanced at himself in the mirror opposite. Unwashed, unshaven, hair disheveled—"Gee, a man looks fierce laying abed in the daytime!" he muttered. He was minded to get up. He looked back at the pillow. The lure of the bed was too strong. He lay down again. "It's bed for mine," he sighed contentedly. But there was breakfast waiting down below: oatmeal and Jersey cream, farm sausages, hot muffins and honey, wheat cakes, and Java coffee! Pete sat up and glanced uncertainly toward his clothes, but once more the bed lured him. He lay down again. Presently a faint pang of hunger stirred him. "I'll be hungry good and plenty before noon," he thought. "Oh, what's the use? It's me for up!" and with a supreme effort of will he kicked off the covering and sprang out of bed. An hour later found him in the lobby sitting with feet upon the brass railing gazing through the plate-glass window up the quiet avenue. He was freshly shaved and brushed. In his mouth was a fifteen-cent cigar, in his hand two Sunday newspapers, and in his heart the peace and quietude of a Sabbath morn.

"How's tricks, Pete?" saluted Mark Lowden as he dropped into the chair beside him.

"Fine. Business is good, and so is my health. How is it with you?"

"Never better. What have you got on for this forenoon?"

"These two Sunday papers. They ought to last till noon if I take a little walk in between."

"Oh, those papers will keep until afternoon. Come on to church with me."

"Why should I go to church?"

"Why shouldn't you go?"

"Because I don't want to. Ain't that a good reason?"

"No. That may be a fact, but it isn't a reason."

"Well, give me one good reason why I should go."

"To help the church and to help you."

"It don't help me any to go to church. These preachers haven't got red blood in them. The things they talk about don't interest me. What do I care about hell-fire or Moses and the Children of Israel? Preachers live back in the first century. I'm living in the twentieth century myself. What I'm interested in is business and baseball and the high cost of living. Honestly, I get more good out of a newspaper than I do going to church."

"You're 'way off, Pete. Say, I'll bet that you haven't been to church in six months."

"You lose. I went with my wife last December—only five months ago."

"Yes. The fact is you don't go often enough to get a line on what the preachers are talking about. You don't hear much hell-fire from the pulpit nowadays, but you do hear more or less about hell—although they may not call it that. There's plenty of hell right near this hotel; in fact, there is some of it in every one of us. Evil is hell. As for Moses and the Children of Israel, I'd like to know where our moral code would be if it hadn't been for them. Whatever honor or truth you find in business or politics comes from our moral standards, and we got most of them from the Ten Commandments. You haven't got any case, old man; you are pettifogging. Come on to church."

"Nit. That sermon you just preached is all I need to-day. You stay here with me. Come up to my room and have a good cigar and I'll let you look at these pictures of the 'Katzenjammer kids' and 'Henpecko the Monk.'"

"No, I'm going to church. I'll see you later."

III. SUNDAY EVENING

The hotel lobby was nearly deserted. Pete listlessly tossed away a half-smoked cigar as Mark Lowden halted before him and asked how the day had used him.

"Oh, so so," yawned Pete.

"Isn't it queer how Saturday night holds it over Sunday night?" said Mark. "And yet it ought to be just the other way."

Pete shook his head. "Nix; how do you figure that out?"

"Why, Sunday ought to refresh a man and brace him up. The trouble is right here: In the first place, the average man eats more than he needs on Sunday."

"Twice as much," admitted Pete.

"And then he smokes more than usual," continued Mark.

"Three times as much."

"Then he spends the best part of the day saturating his mind with a double dose of politics, athletics, and crime out of the Sunday papers, and sits around the house or hotel most of the day, and, as a result, when evening comes he feels—"

"Rotten!" volunteered Pete.

Mark smiled. "You put it stronger than I intended. I was going to say he feels restless and discontented."

"But it's that way with everything," protested Pete. "There's always more fun before than after. That's true of a ball game or a show or a summer vacation, as well as Sunday—it's human nature."

"Not necessarily. If on Sunday a man would brace his body up with fresh air and moderate, wholesome food, and would occupy his mind with better thoughts and higher ideals by coming into contact with people of moral earnestness, and—"

"Go to church three or four times and stay there most of the day," interrupted Pete in disgust.

Mark laughed good-naturedly.

"No; we will just say go to church once and to Bible school once and—"

"Not on your life! That kind of a Sunday would certainly get my goat. You like that sort of thing, Mark, but I don't—nothing in it for me."

"Say, Pete, here's a proposition. I'll go to church with you this evening, to any place you select, and if you don't admit afterward that it did you good I'll set up a fifty-cent cigar."

"BY THAT TIME I GOT INTO THE PUSH MYSELF"

"I'll go you!" cried Pete, springing to his feet. "There's everything to win and nothing to lose. Come on."

The following afternoon Pete met Billy Dawson on the train. "Where were you last evening?" asked Billy. "I didn't see you around the hotel."

"No; Mark Lowden stumped me to go to church. He said he would go to any place I might pick out, and if I didn't agree afterward that it did me good, he would put up a fifty-cent cigar, so I called him on it and we started out. You know that big church at the corner below the hotel; well, we stepped into the vestibule and looked inside. There was a small bunch of stylish-looking people and lots of empty seats—a frosty proposition. I told Mark that he wouldn't get a run for his money in there, so we went on down the street to the next church. That one was pretty well filled. A lot of young fellows were ushering, and back of the pulpit in the choir loft some fellows were tuning up their violins and 'cellos and getting out their cornets—they had a regular orchestra, and about one hundred young people in the choir. You could see that there was going to be something doing. A choir-leader come out and started some lively songs, and pretty soon he got everybody to going. Things began to get so warm that I expected he was going to call for 'Alexander's Rag-Time Band,' but he switched over on to old hymns that everybody knew, and by that time I got into the push myself. Then the leader sung a solo, and he was a crackajack singer, too. You take some of these church singers, and the only difference between them and Mary Garden is that they've got more clothes on and can't sing so well, but they sing to show off and you can't understand a word they say. This fellow was different. He wanted you to hear the words as well as the music. The song was called 'Why Not You?' It was about people who had done hard things and got their bumps trying to help others, and every verse ended up with the question, 'Why not you?' Before he got through he had that question up against the crowd all right, and the music rubbed it in.

"The preacher was one of those cadaverous-looking guys, and when he first come in I didn't take much stock in him, but as soon as he started the sermon you could see that he had the goods. The trouble with some preachers is they don't go to it. Why, if you and I should talk our line of goods the way they talk theirs we wouldn't sell a bill in a thousand years; but this man got right at you."

"What did he preach about?" asked Billy.

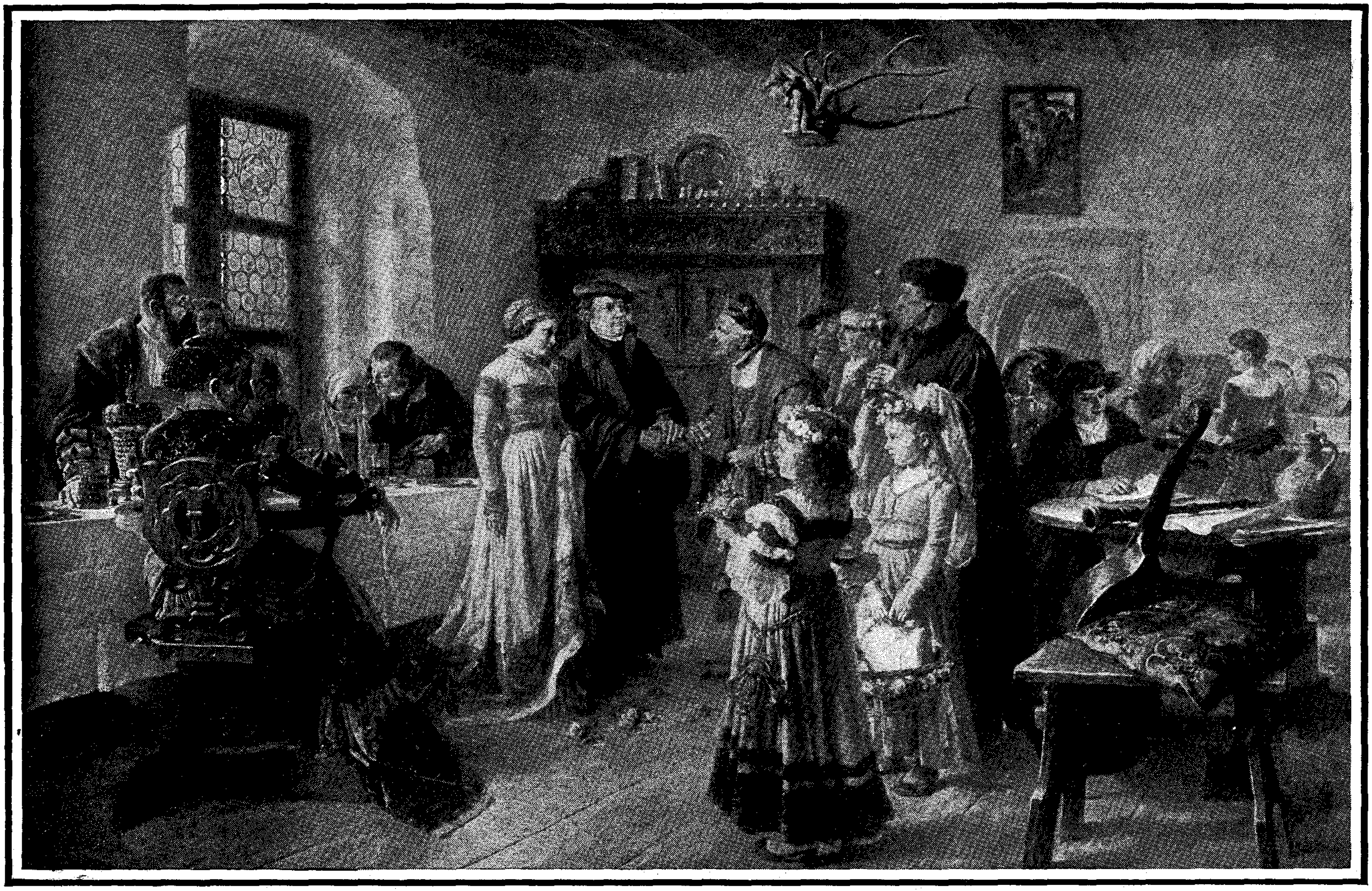
"He called it 'The Cost of Character.' He claimed, first, that character was the whole thing. He went on to show that nobody but a man of character can stand up in front of himself. The way he described how a man keeps hauling himself up on the mat when he's alone, and what it means to lose your self-respect—well, it was warm stuff. Of course, when a preacher comes across with that proposition the way he did there ain't anything else to it. Then he showed that the only thing we really respect in other men is character, and he made it so plain that you couldn't get past it. Before he got through with that character business he had me feeling about the size of a peanut, and I looked around at the crowd and saw he was getting their goat too. The fact is, Billy, a preacher has got something on every congregation he talks to, and if he knows how to put it over so they will just naturally see it, why, it's all off—they've got to sit and take it without any kick coming. He had something on me all right."

"I don't like that kind of preaching," said Billy. "I like to feel comfortable when I go to church."

"Yes; but when you deserve a biff on the jaw, you've got to respect the man that hands it to you. But that wasn't all of his sermon—in fact, he had only just begun. He went on then to point out what it costs to be a man of character. He talked about poverty and saloons and child labor and fifty-seven other varieties of deviltry that must be fought and cleaned up by somebody, and he took the ground that men of character simply must get into the push, because that's what character means—to put yourself at the service of others. He was dead right about that, too. It's like this, Billy. Take a couple of fellows like you and me; we work hard and sell goods and take care of our families and keep our bills paid and on election day we go and vote what we think is the best ticket, but what are we doing for society outside of our families? Are we trying very hard to make the world any better? Not on your life! Well, he ended the sermon with a regular volley of cases of men like Paul and Luther and Abraham Lincoln—men who had put their lives in for the common good—and when he got through nobody felt like moving. When we got on the sidewalk Mark said, 'Well, there was red blood in that sermon,' and I had to admit that it was a corker."

"Did you take the cigar?" asked Billy.

"Nit!"



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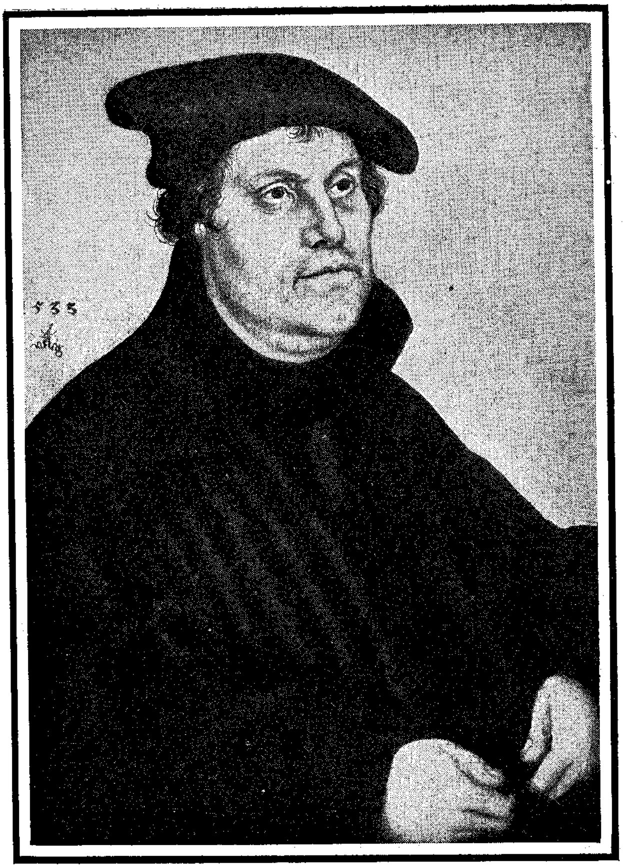
THE WEDDING OF MARTIN LUTHER AT WITTENBERG
From the Painting by K. Weigandt

THE REAL LUTHER

BY

LYMAN ABBOTT

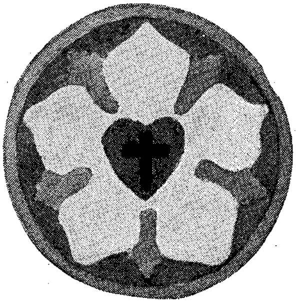


MARTIN LUTHER

From the painting made in 1526 by Lucas Cranach
This is considered Luther's best portrait

THE biographies of Martin Luther by Dr. McGiffert and by Dr. Henry Preserved Smith supplement each other. Dr. McGiffert's is more historical; Dr. Smith's more biographical. Dr. McGiffert presents Luther more as a theologian, teacher, and reformer; Dr. Smith more as a striking, powerful personality. Dr. McGiffert has as the preparation for this volume a life devoted to the study and teaching of religious history; Dr. Smith, two years of special preparation in the libraries of England, Germany, France, and the United States. Both volumes are a valuable addition to scholarship; both volumes are written with a clarity of style and an understanding of the persons and issues involved which make fascinating reading. The motto on Dr. Smith's title-page would be equally applicable to Dr. McGiffert's: "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." Both biographies, though from somewhat different points of view, give to us the real Luther. In the place of the demigod whom Protestants have been taught to reverence as almost the founder of their faith, we have a big, burly, somewhat rough, sometimes vulgar German, with a clear mind, an almost Puritan conscience, a warm heart, a love of his country, a love for his fellow-man, a great love for the Church of Christ, which survived his conviction that the organization of his childhood was not that church, and withal a good fighter, with a bitter hatred for shams and false pretense of every description, a devotion to truth as he sees the truth, and a courage of his convictions which would have taken him to the martyr's stake if the times had been unpropitious for reform. In brief, he is a big sun with some big spots, the spots not to be ignored. But he is to be measured by the light which he gave to the world, not by the spots which somewhat obscure that light.

A doctrinaire may be defined as one who, being possessed by some masterful conviction, follows it in disregard of the conditions of his time and of the consequences it may bring upon him or upon others. An opportunist may be defined as one without strong convictions, who goes whithersoever the circumstances of his time may chance to lead him. A reformer is neither a doctrinaire nor an opportunist, but combines some-



LUTHER'S COAT OF ARMS

thing of the qualities of both. He is possessed by a strong conviction, to the maintenance of which he consecrates his life, but he takes account of the circumstances and conditions of the time and adjusts himself to them in the propagation of his doctrine. The doctrinaire may be compared to a man who starts out to row up a stream and disregards wind, current, and tide, imagining that the shortest way will give the quickest journey; the opportunist, to a man who goes to row whithersoever the wind, tide, and current may take him, having no objective point which he wishes to reach; the reformer, to a man who starts with an objective point, never abandons it in his purpose, but is ready to pursue a circuitous course in reaching it, and takes advantage of wind and tide and current in his journey. William Lloyd Garrison was a doctrinaire, Stephen A. Douglas an opportunist, Abraham Lincoln a reformer; Mazzini a doctrinaire, Napoleon III an opportunist, Cavour a reformer.

Martin Luther was one of the great reformers in the world's history. He was mastered by a passion for religion, but he adapted himself to the circumstances and conditions of the time, in his endeavor to promote religion. By religion I mean what Max Müller means: "The perception of the Infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of man." Martin Luther had a perception of the Infinite, and it was so manifested to him through the Church, the Bible, the life of Christ, and his own personal experience, that it not merely influenced, it dominated his whole character and controlled his whole life. This is not to say that his perception was always accurate; no perception of the Infinite is always accurate. But it was a real, vital, and controlling perception. The supernatural was to him no theory to account for phenomena. God was to him no hypothesis to explain the creation. He lived in the supernatural. God was to him the Great Companion. This experience must be understood if we would understand his character. The reader must, at least in imagination, sympathize with "Ein' Feste Burg," Luther's hymn of the Reformation, if he would understand Luther:

"A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour.
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle."

This faith in Emmanuel, God with us, was Luther's master passion. To put this faith in the hearts of others, to bring them into personal relation with their Father, was the predominant object of his life. Whatever he thought interposed itself as an obstacle between the souls of the people and the Great Companion he hated with a perfect hatred and fought with a passionate courage. In doing so, he took account of his time and adjusted his attack on the religious shams of that time accordingly. He took the world as he found it, but he had no idea of leaving the world as he found it.

His parents belonged to the peasant class, and in the early years of the household the mother, like others of her class, went out to the forest to gather fuel for the hearth. But they were not ordinary peasants. The father was a miner, and became before his death the proprietor of two furnaces and the possessor of his home. From this father Luther inherited something of his independence of the Church; for it is said that when a priest urged the father at a time of critical illness to make his peace with God by giving money to the Church, he replied: "I have many children; I will leave my property to them, they need it more." If from his father Martin Luther inherited a stalwart and practical faith, from his mother he inherited a sensitive and sometimes superstitious imagination. If in the reformer were mingled the doctrinaire and the opportunist, in the man were mingled the stalwart courage and resolute purposefulness of his father and the tender, affectionate, and sensitive imagination of his mother.

He was destined for the law by his father, and made a good beginning in his preparation; but he was destined by his own God-given nature for the ministry. His passionate desire to escape the wrath of God and come into harmonious relations with him drove him into monastic life, almost against his will, and quite against the will of his father. The terrific thunder-storm which has been sometimes accounted as the reason for his conversion was only the occasion. In his monastic life the same passion for religion prevented him from accepting the conventional standards of the monastery. "He was beset always with anxiety lest he was not doing enough to propitiate an angry Deity, and he knew nothing of the delight of quiet meditation upon spiritual things and intimate fellowship with the gracious God. The harder he tried to take the divine favor by storm, the greater became his despair. . . . At the time he said his first mass he was so overcome with dread lest he make a mistake in word or gesture, and thus commit a mortal sin, that he almost fled from the altar." This same devotion for religion drove him to the study of the Bible, which he pursued with such diligence that he afterwards said he knew it from cover to cover, and could tell exactly where every passage was to be found. It was this also which led him to welcome with enthusiasm the opportunity given to him at twenty-eight years of age to visit Rome, a journey made on foot and lasting, including the four weeks in Rome, five months.

Rome was not then, and is not now, to one who is open-eyed and open-minded, a holy city. Nowhere are the forms of devotion more apparent; nowhere is the spirit of devotion in the forms less apparent.

In after life Luther recorded his impressions of this visit to Rome in terms of bitter criticism. But he was too devout a Roman Catholic then to be impressed by the formalism of the services he attended. "He was," says Dr. McGiffert, "more devotee than sightseer, and the greater part of his stay in Rome was spent in visiting churches and other sacred places and in performing acts of religious devotion. He climbed on his knees the Scala Santa, reputed to have been brought from Pilate's palace in Jerusalem, where it was trodden by Christ at the time of his trial, and the ascent of which insured years of indulgences to the pious and believing pilgrims. . . . He even wished his father and mother were dead, that he might be able to release them from purgatory by his penitential exercises."

At the end of this visit he returned to his university work at Wittenberg as devout a member of the Roman Catholic Church as ever. He was, it is true, a reforming preacher, but only as other priests before him and about him were reforming preachers, attacking practical abuses which had grown up in the Church, but without any notion of attacking the Church itself in which those abuses existed. But he had even then the reformer's intellect and the reformer's conscience. The refinements of scholastic theology did not interest him. He was interested only in practical life and in vital truth; that is, in truth which has some relation to life. His interest was in men and their ways, not in philosophies or abstractions of any kind; and his interest in men and their ways was a moral and religious interest. His desire was to improve the character of the students, to develop better relations between the students among themselves, and, above all, to bring to them that companionship with God which was the secret and the joy of his own life.

What first severed him from the Church was a vicious use of a corrupted form of the doctrine of indulgences. Such a use would not now be permitted by the Roman Catholic Church, and the corrupted form of the doctrine on which that use was based has been long since disavowed by the Church.

"Looking back upon that period," says Dr. McGiffert, "Catholics of to-day are as severe as Protestants in their condemnation of the situation, and, while indulgences are still given under certain conditions, granting them for money was long ago prohibited, and has since been unknown in the Catholic Church."

What is the Roman Catholic doctrine of indulgences?

All wrong-doing produces a twofold injurious effect; it estranges the wrong-doer from those who are possessed by a passion for righteousness, and it injures the character of the wrong-doer himself. We may criticise the mother when she says to her sullen and rebellious child, "Mother cannot love you when you do so;" yet what the mother says represents a real and vital truth. She may still love her child, but her feeling toward him is not the same that it is when he is loving and obedient to her. This sulky rebellion does not, however, merely thus estrange him from his mother; it also destroys his happiness and for the time being corrodes his character. If now he ceases to be rebellious and sullen and comes back to his mother in a penitential mood, she, if she be a true mother, will readily restore him to her confidence and her affections. The estrangement is over on her part as soon as it is over on his. But she may still impose some discipline upon him in order to prevent a recurrence of the wrong-doing and correct the spirit from which the wrong-doing has proceeded. This discipline is not, strictly speaking, punishment; at least it is no expression of her disapproval of the child. It is an expression of her desire for his highest and best welfare.

All Christian theologians, Protestant and Roman Catholic, believe that wrong-doing in a similar manner estranges the soul from God, and that when the soul is repentant the estrangement ceases and the repentant wrong-doer is taken back into the old affectionate relationship between himself and his Father; and all Christian theologians, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, also believe that this restoration to his Father's affection does not prevent evil consequences from coming upon the wrong-doer, not as an expression of the Father's disapproval, not as a punishment, but as a means for the correction of the defect in character; that is, as a discipline.

The Roman Catholic Church out of this philosophy has evolved a doctrine and practice of penances, and in connection with them a doctrine of purgatory. When the penitent confesses his sins to the priest and gives to the priest satisfactory evidence of the sincerity of his contrition, the priest has power to pronounce absolution and to declare to the penitent that he is forgiven; that he is no longer in danger from the wrath of God; that the estrangement between himself and his Father is gone; that he is restored to his Father's favor. But this does not exempt the penitent from discipline; and penances are imposed by the priest, never upon the impenitent, but only upon the penitent; never as a means of satisfying God's justice or appeasing his wrath, but as a means of curing the penitent of his sin and perfecting his character in holiness. And, since it is quite evident that the discipline of this life is not sufficient to perfect the repentant in holiness, the Roman Catholic Church believes and teaches that this necessary discipline is continued in another life. The state in which it is continued is called purgatory. Thus penance, prescribed by the priest in this life, and purgatory in the life to come, are supposed to be essential, not to purchase the favor of God, but to complete the cure of the child of God after he has been restored to God's favor.

The penance thus prescribed to the penitent may take on various forms. Some inconvenience or discomfort may be imposed upon him, some time devoted to meditation and prayer may be required, some special service may be demanded, or a fine may be imposed; but whether it be a penalty, or a prayer, or a service, or a fine, the object is not to restore the wrong-doer to God's favor, not to placate God's anger or win his forgiveness, but to effect a cure or help effect a cure in the wrong-doer himself. Penance and purgatory are no substitute for hell. They are imposed only on the repentant after satisfactory evidence of the repentance. The Church, which assumes power to pronounce absolution on the repentant and authoritatively declare to him that he is reconciled to his Father, also assumes the lesser power to remit the temporal or disciplinary penalty which remains after the absolution. This remission is called indulgence. An indulgence never means in Roman Catholic theology permission to sin, though it has sometimes had practically the effect of seeming to grant such permission.

The reader, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, must regard the above interpretation of indulgences, not as an authoritative Roman Catholic definition, but as an attempt to present to the Protestant a view of indulgences which may seem to him neither irrational nor immoral.[1]

It is evident that such a doctrine as this is liable to abuse. Roman Catholic teachers have always recognized this liability. "In 1456," says a writer in the Encyclopædia Britannica, "the recitation of a few prayers before a church crucifix earned the pardon of twenty thousand years for every such recitation." Dr. Lea, in his "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages," tells of a church which, having procured a bull of indulgences from the Pope, announced publicly that, "no matter how long a period of punishment had been assigned by divine justice to the soul, it would fly from purgatory to heaven as soon as three sols were paid in its behalf, to be expended in repairing the church." To secure money, pardoners were sometimes appointed who sold the indulgences—that is, the exemption from penance and purgatory—in return for contributions given by the penitent to the priest for church purposes. As early as 1215 the Council of the Lateran, and again in 1261 the Council of Mayence, condemned this sale of indulgences. The distinction between the temporal and eternal punishment was not always scrupulously observed by these pardoners, and they not infrequently pretended to sell to the credulous exemption from the wrath of God as well as from his discipline, and escape from hell as well as from purgatory. Nor were they always without official sanction in so doing. Johann Tetzel is a convenient scapegoat, but the vice of his method cannot be laid wholly upon him. The Jubilee indulgences, which the Church of Rome issued and which he distributed, included a provision which empowered the purchaser of the indulgence to choose his confessor, and empowered this confessor to *absolve* from all sins, even from those else reserved to the Papal See.

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[1] "The guilt of sin, or pain eternal due to it, is not remitted by that dispensation of mercy, which in the Catholic Church is called an Indulgence; but such temporal punishment only, as in the order of Divine justice, may remain due after the guilt has been remitted."—"Faith of Catholics," Proposition 10, Vol. III, p. 129.

It was such an abuse of the doctrine of indulgences which first aroused the ire of Luther, and eventually brought about his separation from the Roman Catholic Church.

In 1513 Prince Albert of Brandenburg, at the age of twenty-three, was elected to certain high offices in the Church. He was not yet of canonical age to possess even one bishopric, not to mention three, and the Pope required, as a condition of ratifying his election, twelve thousand ducats, for the twelve Apostles; Albert offered seven for the seven deadly sins; the average of ten thousand ducats, or fifty thousand dollars, was settled as a compromise. Prince Albert borrowed the money from a banking house and was confirmed. As a part of the compromise Pope Leo X declared an indulgence for the benefit of St. Peter's, to run eight years. The bankers took over the business of selling the indulgences and recouping themselves for their loan, for which they were to receive the modest commission of one-half the net receipts.[1] A certain Dominican named Johann Tetzel, a bold, popular, and unscrupulous preacher, was employed to sell the indulgences to the people. It was this traffic in indulgences, a traffic wholly inconsistent with the doctrine of indulgences officially approved by the Roman Catholic Church and in direct violation of decrees issued by Roman Catholic Councils, that aroused the ire of Martin Luther. How inconsistent it was alike with the doctrine and the decrees of the Church is sufficiently shown by the following extract from one of Johann Tetzel's advertisements, quoted by Dr. Smith. It should, however, be added that the Dominican preacher had good authority for this advertisement, since it was the instruction given by Archbishop Albert to all dispensers of this indulgence. Throughout this campaign the monk and the Archbishop worked in entire harmony as partners.

> The first grace is a plenary remission of all sins, than which, one might say, no grace can be greater, because a sinner deprived of grace through it achieves perfect remission of sin, and the grace of God anew. By which grace the . . . pains of purgatory are completely wiped out. . . . Nor is it necessary for those who contribute to the fund for this purpose to be contrite or to confess.

The kind of eloquence with which Johann Tetzel urged his sales upon the people is illustrated by this paragraph quoted by Dr. McGiffert:

> Do you not hear your dead parents crying out for mercy upon us? We are in sore pain and you can set us free for a mere pittance. We have borne you, we have trained and educated you, we have left you all our property, and you are so hard-hearted and cruel that you leave us to roast in the flames when you can so easily release us.

Luther was not alone in his opposition to this flagrant violation of the doctrines and decrees of the Church. The Elector of Saxony refused to allow Tetzel to enter his dominions; but the preacher got as near to the borders as he could and attracted many people from Wittenberg. "Many of Luther's flock found their way thither, and returned with letters of indulgence and with very exaggerated and demoralizing notions as to their efficacy. When he refused to accept them in the confessional in lieu of repentance and penance, he was complained of to Tetzel and threatened with prosecution for heresy and contumacy."

Finding his parish thus invaded by a demoralizing and uncanonical practice, the influence of which crossed the border in spite of the fact that the pardoner was prohibited from doing so, Luther spoke in the pulpit against the practice. "I began," he says, "to preach gently that it was certain there were better things to do than buy indulgences." One would like to read one of these first sermons and see what Luther's idea was of preaching "gently." It is unquestionably true that he did not at first preach against indulgences, but only against Tetzel's uncanonical abuse of indulgences. But it was the nature of this reformer to go to the bottom of every subject, and, when in his own parish, and in the confessions which he was accustomed to hear, and in the con-

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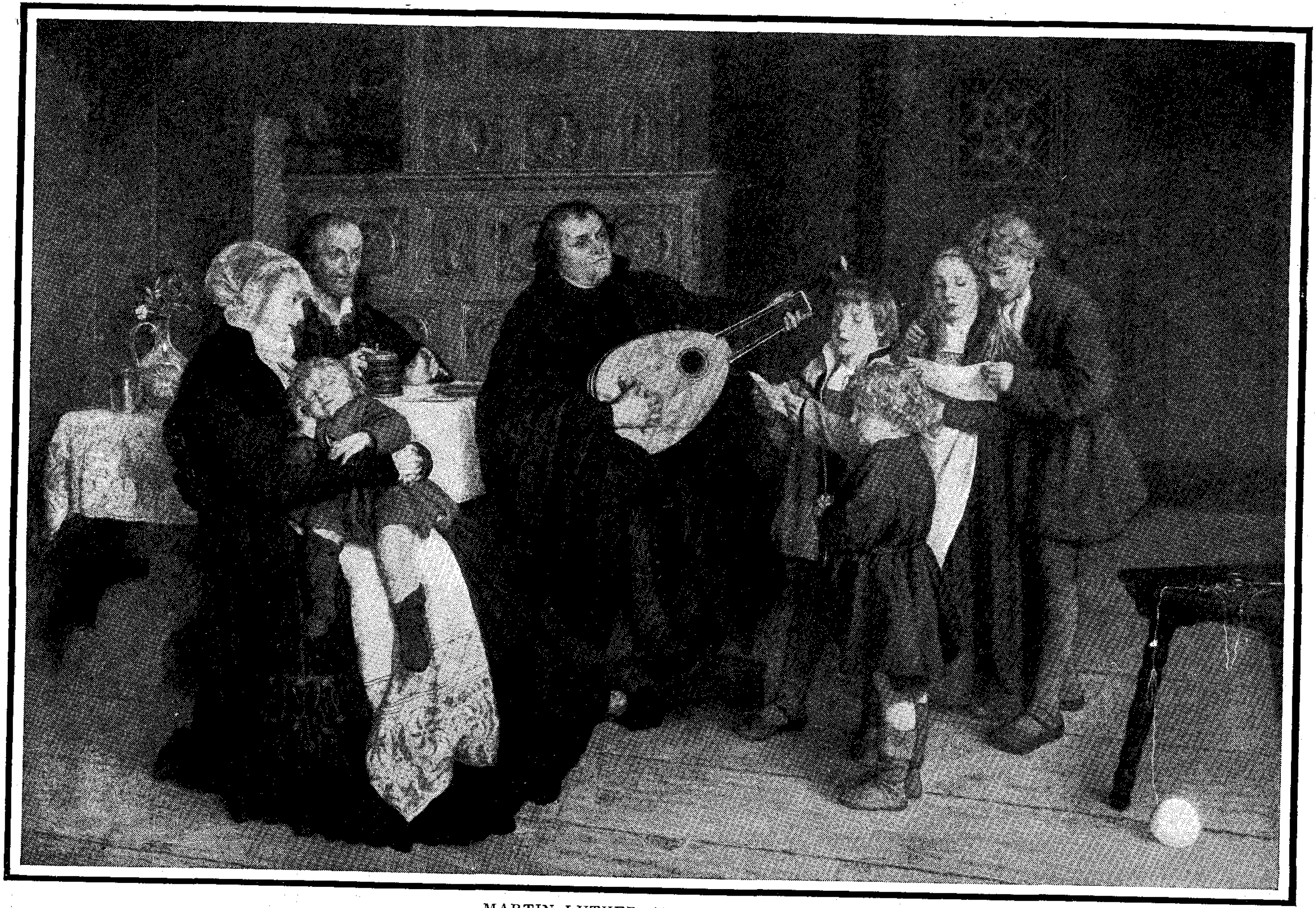
[1] The details of this financial transaction are graphially given by Dr. Smith in Chapter V.



MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS FAMILY
From the Painting by G. Spangenberg, owned by Mr. Charles A. Schieren

ferences with his students in the university, he came across the demoralizing effect of Tetzel's money-raising campaign, it compelled him to consider the whole question of the power of the Church to grant indulgences at all. After six months of pondering he resolved to put his difficulties before his contemporaries. For this purpose, following a custom of the times, he proposed certain theses for discussion by posting a placard on the church door giving notice of the proposed debate. These are the famous theses of Wittenberg. It is clear from their phraseology that Luther had no idea in posting them of bringing on the war with the Church which followed. For example, among his propositions are:

> "The Pope does not wish, nor is he able, to remit any penalty except what he or the Canon Law has imposed."
>
> "The Pope does well to say that he frees souls from purgatory, not by the power of the keys (for he has no such power), but by the method of prayer."
>
> "Christians are to be taught that if the Pope knew the exactions of the preachers of indulgences, he would rather have St. Peter's Church in ashes than have it built with the flesh and bones of his sheep."

But it is also clear that Luther's thinking had led him towards, if not absolutely to, some radical conclusions quite inconsistent with the orthodox faith of his time; for example:

> "They who believe themselves made sure of salvation by Papal letters will be eternally damned along with their teachers."
>
> "Every Christian truly repentant has full remission of guilt and penalty even without letters of pardon."
>
> "True contrition seeks and loves punishment, and makes relaxations of it hateful, at least at times."
>
> "Why does not the Pope empty purgatory from charity?"

If Pope Leo X had been a man of spiritual vision and if to him religion had been the prime concern of life, it is not impossible that he might have united with Luther in taking the action which has since been taken by the Church of Rome, prohibited the gross abuse of the doctrine of indulgences against which Luther's protests were first directed, and so delayed, though probably nothing could have prevented, the Protestant Reformation. It does not come within the province of this article to furnish a complete estimate of Pope Leo X, but his warmest admirers do not attribute to him spiritual earnestness. The Catholic Encyclopedia gives a graphic interpretative portraiture of this man of singular contradictions. He was a patron of art and letters, and made of Rome a new social center. He strictly fulfilled his ecclesiastical duties, heard mass and read his Breviary daily, and fasted three times a week; but his piety cannot be truly described as deep or spiritual. He was essentially a pleasure-loving Pope, "paid no attention to the dangers threatening the Papacy, and gave himself up unrestrainedly to amusements that were provided for in lavish abundance." "Music, the theater, art, and poetry appealed to him as to any pampered worldling." "In ridicule and caricature he was himself a master. Pageantry, dear to the pleasure-seeking Romans, bull-fights, and the like, were not neglected." "He was good-natured and liberal." "His generosity was boundless, nor was his pleasure in giving a pose or desire for vainglory. It came from the heart." "He was lavish in works of charity; convents, hospitals, discharged soldiers, poor students, pilgrims, exiles, cripples, the blind, the sick and unfortunate of every description, were generously remembered, and more than six thousand ducats were annually distributed in alms." Both his good nature and his love of pleasure made him extravagant. In two years he had entirely dissipated the large treasure left by his predecessor, and at the time of his death left debts amounting to four hundred thousand ducats and creditors facing financial ruin. After the first two years of his papacy he was never free from financial pressure, and was forced to resort to doubtful and reprehensible methods for raising money. "He created new offices and dignities, and the most exalted places were put up for sale. Jubilees and indulgences were degraded almost entirely into financial transactions, yet without avail, as the treasury was ruined."[1]

It was impossible that such a man, who, to quote Symonds, "was well qualified to represent the new pagan freedom of the Renaissance," and "had no sympathy with religious earnestness, no conception of moral elevation, no aim beyond a superficial polish of the understanding and the taste," could understand the reforming spirit, which, as Macaulay has well shown, caused the defection from the Church of Rome in Germany, but later, entering and inspiring the Catholic

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[1] The sketch here is condensed from that furnished by the Catholic Encyclopedia. With it agree the estimates furnished by John Addington Symonds in his "Renaissance in Italy" and by Dr. Creighton in his "History of the Papacy."

Church, prevented the continued extension of that defection. It was equally impossible that he should understand the growing impatience in Germany, as in England, of the political authority exercised by the Vatican over those communities. How seriously he personally regarded the action of Luther may be questioned. Professor Lindsay in the new Encyclopædia Britannica speaks of the Pope as "thinking that the whole dispute was only a monkish quarrel." This was certainly the view of the older scholars. Recent investigations in the Vatican archives have thrown some doubt upon this opinion.

But, however the pleasure-loving Pope may have regarded the matter, it was not looked upon with indifference by either Archbishop Albert, Johann Tetzel, or the bankers who depended on Tetzel's success in marketing the indulgences to bring back to them in collections from the people the money they had advanced. The financial campaign was unprosperous; the sources of supply were in danger of being dried up. The money power was alarmed, and the money power was unscrupulous. Albert of Brandenburg made formal complaint at Rome. The Dominican Order, to which Tetzel belonged, seconded the complaint. The usual procedure, instituted by the Vatican, went deliberately but steadily forward.

But neither the local opposition of the Archbishop nor the more threatening opposition of the Vatican availed to extinguish the flame which Luther had kindled. The mischief grew rapidly. His theses were transcribed and printed at Nuremberg, both in Latin and in German. They became the talk of all that section of Germany. Correspondents wrote him in terms of hearty congratulation. Albert Dürer, the famous painter, sent him a present of his own woodcuts, as a token of approbation. I wonder a little whether Luther was as much surprised at that growing demonstration as he claimed to be. I wonder a little whether his statement in a letter to a friend, "I have no doubt that people are deceived, not by indulgences, but by the use made of them," was the whole truth. I do not at all believe that in his letter of exculpation to Prince Albert he described himself as he really thought himself to be, in the sentence, "Forgive me, very reverend Father in Christ, and illustrious Lord, that I, the offscouring of men, have the temerity to think of a letter to your High Mightiness."

I need not trace here the futile endeavors by argument, by offered preferments, by threats of martyrdom, by suggestions of compromise, to divert Luther from his purpose. He was not a man to be either bribed or driven, nor was he a man easy to confute. He was by nature intensely combative; and the combat in which he found himself engaged drove him step by step, reluctant and resisting, to the ultimate Protestant position, that every soul stands in immediate and personal relation to God, and needs no ecclesiastical mediator or authority to come between the two as an interpreter. I shall make no attempt in this article to trace this progress in Luther's development and show how the debate with Dr. Eck at Leipsic, the burning of the Papal Bull in Wittenberg, the summons to the Diet of Worms, the enforced retirement in the Castle of Wartburg, all tended to the one result. The break with Rome really came when the emancipated monk nailed on the church door among his theses the sentence, "Every Christian truly repentant has full remission of guilt and penalty, even without letters of pardon."

Nor shall I enter here into any further analysis of Luther's personal character and conduct, some traits in which may be excused but cannot be justified. He was engaged in a war, with all the advantages apparently against him. All his reforming predecessors had either been silenced or sacrificed. In the dominating power of Rome, which had availed itself of, if it did not employ, war, massacre, and assassination in its campaign against freedom of conscience, there was reason for a bitterness of invective and an insolence of challenge which are absolutely without excuse in our time. All this Luther's admirers may well claim; but it must also be conceded by them that the bitterness of Luther's polemics transcended reasonable bounds, even for that age. The standards of taste then were very different from what they are now, and the coarseness of Luther's humor was quite as much a characteristic of the time as of the man. But this is rather an explanation than a justification of this trait in his character. There is no reason for the charges of licentiousness and drunkenness which have sometimes been brought against him. Says Dr. McGiffert: "An immoderate drinker, at any rate, he certainly was not. Had he been, he could not possibly have kept up year after year, day in and day out, to the very end of his life, his tremendous and unremitting labors." His constant battle against that conception of religion which identifies it with penances and fasting and silence, in a word, with withdrawal from life, must be taken account of in explaining his sometimes extravagant eulogy of merry-making. Yet some of his eulogies would be poor counsel for our time, and could hardly have been justified counsel for any time. For example: "Sometimes we must drink more, sport, recreate ourselves, aye, and even sin a little, to spite the devil, so that we leave him no place for troubling our conscience with trifles. We are conquered if we try too conscientiously not to sin at all. So when the devil says to you, Do not drink, answer him: I will drink, and right freely, just because you tell me not to. One must always do what Satan forbids. . . . Would that I could contrive some great sin, to spite the devil, that he might understand that I would not then acknowledge it and that I was conscious of no sin whatever. We, whom the devil thus seeks to annoy, should remove the whole decalogue from our hearts and minds." It is not strange that some moralists, without imagination, have deduced from such a passage as this the conclusion that Luther wished to break through all restraints and lead his followers to lives of lawless self-indulgence. But the fault of such an interpretation lies in the intellectual lack of the interpreter quite as much as in the language of the man whom he interprets.

Luther was not a demigod. Great men have great faults, or at least the faults of great men seem great. They seem great in Luther, and we are thankful to Dr. Smith and Dr. McGiffert for giving us the true Luther, the courageous fighter, the warm-hearted friend, the practical reformer, the student and scholar, the Christian disciple, the devout soul. More than ever after reading these biographies we believe that Carlyle did wisely and justly in giving him a prominent place among the world's heroes.

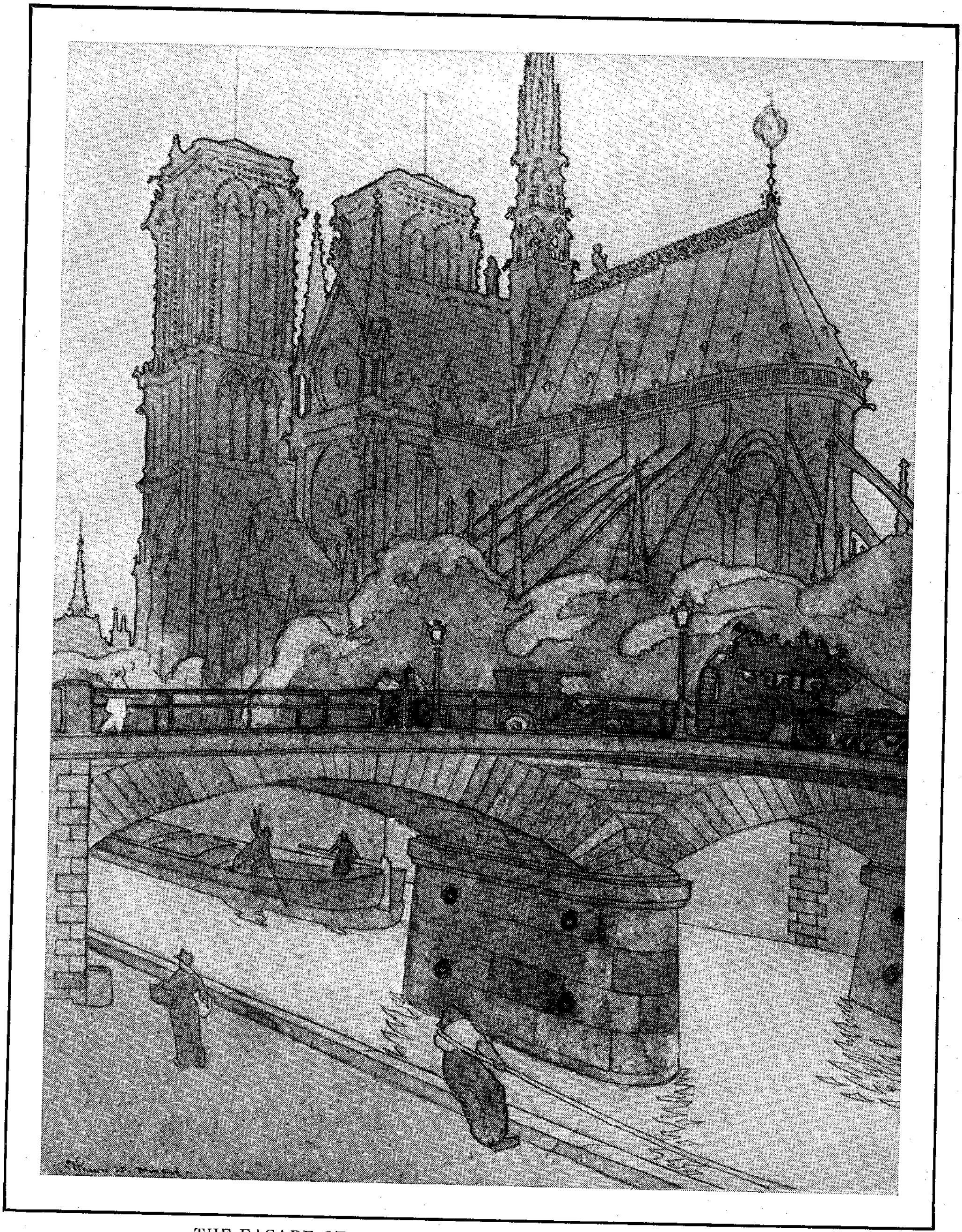
OPPORTUNITY

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

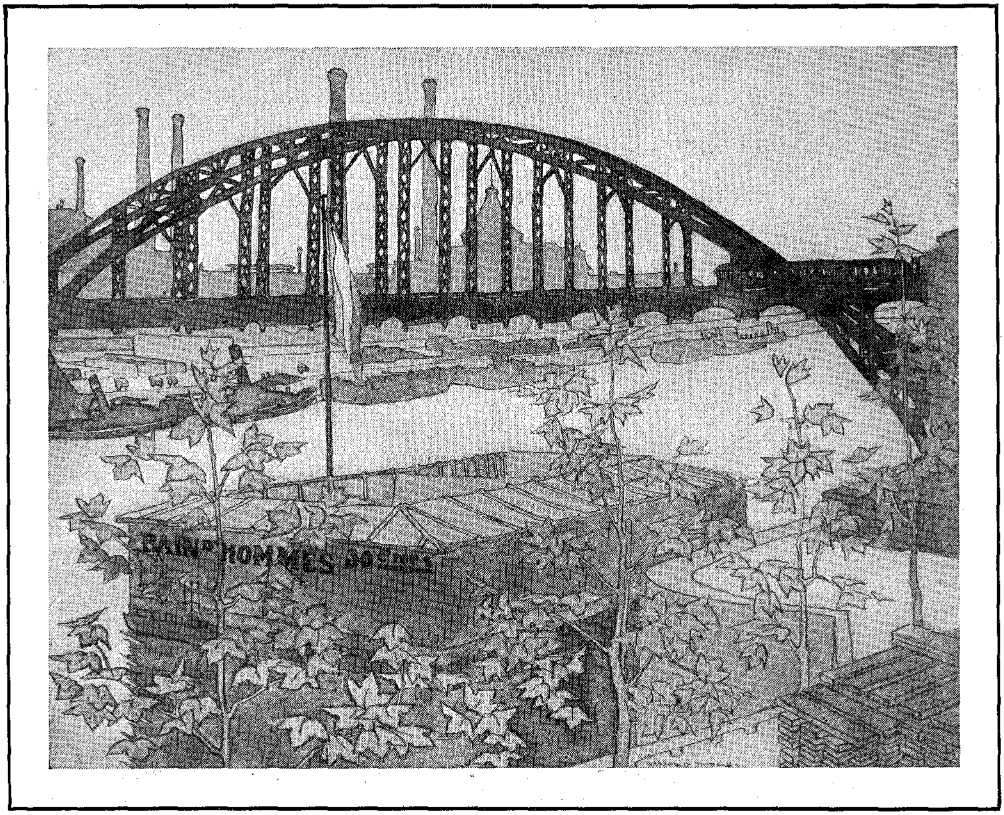
I am the treasured hope, the dream, the deed;
The living courage and the faith you need
To brave the even road of daily toil,
And master trifles that you else would spoil:
I am the certain answer to your need.

I am the sign from heaven sent to lead;
The lonely star that waited through the night,
Knowing that men would need my gleam of light.
I am the dark that frightened them to prayer,
And made them learn call on God, and care
For sonship as a little child should care.
I am the mocking pain that follows vice,
The flaming sword that shuts out paradise.
I am the grief that sobs itself to sleep;
I am the sleep that all men's sorrows keep
Safe from themselves—spotless without a flaw.

Did Dante see the crimson scarf withdraw?
'Twas I was brightly fluttered, thus to lead
Him to the heights, above this lower need,
To live the bitter solitudes that hold
The seventh heaven and the stair of gold—
I am the crimson messenger who told.



THE FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME TOWERS ABOVE THE RIVER WITH PONT DE L'ARCHEVÊCHÉ IN THE FOREGROUND



WHERE THE METROPOLITAN BRIDGE FLINGS ITS DELICATE SPAN ACROSS THE SEINE

Under Paris Bridges

By Florence H. Minard

With Drawings by the Author

"Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur le bord de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé."
—*Inscription upon the tomb of Napoleon I.*

IN truth, the test of one's intimacy in the house of a friend is the degree of liberty with which one is allowed access to its hidden places. If you know in just which of the old chests in the attic is the ancient bonnet which will make the charades most amusingly apt and can dash up the back stairs straight to it, if you know where the ice-pick and the lemon-squeezer are, it is plainly seen that your presence in that house has become a vital force. But, greatest and most final test, if you know the cellar as an open book, if you know where in the tool-room the monkey-wrench reposes, how to turn the faucet on the cider barrel, and where in the cellarway the snow-shoes and the skates are always stacked, you have been admitted to a friendship deep and solid which nothing but the basest act of treachery could shake. For to touch freely the intimate articles of simple daily use is to have eaten the salt and broken the bread of that household.

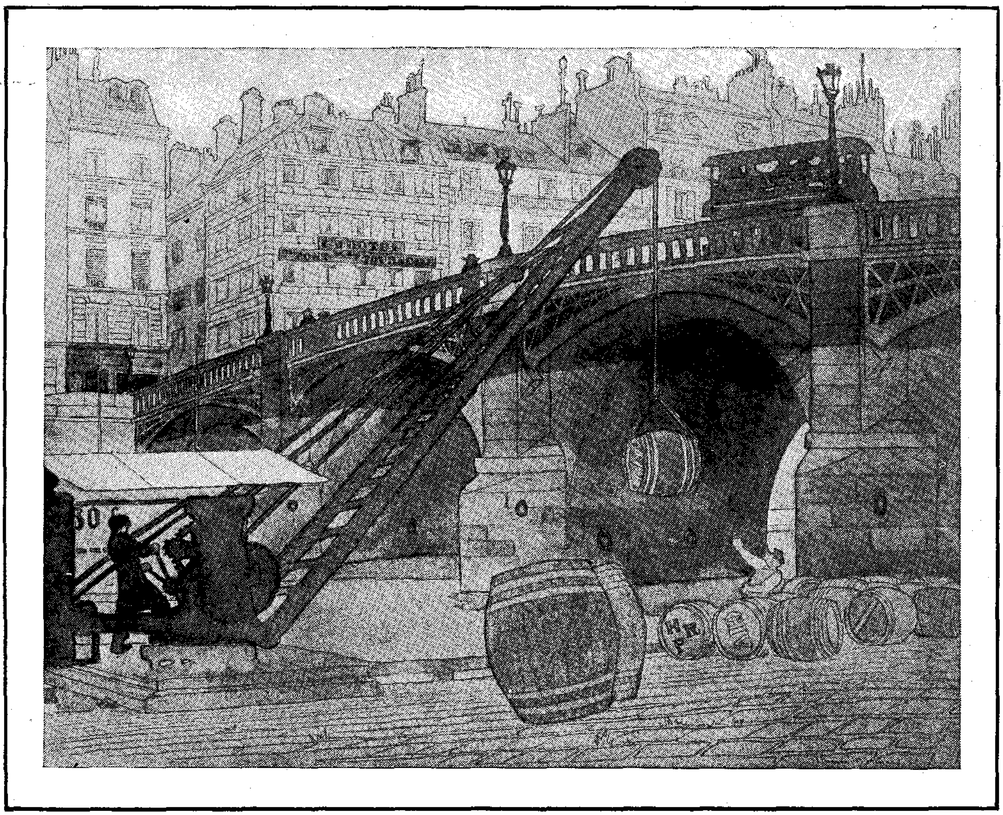
In all the fearful stories of Things which come to eat up sinful little children after they are in bed, we always find the Things making their way, with hideous slowness and sureness, straight up the back cellar stairs. From their frightful lairs they come, perhaps from a dark corner of the coal-bin, or behind the ash-can, or even from the jelly-closet, where nothing but their insatiable appetite for bad little boys and girls could possibly have restrained them from alarming inroads. For years the cellar is viewed only through the terrifying mist of these frightening possibilities; then, the veil lifting, we see with fine scorn that there is nothing there but the coal-bin and the ash-can and the jelly-closet. But later still we again see visions (the evil spirits being driven out)—the sweet, wholesome ones suggestive of the mysterious forces of nature, of her plenteous resources, of the homing instinct of the human animal and his healthy toil. And we look these ghosts fair in the face and are glad.

Like the naughty child intimidated by the nurse with her moral tales, we Americans hear so much of the dark and sinister waters of the Seine, of the bitter lives quenched in its slimy depths, that for us its bed is strewn with bodies and bones. By our perverted imaginations the morgue, that house of dread mystery, is largely furnished forth with fearful catches from this same Seine. These are haunts that control our minds and color our thoughts until that blessed moment when, in the golden light of midday, we cross the Pont du Carrousel for the first time and discover that there is nothing but walls and water and workmen and boats and barges. But that is where we blunder, for not by looking down, but by going down, will the real river, healthy and busy under its bridges, be known. Only then can the good spirits enter, the evil having been cast out.

The human foot, shod and going about its daily affairs, is a quantity highly stimulating to the constructive imagination—the foot that runs, that carries, that patrols, that saunters, that trips; also those ever-present ones which only stand and wait, each in its individual garb; but focus upon them with mind and eye, a world of romance is before you. Look up—see the whole—the story is too obvious for our accustomed vision; we pass on untouched.

Down, then, down to the foot of things, we must go at once, to the foot of the stairs, the base of the wall under the great foundations of the bridges.

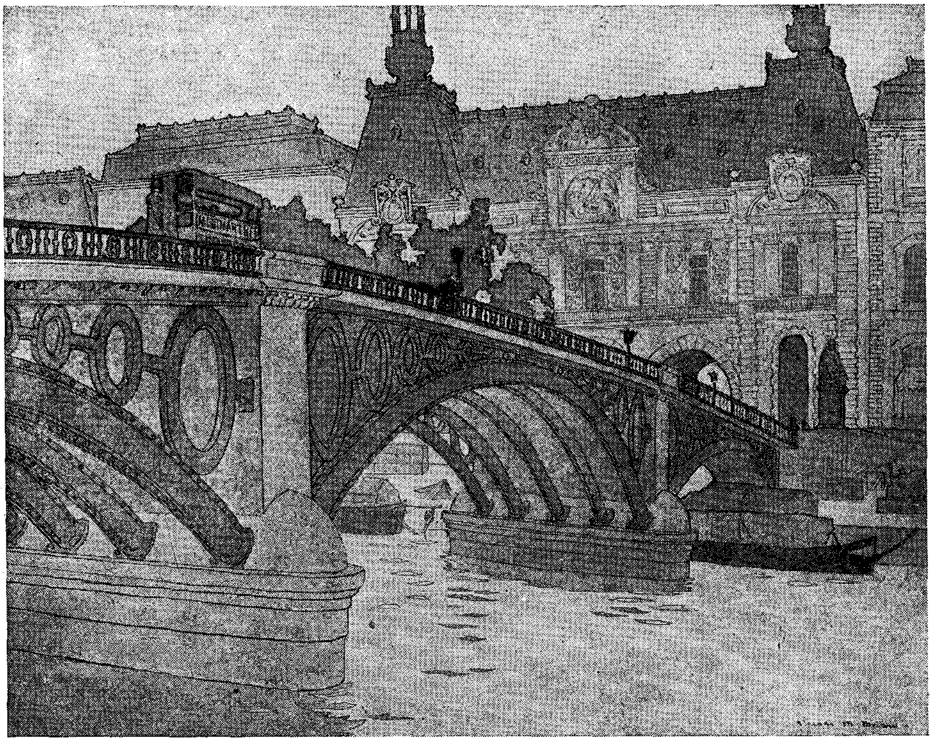
How big seem the iron beams of the Pont du Carrousel, the river how near and flat! There, too, under the very front door-step of the Louvre, lie ever so many piles of just



UNDER THE OLD STONES OF PONT DE LA TOURNELLE ARE GOOD ROUND KEGS common boxes of goodness knows what; little snub-nosed river boats tied up with doubtless still more boxes hidden under their green canvas; and there sit those estimable women at the end of the bridge, like the good people the world over who give all their attention to pomp, family, and station. High on their stone pedestals, faces turned toward the splendor of kings, they spread their garments that the world may not see their ordinary connections below. But we—ah, *mesdames*, we have gotten ahead of you, or rather behind—better still, below—we can see it all and laugh.

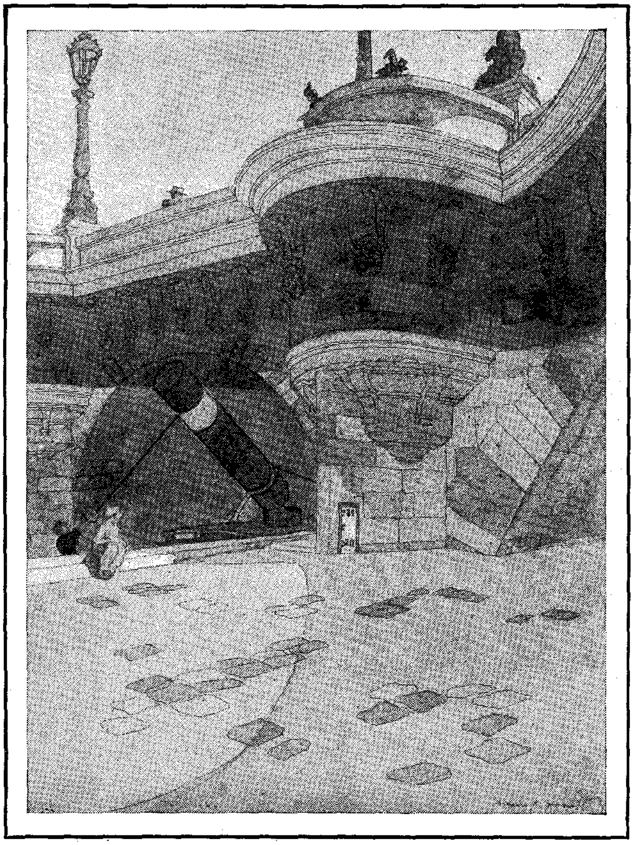
The people who work along the Seine do not have such prying thoughts. These feet that run and carry are too busy with their sand sifting and shoveling to talk behind backs, for the crane is each minute swinging to land with great scoops of gravel, then back to the big scow for more; each minute the golden pile is getting higher and higher. Along a bit farther are several wash-tubs, with soap, towels, and brushes beside—wash-tubs, indeed, as those unhappy cur dogs know, as they watch their shivering fellow-creature, tail between legs, being hauled, lathered and dripping, from one, only to be plunged into another. It's a sad world, think they, for if one escapes the monster who soaps and scrubs, there is another evil creature farther up the river who, with greedy shears, reduces one to a humiliating state of baldness.

Below the Pont des Arts (soon to be replaced by a heavier bridge) we stop, charmed by the delicacy of the silhouette gray against the sky. Seen here, it spans a fragment of horizon just where the Hôtel de Ville lifts its towers, below which, dimly outlined, are the arches of the old Pont Neuf, carrying to the Ile, with the locks for the canal-boats and the big wash-house inclosure a bit to the front. Over this Pont des Arts, for years the only foot-bridge crossing the Seine, *les gens* are ever passing; not in great hordes and masses, but with proportion and taste, now a little group, then a space, so on through the days since those far-off ones when the Laird Taffy and Little Billee walked so often across arm in arm. We watch these silhouettes pass and pass again, each so characteristic of himself and Paris—the laborer



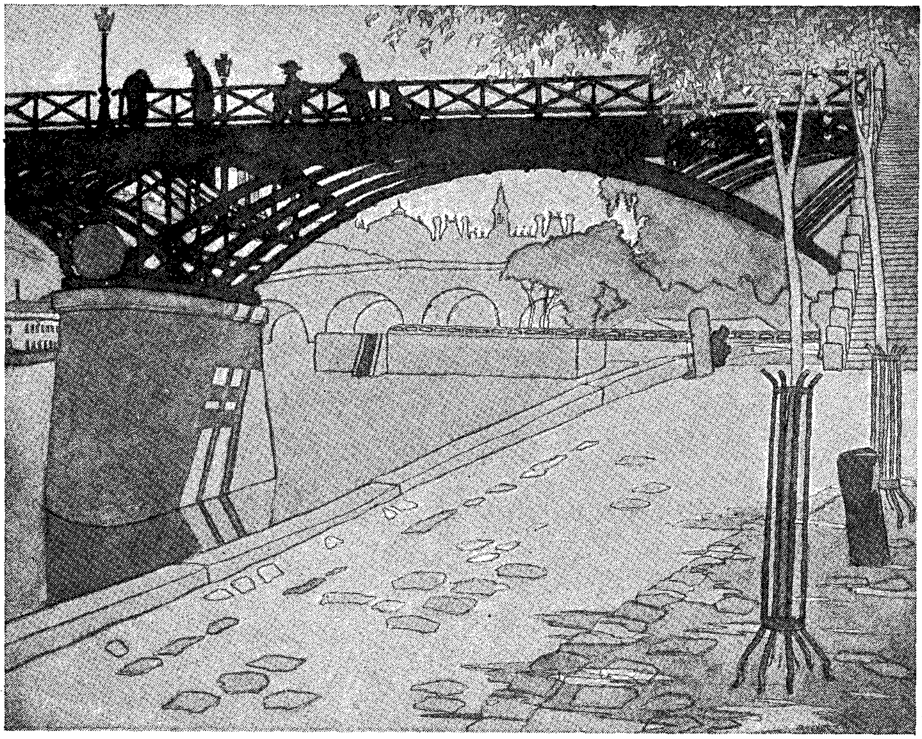
HOW BIG SEEM THE IRON BEAMS OF THE PONT DU CARROUSEL in smock and cap, the painter with folio and broad brim, the mother tugging forward the lagging child, the shabby dandy in dingy top hat in which he dauntlessly appears by night or day *sans peur de la mode ordinaire*—each shadow-shape bearing within it that tiny spark of fire, human or divine, which makes for bodily or spiritual motion. There may have been moments when we looked down upon these. Now we look up and are struck with their exquisite beauty in the whole design of things.

The Pont Neuf, so faintly seen from afar, is not in the least dreamlike when actually encountered. There he stands, the stanch, jolly old fellow, broad on the base of things, bearing on his generous expanses the expression of well-being which comes from many storms and seasons weathered, wearing with pride that last sign of his invincible strength, the high-water mark of the great flood of 1910, which surged and stormed about his piers. His massive arches seem still to retain the flavor of the footstep of that daring fellow, Henri Quatre, who so jauntily crossed upon their unfinished curves that the people might see the prowess of a king. All must pay homage to this most enduring of Seine bridges, even to the saucy little tugs which needs must bow their smoke-stacks to pass under. From Pont Neuf up beyond Notre Dame are dotted the mattress-makers, diligently ripping apart the old, combing with their little carding machines the matted stuff into renewed lightness, then sewing it again into fresh new cases of pink-and-white striped ticking. Unsanitary? Surely not. Otherwise how could these solid matrons, so capable of hand and wrist, ply the busy needle day after day, and the men, their sturdy helpers, make so merry over their carding, with laughter and jokes and now and then a snatch of the old "Chansons de France," or yet the more modern "Petite Marietta;" not such a song as one would sing on the eve of his first communion, perhaps, but what care they so that the work go more gayly!



THE LITTLE TUGS MUST BOW THEIR SMOKE-STACKS TO PASS UNDER THE PONT NEUF

A pleasant, busy contentment—it is this which greets us, together with the amiable "*Bon jour, Madame*," as we pass the flat-bodied river boats, each completely equipped for all this world's needs from cargo to family; with even a wee box of flowers before the cabin door and chickens up forward. Beyond is the bridge of Napoleon III, Pont St. Michel, with the stamp of his proud "N" set upon it, as it was upon everything under his power, even to the fire-screen in the boudoir of his empress. From here the façade of Notre Dame towers above the river bustle of tugboats, scows, and wash-houses with even greater majesty and spiritual significance, still satisfying, as it has for centuries, that hunger for the embodiment on earth of those great mysterious forces of aspiration and longing which lie in every human heart. A bit farther, under the little Pont de l'Archevêché, which connects the end of La Cité with the south shore, we turn again to view that noble mass against the sky. There it



WE WATCH THESE SILHOUETTES CROSS THE PONT DES ARTS

stands. Generations flow by it like the Seine at its feet. How shall the May-fly at its base lift up a descriptive voice? But, for us, this is the view-point of all others to be sought with keenest joy. As we walk on over the flagstones, rutted and cracked, or worn to satin smoothness, a pungent odor of wine fills the air. There before us in good round kegs lies the cause. Squat and plenteous they stand or lie in long rows. One might brood upon the insatiable and iniquitous thirst of the French nation, but one can't; for down here by the river at the foot of things the thrill of traffic is in the air, the vigor of life and health. The letters marked upon the barrel-heads tell of that thrifty commerce which continually bears cargoes to Rouen, and thence, in larger vessels, onward to Havre; for Rouen, queen city of Normandy, lies just at that point where ships from the seas can go no farther inland. Here, under the old stones of Pont de la Tournelle, sturdy brother to Pont Neuf, this busy trade has gone up and down for years.

So along the river we wander, not once but many times; from way below Pont d'Alexandre, fairylike when glanced at from a distance, *le tour Eiffel* rising behind, but, seen more closely, unlovely in its ostentatious cleverness, to the other end of the city. From where the Trocadero makes the horizon charming, and the busy *mouches* laden with *jour-de-fête* passengers disappear round the river bend bound for Merdon and Saint-Cloud, to that far point near the Gare de Lyon where the Metropolitan bridge flings its delicate span across the Seine, we stroll, whiling away friendly hours. Along these shores we need see nothing more tragic than those patient anglers, fishing on and on, watching and waiting, derelict Narcissi persuaded of a false idea.

Where now are dreams of terror, our shudders and dreads? Gone indeed. Instead, in this frank intimacy which we have established between ourselves and this honest old Seine, we look upon the good spirits of plenty and industry, the commercial thrift which in its progress conserves the old, the enduring power of perfection, the sturdy repose of solid strength. And again, as in the old days, we look these spirits in the face and are glad.

LADY GREGORY

Three Kiltartan Folk Tales

By Lady Augusta Gregory

With Drawings by J. Conacher

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

The Meaning of Folk-Lore

A DOZEN years ago I thought all the years left to me of life would be given up to the gathering and sifting of the legends and beliefs and traditions of our people in Ireland. But the theater and play-writing came in, and this gathering, though never given up, has been often laid aside for a while. Yet there are moments when I think it is a pity I took up any other work, for some one else would have come in due time to travel with Mr. Yeats the path that has led to the school of drama and of acting that has brought a new dignity to our country. But it seems that very often, it may be every day, there dies from the countryside some one of those fragments, embers long guarded in the ashes of old age, in a language; embers that, it may be, hold the spark of a fire lighted from some flame beyond the world.

In 1897 I read Mr. Yeats's "Celtic Twilight." It gives some of the visions and beliefs of Sligo, and I felt jealous for Galway, which I was certain must also have knowledge of invisible inhabitants. And when I asked news of these from the people it was given me, in Aran, on Slieve Echtge, on the plain of Aidhne, in Connemara, in Clare, in Mayo, in Limerick. On that road I have outrun my master. I have made a record of a great mass of these visions and beliefs, of myth, and of tradition, from which we have been able to build up a hierarchy of the Sidhe, "the Others," the Fallen Angels, the invisible witnesses in Ireland. I was able some time ago to claim for our country that the barrier between things seen and unseen had never been solid there; that if, to suppose impossibilities, Christianity should be swept from the world and the very memory of the world, our people would not be at all shaken in their belief in a spirit world that was not far out of sight even before Patrick put out the fires on Usnach and Briget hung her cloak upon the sun rays in Kildare. This discovery was, and still is, my chief interest in what we call for convenience folk-lore, but is rather perhaps the impress left by the world-mind or memory upon minds that are not blurred with questions or with the talk of the towns. I hesitated for a while about giving these records to be printed, for shallow critics and their like would call them superstitions, and my country is prone to wince even at the scoffing of the shallow, through a memory of long galled wounds; and was not Don Quixote sent to his death through such shallow mockeries? But time reveals all things, and time and science have made even these "superstitions" worthy to be a stone in our building. Nothing is insignificant, nothing is without meaning, in this memory of a people. I will give but one instance. A story that has been told to me over and over again, though with ever-varying date, for it is one of the old tales, is of a hare running across the path of a fowler. The fowler fires his gun; the hare is wounded, but runs on, leaving a track of blood. The fowler follows it to a cottage; the hare has vanished, but he finds a hag, a witch-woman, bleeding from a fresh wound. I looked on this tale as idle chatter, although that part of my conscience which is on guard against indolence forced me to write it down. Well, learned men of Paris are now working at psychic science as at any other, and have declared that the projection or the shadow of a body may receive a wound, and that wound will be apparent and will bleed in the flesh to which the shadow has returned. And to go back and witness to the continuity of things, may not those who say miracles cannot happen cease to scoff, in this light, at the impression of the Stigmata, the five wounds on the body of Saint Catherine of Siena?

When I was working at the old Irish epics of Cuchulain and of the ancient Fenians, I went again to the people for their help. There are still stories among them of Cuchulain's bravery, and his training with the war-woman, and his fight with his own son, the son of Aoife, the Sohrab and Rustam of Ulster. And I found this traditional history to be linked curiously with the visions, the beliefs, I am told, of many a countryman who is given a blow, a stroke, by some mysterious hand before he is called to the World of the Shadows, to help them win the goal at their hurlings. It is so Cuchulain was struck by the messengers who called him to help their unearthly king in his wars. It was the help of the living man that was needed then as now.

For a long time I avoided what I have called the "Wonder Tales;" they seemed external, they were less in my mood, though now and then one of them would bring to mind nights of my childhood when I would not go into a dark room without company because of the story just told by my old nurse, Mary Sheridan, of the dangerous journey of the King's son on the back of the white or black bull, or the Princess's hard escape from a witch. But they were forced upon me, and then I came to care for them. I wrote, a good many years ago, after some happy afternoons spent in Galway Workhouse, an account of the telling of such tales. We sat in a graveled yard where only the leaves of a few young sycamores told that spring had come. Some of the old men sat on a bench against the whitewashed wall of a shed in their rough frieze clothes and round gray caps, telling me their long, rambling stories; others stood around, pressing closer and closer as their interest in the story grew. I began to listen, half interested and half impatient. But as I listened I was moved by the strange contrast between the poverty of the tellers and the splendors of the tales. These men who had failed in life, and were old and withered or sickly or crippled, had not laid up dreams of good houses and fields and sheep and cattle; for they had never possessed enough to think of the possession of more as a possibility. It seemed as if their lives had been so poor and rigid in circumstance that they did not fix their minds, as more prosperous people might have done, on thoughts of customary pleasure. The stories that they love are of quite visionary things: of swans that turn into kings' daughters, and of castles with crowns over the doors, and lovers' flights on the backs of eagles, and music-loving water-witches, and journeys to the other world, and sleeps that last for seven hundred years. I think it has always been to such poor people, with little of wealth or comfort to keep their thoughts bound to the things about them, that dreams and visions have been given. It is from a deep, narrow well that the stars can be seen at noonday; it was one left on a bare rocky island who saw the pearl gates and the golden streets that lead to the Tree of Life.

I grew interested in the tales for their own sake afterwards, finding links with other nations, notably in the many versions of the king's daughter bound to a rock and the dragon from whom she is saved by an Irish Perseus. I had half forgotten a story of a wolf and kids that my old nurse used to tell till I heard it in London last summer, where it had come as a folk-story from Japan. Dr. Hyde found among the North American Indians some of the stories he also had been told in Ireland. Did they travel across the world, or did all come from some influence outside?

But next to the visions I think I find most interest in the retellings of history, in what I have called myths in the making, the great personages of the world transformed in the popular mind, as has happened from early ages. Charlemagne grew to be eight feet high in the old French romances, and his age stretched towards that of the patriarchs—"he is three hundred years old, and when will he weary of war?" Our Irish Finn was a giant in height and has never died, but comes back to earth now and again. It was even whispered that he was De Wet at the time of the Boer War. Wellington is said, in Brittany, to have been the favorite pupil of Napoleon and taught by him the art of war, and to have turned upon him in the end. Parnell has never died—"no one saw the body that was laid in the grave." It was a policeman on duty who told me that. Nothing would surprise me less than to hear of George Washington having grown as tall as his own cherry tree, which may itself have been an adaptation of the dragon-guarded berry tree that comes even into the Irish stories. O'Connell is still remembered by many old people; they have told me of his voice that when he spoke at the great meetings came to them like honey. Yet already I have heard on Slieve Echtge the story of his miraculous birth, told almost in the words of the story of the birth of John the Baptist; and he is, I think, on his way into the Calendar of Saints, for beggars at my door say: "He used to go through all nations; he made a fight for the poor; he gave them room to live and made a fight for them too. There is no doubt at all he did help them; he was well able to do it. I suppose he has the same talk always; he is able to do for us now as well as ever he was. Surely his mercy and goodness are in the town of Gort."

During my few months in America I was often asked, most often by eager, radiant students at the colleges where I had the honor to lecture, "Should we not go to Ireland to gather those wonderful legends we hear of?" Some of them have even been learning the Irish language in the hope of this. But I was forced to give the answer: "There is a great deal to be saved and gathered in Ireland, and help is welcome, but there is a great deal here at your own door, and laborers in that harvest are, I think, as much—perhaps more—needed here than there." Even of that Irish folk-lore scraps came to me in America. I was told of a woman who, when she was a child, fell into the Shannon, where she had gone to dip her hands because she had been told that no one whose hands had been under its waters would ever reveal any secret in their care. At New Haven I was told that an old Kerry woman had taken up Synge's "Shadow of the Glen" to read, and had said she had heard its story long ago in Ireland. I asked to have this written down for me, for I remembered that the first accusation made against Mr. Synge in Ireland was that he had not, as he declared, been told that story there, but had taken it from "a decadent Roman source." Just to-day, as I am writing this, I have been sent the old woman's words: "Indeed, Miss, I have heard that story many's the time. It's what in the old country we called a fireside story. In the evening the neighbors would be coming in and sitting about the big fire, in a great stone chimney like, you know, and the big long hearthstone in front, and the men would be stretching out on their backs on the stones and telling stories just the like of that; how that an old man had a young wife, and he began to fear she wasn't true to him, and he got himself into the bed and a big thorn stick with him and made out to be dead, and when his wife was watching beside him in the night and thinking him safe dead, the other man came in and began talking to her to make her marry him; and himself jumped up out of the bed and gave them the great beating, just the same as in the book, Miss, only it reads more nice and refined like. Oh, there were many of those fireside stories they'd tell!"

And as to visions, many of those I hear of are connected with the United States. A clock will strike in a cottage on the Galway coast at the moment the life is passing from the body of a child of that house in America. A lad having died in Iar-Connacht, his "comrade lad" who had gone to America will be seen standing by him at the wake. A son is hurt on an American railway, and the little fish in a Connemara blessed well will appear to his mother with its side torn, so that till the letter comes she is sure her boy is dead. One would like to know if these messages are all sent eastward, or if some do not travel in the path of the setting sun. America must be filled with legends and traditions and beliefs not only of Ireland, but of Sweden and Germany and Poland and all the nations that are going to America in flocks. All these races are going into the melting-pot between the two oceans, and some day the amalgam will have been formed, perhaps knocked together by a great war, or bound together by a great literature, or it may be brought together by mere process of nature. In ancient days Ireland was shown to her invaders by Druid magic in the shape of a monstrous pig, and were we now in such simple times that nothing in nature is counted common or unclean, the United States might well have claimed as symbol and ensign that assimilating beast, one grain of whose inner lining will, as I am told, dissolve and digest the white of a dozen eggs. When the digestive process has taken place, when the amalgam has been formed, when all the races have turned to be one proud race, the scholars and the colleges will be at work tracing out likenesses, tricks of speech, rudiments of words, giving them to one or another ancestor. It is then we folk-lorists of to-day will be held of blessed memory, as painters, though it may be little known, who have yet made it possible to learn from which great-grandmother in the long pedigree has come this bar across the forehead, that curl of the lip. Nothing found in our search but may be worth the lifting. How many of the great Greeks would be less living to us to-day if Plutarch had not listened to village chatter!

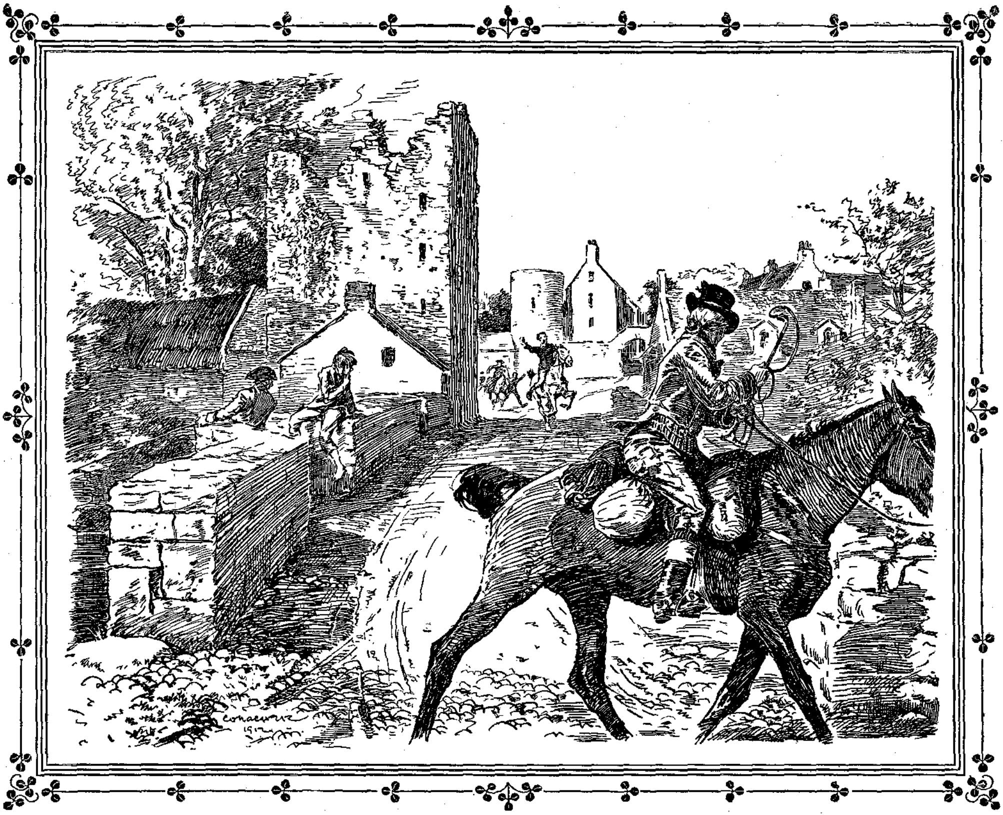
These little stories dealing with the power of the stars have their own value now that astrology, if signs are signs, is on the way to revive as an exact science. I have not myself any skill in casting horoscopes. But I had been told by some with such learning that it was certain, from some of my characteristics, that I had been born under Jupiter. The horoscope had to wait for a while, for when one has passed half a hundred years it is not easy to get knowledge of the moment, or even the hour, of one's birth. But it was remembered that the nurses of my childhood had argued when the Ides of March came round as to whether my birthday had been the 14th or 15th, and that meant that it was at midnight I had made my start on the plains of the world. When the dates were sent to an astrologer and the calendar looked back to, there on that midnight was Jupiter in mid-heaven. All I can say so far is that a few of the foretellings have come curiously true. And in the last month of 1911 it was, the prophecy said, I should have "great benefit through friends." It is not the editors of The Outlook I need tell of the strong friends who came at that time to my help.

The Stars

THERE'S seven stars that are called the Droileen, that is, the Wren. I often heard the boys coming into the house saying, "It's early yet, the Droileen is not set." And as to the bright star, it is Realt Eolus, the Star of Knowledge. There are lucky times to be born. The time Venus is showing, that is a lucky time; but to be born at the full moon is the best.

There was a woman going to have a son, and some high man passing by said, "If you put off the birth for five minutes, he will have luck." But she could not do that, and the child was born, and the man wrote her a paper and put it around his neck, and bade him read it when he would be growing up. So he did, and when he read it, what was written on the paper said he would be hung.

So he wanted to go out of that, and he went and took service with some lord. And after a while he wanted to go home and see



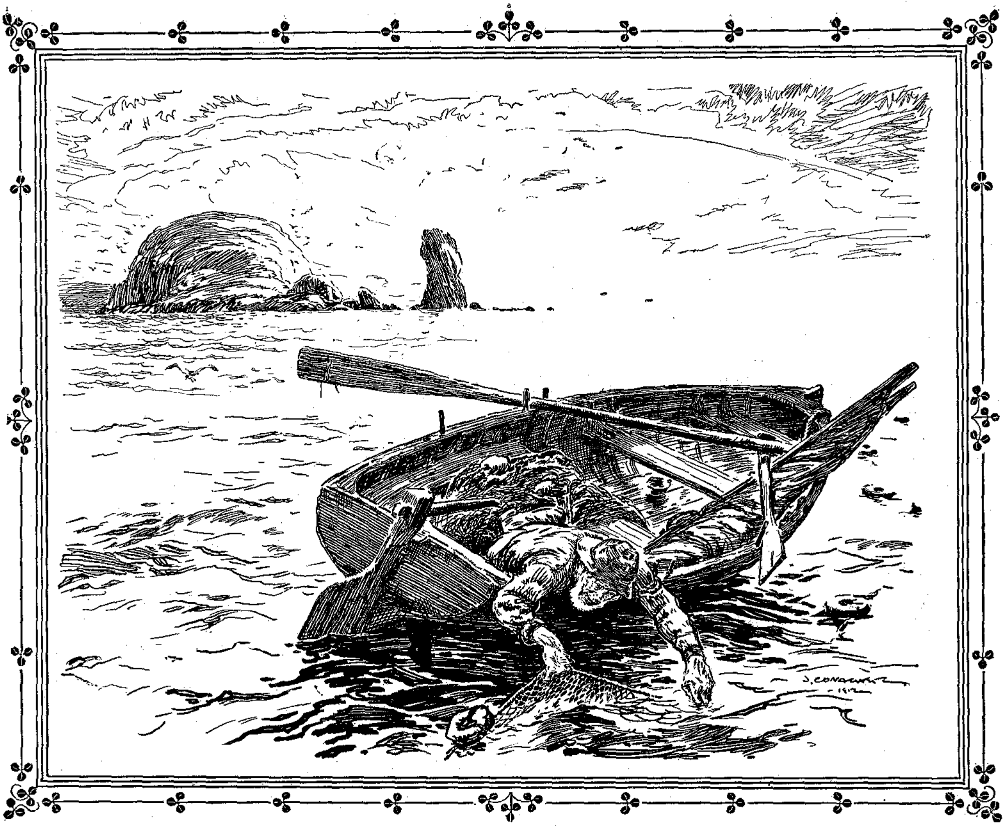
AND HE WAS BROUGHT BACK

his father, and he asked leave of the lord, and he gave him a horse and every good thing. And when the others saw that, they didn't like him to be getting more than themselves, and they stole something and put it under the saddle, and then they told the lad he had stolen it, and he was brought back. And the lord said he was to be hung, and when he said that, the young man took the paper that was about his neck and showed it, and that it said he would be hung. "It is well for you you showed me that," said the lord; "for it is I myself am the high man that called in at your mother's door. And you may go now," he said, "where it was put upon you that you had to go through your crosses."

The Old Man

THERE were three men were always in a boat, three comrades, and an old man that was up to eighty years. It wasn't often they went to confess, where they were always out at sea, and one day the old man says, "It's nearly as good for us to go to the priest and to put the confession over us." So the four of them went to the chapel, and the old man went in the first, and the three comrades stopped outside.

The old man had his glossy hat on his head, that he was used to be wearing in the boat. "Take off your hat," says the priest. "I will not," says he, "for that is my hat that I wear in the boat, and I don't part it night or day." "Is it long since you were at confession?" says the priest. "I wasn't at it," says he, calling a name to his son, "since the time Micheleen was born." "What age is he now?" says the priest. "He's the one age with Johnny Harragha," says the old man. "What age is Johnny Harragha?" says the priest. "I couldn't tell you that, but that he is married this ten year and has children," says he. "Come on so," says the priest, "and tell me the most thing you have to



I SAW SOME HERRINGS IN ANOTHER MAN'S NET

confess." "Well," says the old man, "I was fishing one time in the green of Galway, and I saw some herrings in another man's net, and I took them out of it and brought them away." "How many were there in it?" says the priest. "A good many," says he. "Was there a hundred?" "Well, there might be." "Were there two hundred?" "There might be." "Were there a thousand?" "Ah," says the old man, "will you leave counting and let me go where my boat is landed on the ground, or I won't get her off till morning!"

So when the priest let him go he went out where the three comrades were. "We will go in now," said they. "Why would you go in?" says the old man. "Where I got absolution didn't you get it along with me, where we are all in the one boat? And come along with me now," he says, "where she is landed on the ground."

So they all went away, for they were ignorant people, being always on the sea striving to provide for themselves the same as the birds in the air that are looking for a bit here and there.

That happened in the old times, for people were simple then. But in these days, the height of this stick, if he wasn't more than five years of age, would be more crabbed than one had his hundred years in the world.

The Woman in the Stars

I HEARD there is a woman in the stars does all. It is *Kim* she is called; that is, the thing will happen. There is not a twist or turn she'll put on herself the time a baby is born but he will go through the same crosses. And she must have been making a great deal of acting at the time of my own birth.

There was a farmer in it long ago that had a boy of a son, and the boy was very obedient to the father, for he thought it was not possible to find so decent a man.

He would not believe from any one that his mother was not a bit of a rogue, and on account of that he had no respect for her. Sickness fell upon his father, and by the will of God he lost him. While he was sick he got good attendance from his son. The day, now, they were burying the old man it was cold and wet and windy, and there was wonder entirely on the son, the day to be so bad for so good a man, and it to be fine other days.

It was by affiction of God that sickness struck the old woman after that, and he lost her. There was not half the respect for her in the son's mind that there was for the father, but if that was so itself, he said to himself she was his mother and that it was right to give attention to her burying. The day, now, they were burying her, it was not possible for it to be finer or more sunny.

He troubled his mind thinking what could be the cause his father to have had the wet day, and he an honest man, and his mother the fine day, and she no better than a tattered rogue.

Then he was trying to make out in his mind whether it was better for a person to be honest or to be a rogue, and he said he would go traveling forever till he would find that out.

There were two smiths in the town, and a man of them was poor and another man of them rich, and they knew, as many others knew, the reason the farmer's son to be going away.

"Maisead, Diarmuid," said the poor smith, "get us an account what is the reason I to be poor and the other smith rich, and I as strong and as skillful any day."

There was another man in the town that had a house with a thatched roof. "Maisead, Diarmuid," he said, "if you are going and that you get any news, come back to me and tell me what is the reason there is rain down upon me. If I was to mend the roof every day of the year, I would not be able to hinder it."

Diarmuid set out with the morning on the morrow, and he was walking through the day, and he never met person or house in the place he went.

Night was closing in on him, and there was nothing for him to get, and thirst and hunger on him at the end of the day. He saw then smoke rising in the valley beyond him in a speckled wood; and he said to himself he would go there and try would he find lodging for the night.

He reached at last to the house, and there was no one there before him but a girl. He asked her could he stop there till morning, and she said to him to sit down, and it was not long at all he was there when he got his supper and he took his fill of it. There was a bed to the left of the house, and she said to him to go and sleep there for an hour if it was pleasing to him.

He laid himself down to sleep, and it was not heavy sleep, as he did not know what sort the house was, when he did not see any one but the girl, but he let on to be asleep.

She did not stop in the beginning of the night from doing her work up and down through the house. There were live sods of a fire there, and she started them into a blaze, and then she went in on the hearth and sat down on it and covered herself all over with the burning sods.

"God bless my soul," said Diarmuid, "it is a bad place my feet brought me to; she is burned and I will hang for her." She stopped there for a while, and Diarmuid looking out at her, and he did not let a stir out of him with the dint of fright.

At the end of a little while Diarmuid took notice that she was out in the middle of the floor, and she shook herself the same way an ass does be shaking himself after rolling himself in the road, and she leaped into a well of water that came up to the top of her head. "Flaps," said the water, and a splash of it hit Diarmuid between the two eyes.

"By my word," said Diarmuid, "if you are not burned you are drowned!"

She stopped there for a while, and after that she shook herself and she leaped on to her feet in the middle of the floor, and took a rope and she put a running noose in it and knotted it to a beam and hanged herself.

"By my word," said Diarmuid, "I always took notice that any one that was to come to the gallows would be in no danger of drowning."

When she was there for a while she took hold of the rope and she loosened it from her neck, and went about the house as well as she was before. When she saw the colors of day she sat down and put on fire and made ready the breakfast for Diarmuid, and told him to be sitting up and to be eating it, and after that to go home.

He made ready, and the two of them sat

down together to breakfast, and Diarmuid asked her what sort was she, and why was she living with herself only.

"I am the Planet," said she. She asked him then was he waking when she put herself on fire in the night-time.

"I was," said Diarmuid.

"The hour of the clock it was then," she said, "whoever is born in that hour will be burned."

She asked him was he waking when she went into the well of water. Diarmuid said that he was.

"You did not sleep at all, but watching me," said she; "the hour of the clock that I went into the water, any one that is born in that hour will be drowned."

"Did you see me myself the time I hanged myself?" she said.

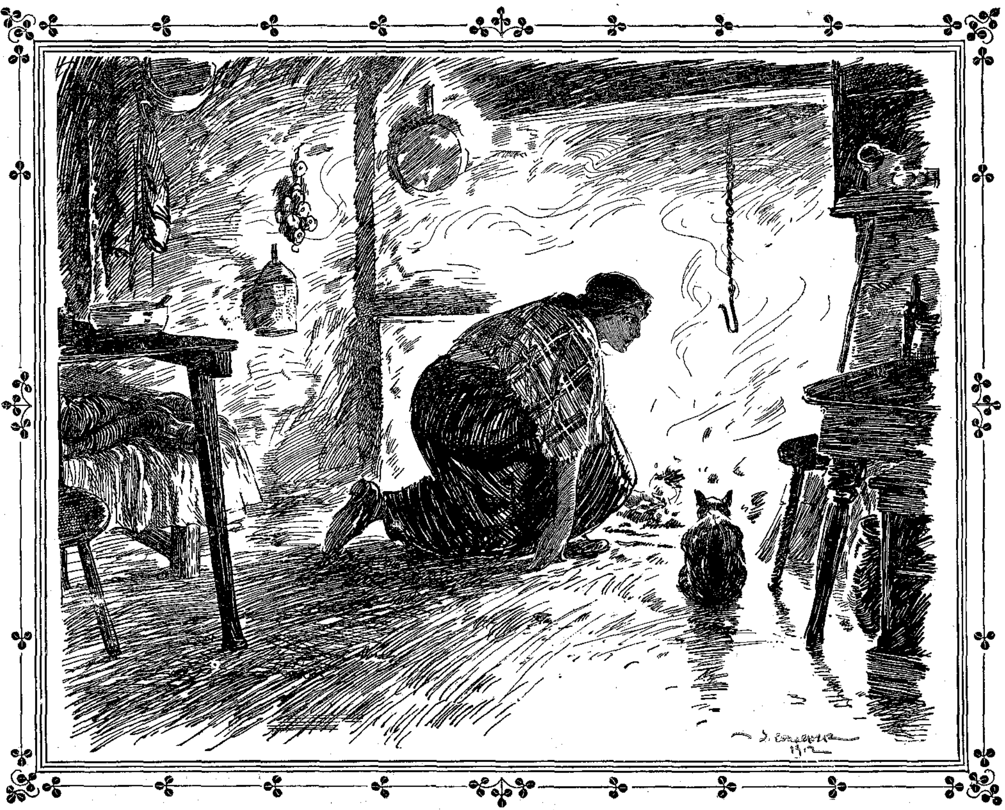
"I saw you," said Diarmuid.

"The hour of the clock when I hanged myself," she said, "any one that is born in that hour will be hanged." She told him she knew what brought him, and she told him that his father was up in Mount Calvary listening to the mass, and that it was to put the sorrow of judgment over him the day was wet when he was buried. And she told him that his mother was going around the chapel, and chains bound to her feet, and she dragging them after her, and she said she would reveal more to him if it was his wish.

She bade him say to the smith that it was the cause he was poor, that he struck three blows on his anvil at the end of every Saturday night. "And tell him that has a drop coming down on him always," she said, "and he putting on thatch every day, that he will go on being rained upon forever, because the first thatch he put on the roof, he did not put enough to the windy side," she said.

Diarmuid went home very thankful, and he told his story to the man that had the rain down on him and to the smith.

The smith never worked to the end of the Saturday night from that out, and he gathered a great deal of money, and he gave his daughter in marriage to Diarmuid, and they had a long, pleasant life. And the rainy man left his house, and went to live beside Diarmuid, and left him his share of land when he died.



THERE WERE LIVE SODS OF A FIRE THERE AND SHE STARTED THEM INTO A BLAZE

THE NEW BOOKS

Prison Without a Wall (The). By Ralph Straus. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.30.

An interesting analysis of a not uncommon, though somewhat abnormal, character. Sylvanus and Philippa, brother and sister, of widely differing nature and tastes, grow up in loving comradeship. The author evinces much skill in portraying the interaction of natural endowments and outward circumstances upon the pair. Sylvanus buries himself in his books at Cambridge, luxuriating in semi-solitude. Philippa marries, and lives the busy life of London, the wife of a popular doctor. This is the barest outline of a most engrossing story, in which events and persons fit together with artistic precision.

Touchstone of Fortune (The). By Charles Major. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Mr. Major has proved his right to rank among facile creators of the dashing fiction of adventure. His new story is a romance of the "Doleful Reign of the So-Called Merry Monarch: Charles II," and will recommend itself heartily to lovers of this style. The narrator figures as an observer of other men's follies, a brave defender of women, and courageous in his attacks upon such evils among his associates as call for action. The King is a sorry figure, selfish, unprincipled, and thoroughly corrupt. The fair heroine is spirited and winsome, defending herself from evil and true to her love.

Tales of a Greek Island. By Julia D. Dragoumis. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35.

These tales are peculiarly beautiful in their reflection of the tragedy and comedy that make up the life of the people of Poros. The old gossips at the village fountain live before our eyes, and the love tales of the island are full of human interest. These tales are worthy of a place among the few but fine books written by those who live among and love the simpler souls of any country.

Polly of the Hospital Staff. By Emma C. Dowd. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.

A story that will delight children and be welcome to parents who read aloud to their little folks. Polly was a good fairy and came into all the happiness she deserved.

How to Save Money. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.

Mr. Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., tells us in crisp language, with an occasional show of heat, "How to Save Money." Guide-posts on that road are neither difficult nor costly to set up. The point is to follow their warnings. The author keeps strictly to his subject and teaches the laws of material well-being as far as money is concerned. He is sensible, direct, hard-headed, and to some he may appear hard-hearted. But they are those who confuse kindness with self-indulgence.

Big Fish (The). By H. B. Marriott Watson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.25.

There is too much of cruelty and greed in this story to make it pleasing reading. It describes a search for a treasure hidden by the Incas of Peru by two separate bands of unprincipled men, with a feminine element introduced by main strength. Mr. Watson of late years has evidently written to please others rather than himself. But some of us still remember his "Galloping Dick" stories as having real art and flavor, and wish that he would return to his earlier level and try to please himself.

Oliver's Kind Women. By Philip Gibbs. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Oliver's "kind women" spoiled him, if it is possible to spoil a man born already far along in the process. Philip Gibbs tell this story with vivacity and some wit, but it is not a pleasant theme, that of the utter selfishness and conceit of a youth endowed with "good health, brains, a temperament, an ambition, and a spirit of adventure." The scene and people are preeminently British.

Department Store (The). By Margaret Böhme. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.30.

This translation of a German novel will introduce American readers into that curious atmosphere of modern Germany which arises from the practical union of sausage and sentiment. Margarete Böhme understands her material thoroughly, and this tale of business ambition, as it was shown among the individuals of a group of people in Berlin, is truly engrossing. Big business, according to present law, swallows up little business, and the author does not avoid the accompanying troublesome adjustments. Friedrich Müllenmeister, son of the great commercial house, and Karen Nickelsen, the orphan girl, alike, with all grades of men and women between, are engulfed in the big business of "The Department Store." Social and economical questions come up for settlement. Moral problems are faced from the typical modern German point of view. Each character is distinct and all are cleverly drawn. The translation is most excellent, and shows to especial advantage in some of the discussions and addresses before the employed men and women of the Department Store.

Beyond the Law. By Miriam Alexander. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

A novel of fine old-fashioned flavor in a new but well-fitting dress. It is an English prize novel by Miriam Alexander, and even the hardened novel reader must admit its fascination. Ireland and the Irish Catholics under the rigid rule of William of Orange furnish enough of tragedy and adventure for a writer who is able to use materials as this author can. Sometimes the horrors are heaped up to the limit of endurance—cruelty and viciousness can do no more, and suffering cannot be exceeded. Yet the tale, tragic in ending and tragic all through, is so well devised that the reader is held to the close. The hero, Dermot, who saw his young mother brutally abused by an arrogant favorite of the Dutch king, and vowed vengeance in his childish heart, never lost sight of his aim, and brought his enemy to grief, though treading a weary and terrible path himself to accomplish it. The vivid imagination and power of description possessed by the author bring the persons and the Irish background most dramatically before us.

Flower of the North. By James Oliver Curwood. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.30.

A good story of adventure, mingling natural and business-made villains, with the usual complement of brave men and lovely women, is told by James Oliver Curwood in the romance called "Flower of the North." A youth of fine ideals comes into conflict with the business greed of men he trusted, and the story of the final frustration of their evil schemes makes a readable tale.

A Man and His Money. By Frederick S. Isham. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.25.

This is about as improbable a bit of fiction as could be found. This man and his money of course were soon parted, and a time of distress intervened between his loss and the wonderful reward of fortune and love that awaited his foolishness.

In the Amazon Jungle. By Algot Lange. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The author is a young Dane who evidently has courage and endurance as an explorer. His journey into the wilds of the Amazon region not only took him into places never before visited, and led him to discoveries of promising possibilities as regards rubber and other objects of commerce, but plunged him into a series of adventures and dangers from which he barely escaped alive. The story of these episodes makes exciting reading, so that the volume is notable among works of exploration and discovery. It is well illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

Principles of Constitutional Law of the United States. By Westel W. Willoughby. Baker, Voorhis & Co., New York. $4.

This is an abridgment of the author's well-known treatise. It is printed in notably clear and convenient form, has the advantage of well-arranged tables of cases and indexes, and would be of value not only as a convenient handbook for the lawyer, but as of positive use to all who are interested in looking up Constitutional questions. A particularly interesting phase of the book is its attempt to suggest and sometimes to discuss unsettled questions of Federal jurisprudence.

Lost Farm Camp. By Henry H. Knibbs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

The description of the young girl brought up in the woods by the rough but honest and affectionate "Hoss" Avery has charm and animation. The story does not lack for plot; indeed, there is somewhat too much. But the characters are real and the backwoods atmosphere is fresh and clear.

Poems. By Gerald Gould. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. $1.

A volume of poems that is unmistakably simple, intense, and sincere is a rare and delightful find. Such a work is this book from the pen of Gerald Gould. It has a freshness of spirit and a lyric note that belong to the dawn of a new poetic era rather than to the afterglow of "a day that is dead." While the poems in the volume are not of equal merit, each is decidedly entitled to respectful attention; many are worthy of repeated reading, and at least two are of the first rank. Mr. Gould is a young man, and the love he celebrates is a young man's love. There are far deeper notes still left for the strings of his lyre to sound. Yet he never handles in an irreverent way the flower-like beauty of his ideal. He is too loyal to jest, too true a poet ever to forget the sacredness of his singing. Occasionally he escapes from the bonds of emotion expressed in personal terms to a wider vision. So in "Mortalia" he sees for a brief space the secret ways that lead the individual soul to a comprehension of the spirit of the world. In "A Song of Democracy" he champions a glorious fellowship. It is a cause for rejoicing that our modern poets are close enough to their own world to hymn life as they find it rather than to spend their time dreaming of an impossible Arcadia on the banks of some melodiously named and distant river. Perhaps the power and scope of Mr. Gould can best be illustrated with this wonderful lyric, which bears no title:

"You walk in a strange way,
 Your motions sing;
Your eyes have a thing to say,
 A secret thing.

Your speech is soft as the sighs
 Of the blown South;
Your face is a flower to mine eyes,
 A flame to my mouth."

The Rev. Charles H. Fountain, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Southington, Connecticut, has written a pamphlet entitled "A Reply to Lyman Abbott," being a reply to a signed editorial in The Outlook of May 13, 1911, entitled "The New Bible." It can be had for ten cents by addressing the author at Southington, Connecticut.

BY THE WAY

A placard in New York City street cars tells passengers how to avoid accident, in getting off a car, by facing forward and grasping the hand-rail with the left hand. Against this well-meant advice the instinctive use of the right hand rebels. In this respect the English rule of the road—keep to the left—is safer than ours. If we descended on the left side of a car, according to the practice in England, we would naturally use the right hand for support.

Chief Forester Graves reports that in the Western States 7,971 predatory animals were killed in 1911. The majority of these—6,487—were coyotes; among the others were 213 bears, 172 wolves, 870 mountain lions, 72 lynxes, and 2 wolverines. Most of the wolves were killed in New Mexico, most of the bears in Oregon, and the majority of the mountain lions in Arizona.

General Weyler, whose barbarous "Weylerizing" of Cuba was largely instrumental in causing Spain to lose her colonial possessions, has, a cablegram states, written a book attempting to justify his course. Now it will be in order for Abdul Hamid to publish a defense of his share in the Armenian massacres.

An American actress who is working her way around the world on a wager says that she found it harder to get employment in London than in any other city she has visited. The larger the city, it seems, the larger is the army of the unemployed ready to apply for every "job."

Abdul Baha Abbas, leader of the Persian religious body known as the Bahaists, is visiting America. He spent many years in prison for advocating liberal ideas. He is a strong advocate of international peace, and as such will attend the Peace Conference at Lake Mohonk.

The body of Major-General Philip Kearny, which since that gallant soldier's death on the field of battle in Virginia in 1862 has rested in Trinity Churchyard, New York City, was recently transferred, with appropriate military ceremonies, to the National Cemetery at Arlington, where it will henceforth lie side by side with the remains of many other famous leaders of the Union's armies in the Civil War.

Admirers of George Meredith's "Evan Harrington," that brilliant portrayal of the attempt of an English tradesman's family to "break into society," will be interested in the statement in the "Fortnightly Review" that the novel is to a certain extent autobiographical, Meredith's father having been a tailor, and his grandfather the "Great Mel" of the story.

The New York Public Service Commission has found that the company which furnishes local transportation over the Williamsburg Bridge between Manhattan and Brooklyn has been making 100 per cent profit on its capital, and has ordered a reduction in fares.

Galveston, Texas, has sent 3,200,000 bales of cotton to foreign ports since last September. This is more than in the entire season of 1910–11.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has shown his interest in athletics by contributing $500 to the fund for paying the expenses of American athletes at the Olympic games. As a mere suggestion, it might be added that a stadium at New York City would cost a good deal more than $500, but it would be within Mr. Rockefeller's means, and it might last as long as Rome's Coliseum.

Rio de Janeiro, says a writer in "Chambers's Journal," is the queen of tropical cities. Great improvements have been made in recent years; in fact, the city has been completely "Haussmannized." The municipality, he says, is one of the most enterprising in the world, one fruit of its enterprise being a magnificent new municipal theater which cost $3,000,000.

"Home-run Baker," otherwise known among baseball devotees as the "Giant-Killer," from his destruction of the New York team's chances for the championship last year, says that the first qualification for successful batting is nerve. This because many pitchers try to demoralize the player by throwing the ball at his head, thus "rattling" him and making him unable to gauge the ball when the pitcher finally throws it across the plate.

A recently published book on "Cat's Cradles from Many Lands" shows that in every part of the globe children have been entertained by these string tricks, and that semi-civilized peoples have excelled in devising them. One of the most complicated ones, "The Whale and the Fox," is an Eskimo invention; another very ingenious one comes from Africa and represents the Zambezi River near Victoria Falls.

The owner of a string of thirty-one grocery stores recently testified before the New York State Food Investigating Committee that the ideal grocery store is one that does a weekly business of from $800 to $3,000. When the business ran higher than this, he declared, increased expenses scaled down the profits. This does not seem to tally with the methods of "big business," but then selling groceries is little business, and the owner of thirty-one grocery stores ought to know something about it.

Emerson's vocabulary included hard words for use when such epithets were in his judgment necessary, but his kindly disposition usually made him ready to give an offender the benefit of a euphemism. This trait is illustrated in a story recently reprinted, to the effect that when some one spoke of a certain woman as a "snob," Emerson said: "I should rather say of her that she is a person having great sympathy with success!"

The strange history of Thuggism in India is in a way repeated by the alleged practices of Voodooism in the South. The mystery of a series of unprovoked murders of Negroes in Louisiana is now explained by the confession of a fanatic Negro woman who is said to be a member of a "Church of Sacrifice" that, as was the case with the Thugs, makes a practice of assassination for ostensibly religious ends.

The New York Bible Society has been enlarging its work. In the month of March it distributed more than 20,000 copies of the Scriptures in New York City—a larger number than ever before in the same time. These volumes were printed in thirty-six different languages. The Bibles are sold at cost or less than cost—free copies going to applicants who are unable to pay. Only the King James version is distributed.